

**FIRST
ISSUE!**



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MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRESENTATION

JUDGE THE MEGAZINE DREDD



ISSN 0960-1813



Starring **Judge Dredd**, Britain's Most Famous Comics' Character!

PLUS! Chopper! Young Death! Kenny Who? The Mega-City News! And Introducing America.

A BRIEF WHO'S WHO?

BUDDING CAL HAB COMIC ARTIST KENNY WHO? ARRIVES AT THE HALLOWED PORTALS OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S PREMIER NAME IN TRASHZINES—



SOON, THE WHOLE CITY WILL KNOW MY NAME!

BUT...



HERE YOU ARE BUB-BIG I PUBLISHING.

ART'S A TOUGH GAME THESE DAYS. NOT MANY HUMANS EVER MAKE IT. THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TRULY SPECIAL... REAL TALENT.

AND YOU, KENNY, JUST DON'T MAKE THE GRADE.

THAT NIGHT KENNY DROWNS HIS SORROWS—

BIG I'S NEW ART ROBOT JIMMY WHO IS SET TO BE THE BIG NAME IN TRASHZINES FOR MANY YEARS TO COME!

THOSE DRAWINGS—IT'S ME!

BIG I HAS STOLEN MY TALENT!

KENNY RETURNS TO BIG I TO DISPENSE HIS OWN BRAND OF INSTANT JUSTICE—



CRUNG!

I'LL GIVE YOU JIMMY WHO?!



BAP!!

REALISING THE EXTENT OF HIS CRIMES KENNY MAKES AN UNSUCCESSFUL BREAK FOR FREEDOM—



HOLD IT, WHO?!

WHO?

WHO?

RICOCHET!

SPTANNG!



SPTANNGG!

SPTANGG!

AAAHH!



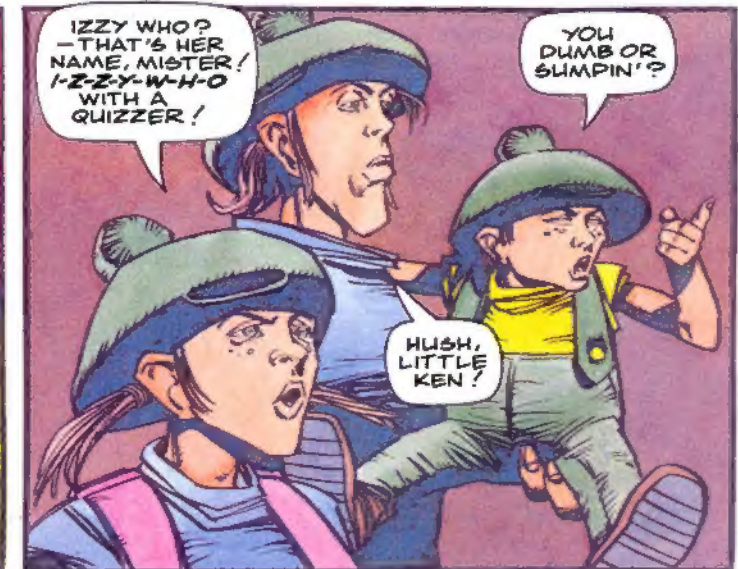
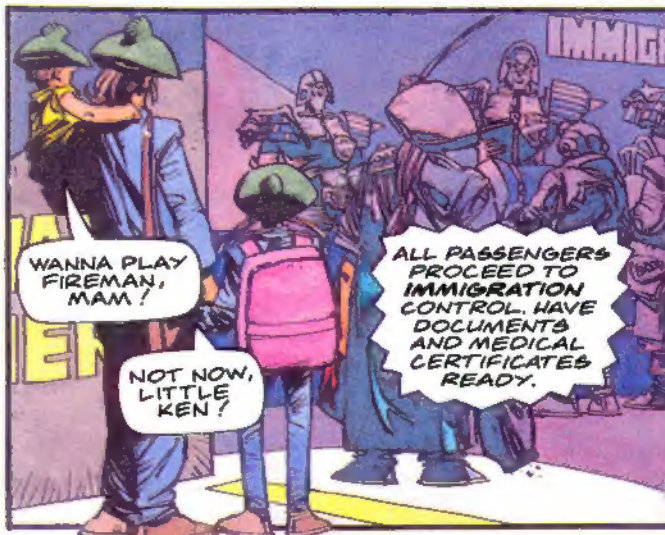
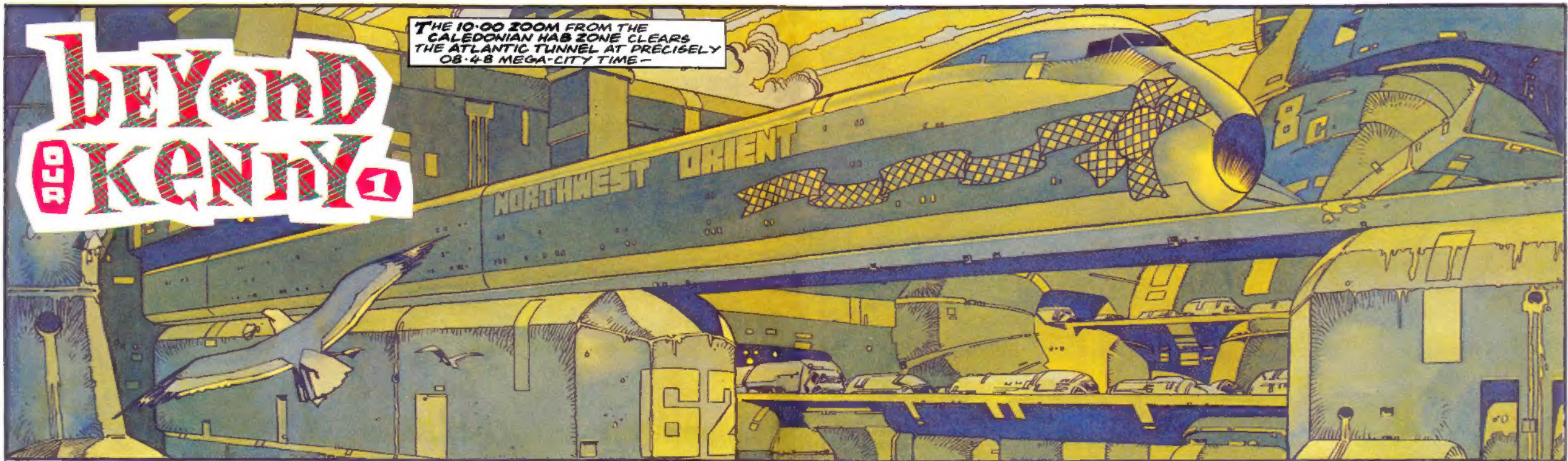
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M AN ARTIST!

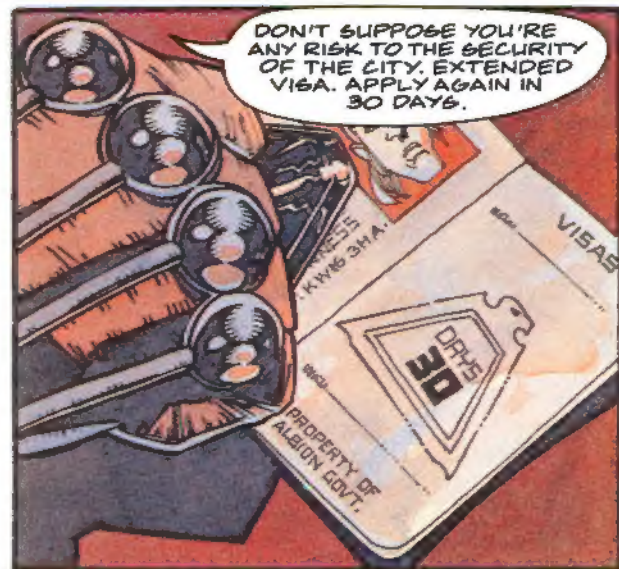
YEAH? WELL COME WITH ME AND DRAW SOME TIME!

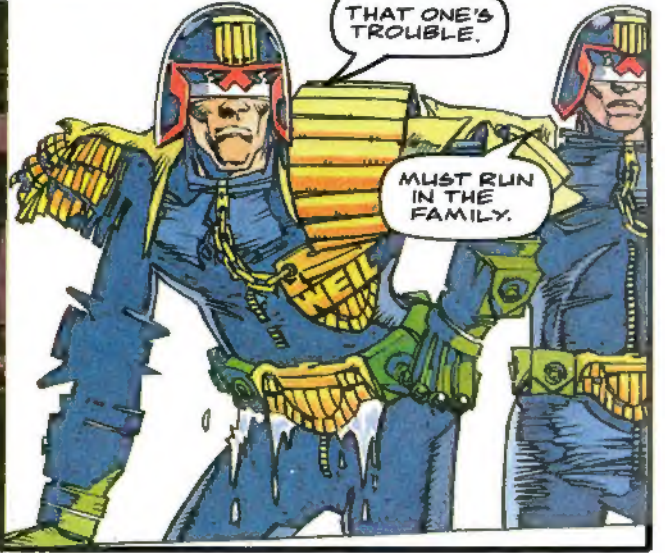
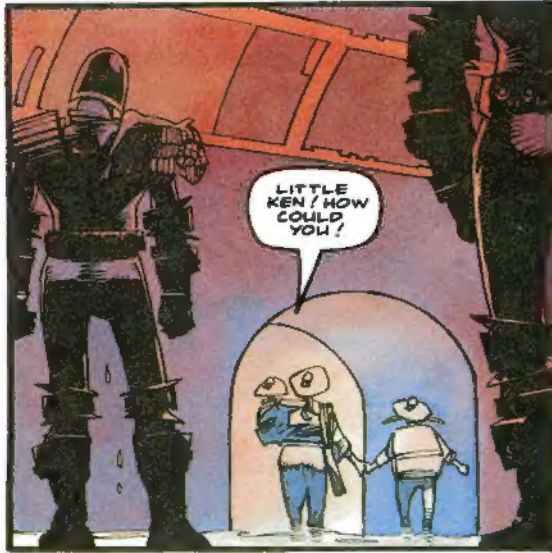
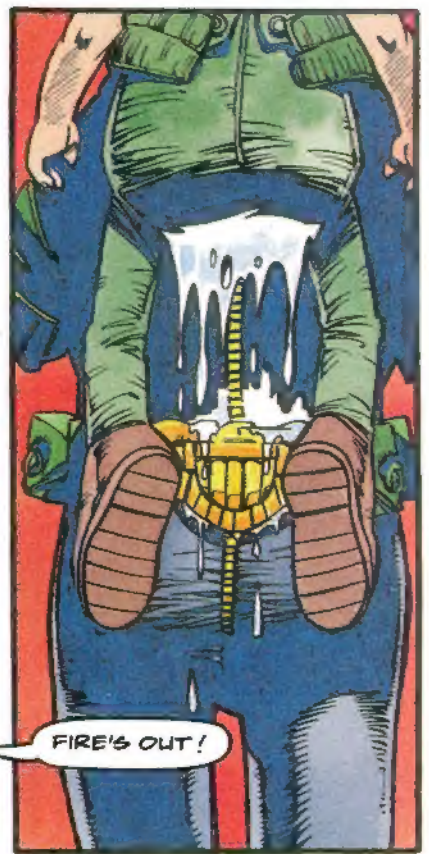
NOW READ ON!

beyond KENNY 1

THE 10:00 ZOOM FROM THE CALEDONIAN HAS ZONE CLEARS THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL AT PRECISELY 08:48 MEGA-CITY TIME -









OH, KENNY!
HOW COULD
YOU ?!



WELL, I
JUST HAD
A WEE BIT
TO DRINK,
LIKE. YOU
KNOW HOW
IT IS...

I KNOW
ONLY TOO
WELL!

OW!



WELL WHAT
COULD I DO ?
THAT RAT AT
BIG I STOLE
MY ART! THAT'S
ALL I'VE GOT,
IZZY!

MAM!
STOP
HIM!

YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO USE
THE AXE. YOU'RE
SO IMPETUOUS,
KENNY! I WISH
YOU'D THINK
BEFORE YOU
DO THINGS!



AND WHAT ABOUT US ? THE ROOF'S BLOWN
OFF, THE CAT'S MOVED OUT. I-I HAD TO
SELL THE SEPTIC TANK TO GET THE
MONEY FOR THE FARE. WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO.?

THERE
THERE, HEN.
DON'T CRY
NOW...

NO TOUCHING!



OH
JINGS!

THE TEARS THAT COME INTO KENNY
WHO ?'S EYES ARE NOT TEARS OF
SELF-PITY, BUT OF LONGING...LONG-
ING FOR IZZY AND KIZZY AND LITTLE
KEN- FOR THE WILDS OF THE
CALEDONIAN HAB ZONE ON THE EDGE
OF THE DOWNREAY NATIONAL
RADIATION PARK...

NOT A DAY HAS PASSED WHEN HE HAS
NOT THOUGHT OF THEM, WHEN HE
HAS NOT REGRETTED THAT RASH,
IMPULSIVE ACT...



GO TO
BIG I- TELL
THEM WHAT KIND
OF TROUBLE
WE'RE IN! THEY
CAN SQUARE
THINGS WITH
THE JUDGES!
TALK TO
THEM!



ARE YOU GOING
TO COME HOME
WITH US, DAD?
ARE YOU ?

YES, DARLING...
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WE'LL FIND A WAY,
DON'T YOU WORRY...



IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS! WHY CAN'T YOU DO THE DECENT THING AND OWN UP TO WHAT YOU'VE DONE?



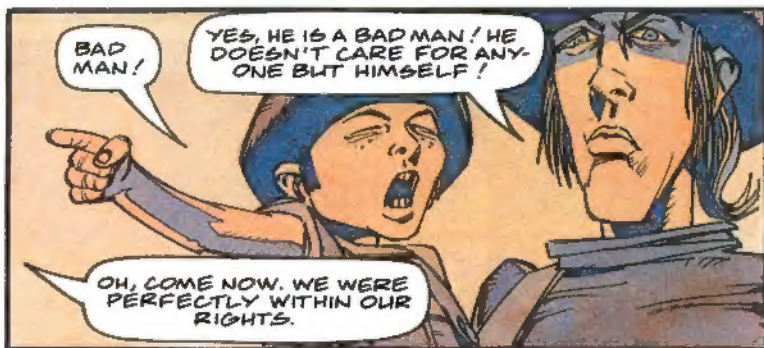
WE'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG, MRS WHO?

YOU TOOK KENNY'S ART AND PUT IT IN A MACHINE THAT COULD COPY HIM!

ALL QUITE LEGAL. WE TOOK NOTHING...PHYSICAL. AND ARTISTS HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY EACH OTHER SINCE ART BEGAN.



YOUR HUSBAND OUGHT TO BE GRATEFUL WE THOUGHT ENOUGH OF HIS ART TO STEAL IT!



BAD MAN!

YES, HE IS A BAD MAN! HE DOESN'T CARE FOR ANYONE BUT HIMSELF!

OH, COME NOW. WE WERE PERFECTLY WITHIN OUR RIGHTS.



AND WHAT ABOUT THE ARTIST? WHAT ABOUT HIS RIGHTS?

WHAT RIGHTS?



TO ENJOY THE FULL FRUITS OF HIS TALENT WITHOUT BEING LIED TO AND CHEATED AND USED! I'M TALKING ABOUT CREATORS' RIGHTS!

WH-WHAAAT-?

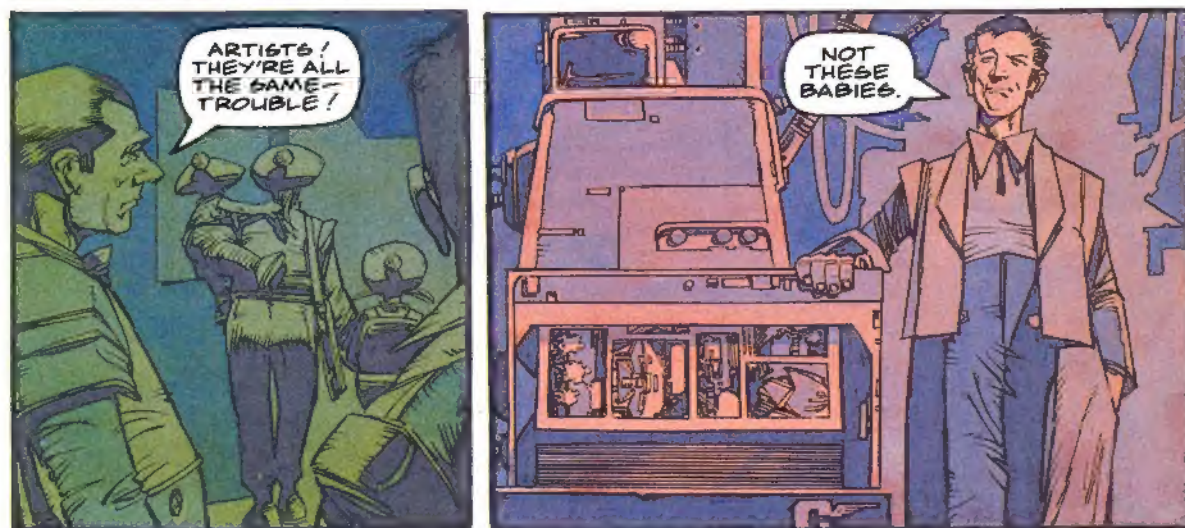
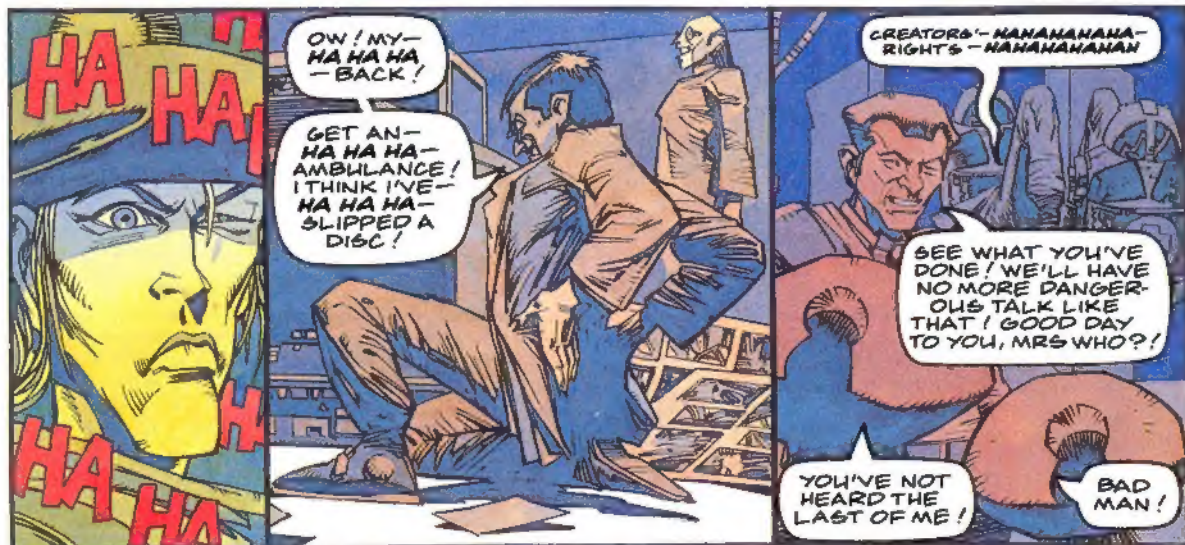


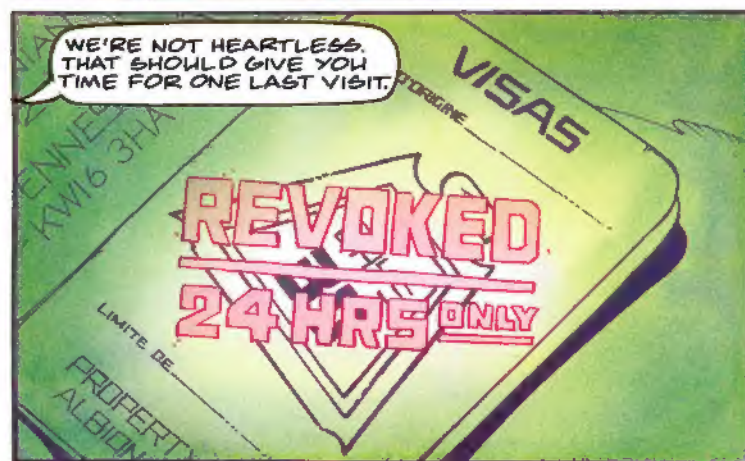
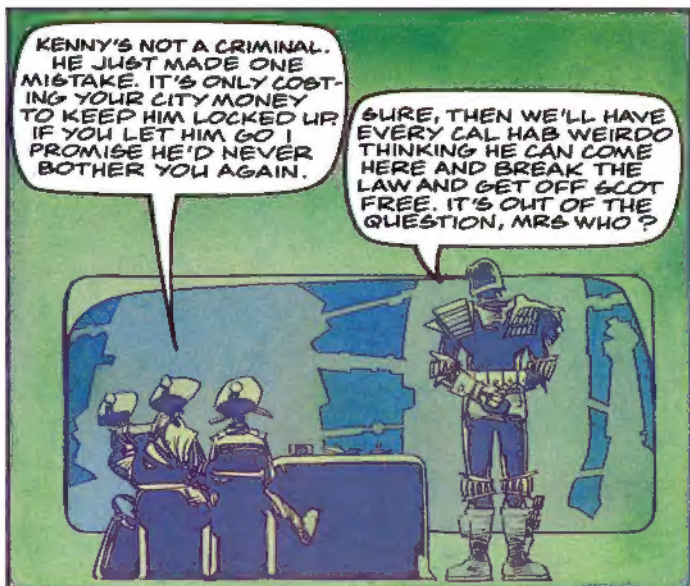
HEH...HEH...HEH... CREATORS?...HA HA HA ...CRE-HAH HAH HAH HAH!

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, YOU STUPID MAN?

UH-HA HA-N-NOTHING...

LISTEN, JUST-HA HA-JUST WAIT A MINUTE, MRS...HA HA HA...WHO?...



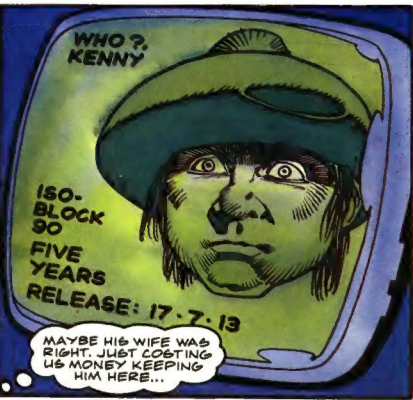


beyond KENNY 2

KENNY WHO?,
RESIDENT CAL HAS
ZONE. SENTENCED
17th JULY, 2108 -
FIVE YEARS GBH,
MALICIOUS DAMAGE,
ASSAULT WITH
DEADLY WEAPON,
LARCENY...



ALL THE SAME,
CREEP'S NO HARDENED
CRIMINAL. JUST A
COUNTRY BOY WHO GOT
OUT OF HIS DEPTH IN
THE BIG POND...GOT
CHEWED UP BY THE
SHARKS.



WHO?
KENNY

ISO-
BLOCK
90
FIVE
YEARS
RELEASE: 17.7.13

MAYBE HIS WIFE WAS
RIGHT. JUST COSTING
HIS MONEY KEEPING
HIM HERE...

AT THE SAME TIME JUDGE DREDD IS REVIEWING THE CASE, AN EDITORIAL CONFERENCE IS TAKING PLACE AT BIG 1...

TRASHCO
WHEEL WP.
THE INCREDIBLE STINKING MAN.
STINKY SMELLS TROUBLE

LOOKS LIKE A REAL STINKER!

HERE'S THE LATEST ONE FROM TRASHCO-

HUH! I CAN UNDERSTAND THIS STORY!

BLACK MARK!

'CEPT IF YOU'RE HYPERSENSITELY LIKE NIFF NOLAN.

LOUSY IDEA! NOBODY'S STINK CAN KILL PEOPLE!

OR HAVE BEEN CURSED TO SMELL FOREVER LIKE JASON LONGPONG.

IT'LL NEVER MAKE IT, PRES MAN.

SALES

IT IS MAKING IT, GENTLEMEN! IT'S SELLING LIKE SPICED HOTTIES! AND WHY? BECAUSE IT'S DRAWN BY A REAL ARTIST!

REAL...YOU MEAN...A-A HUMAN?

AN ACTUAL PERSON - WITH HANDS?

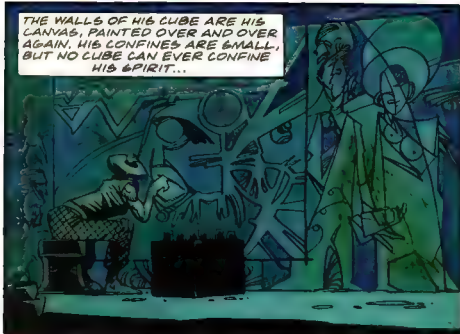
AW, TRASHCO'S MACHINES MUST'VE BROKE.

I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS TRASHCO POLICY.

MACHINES, IT SEEMS, HAVE BECOME TOO MECHANICAL FOR SOME OF OUR LINGRATE-FUL PUBLIC. THEY NEVER DO THE UNEXPECTED, THE ECCENTRIC - THEY CANNOT SURPRISE OR DELIGHT YOU...THEY DO NOT DEVELOP.

THIS IS THE NEW WAVE IN TRASHZINES, GENTLEMEN! BIG 1 DIDN'T BECOME THE FIRST NAME IN TRASH BY NOT RECOGNISING A BANDWAGON WHEN WE SEE ONE! WE MUST JUMP ON QUICK - OR WE GET LEFT BEHIND!

I KNOW AN ARTIST, PRES MAN! HIS NAME IS KENNY WHO?!



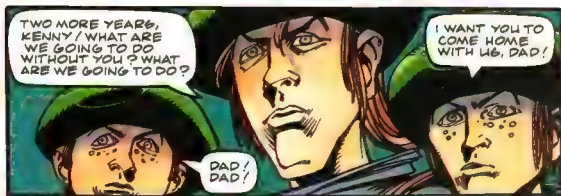


OH, KENNY,
IT'S TERRIBLE!
THEY DON'T
CARE ABOUT
YOU! THEY WON'T
DO ANYTHING TO
HELP YOU!



ON TOP OF THAT JUDGE DREDD
REVOKED OUR VISA / WE'VE
GOT TO LEAVE BY TOMORROW!

JINGO! BIT OF A
SICKENER, THAT...



TWO MORE YEARS,
KENNY / WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO DO
WITHOUT YOU? WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I WANT YOU TO
COME HOME
WITH US, DAD!

DAD!
DAD!



WAAAAHHHH!

AW, HEY... PLEASE -
DON'T CRY... IT'S
NOT THAT BAD.

WAAAAHHHH!

NO TOUCHING



FOR PITY'S
SAKE, SHOW
ME A WAY OUT
OF THIS!



AND LO! A
PRAYER IS
ANSWERED!

WHO?!



GET YOUR
THINGS
TOGETHER.

WHAT? YOU
MEAN -

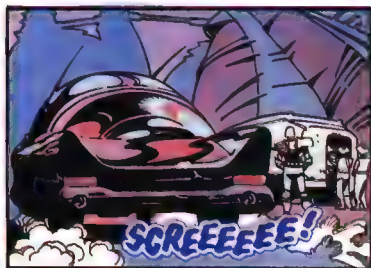
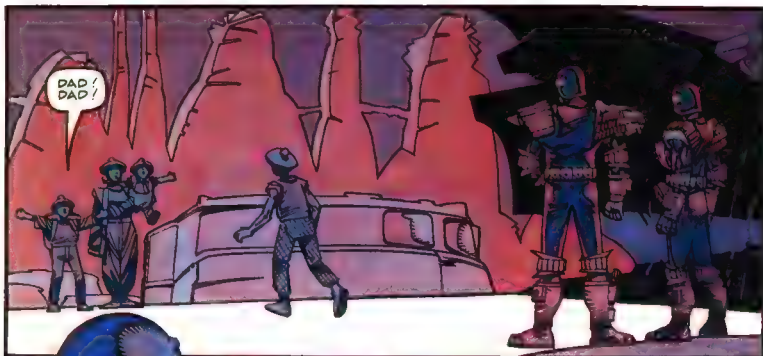
I'VE
SIGNED YOUR
DEPORTATION
ORDER.

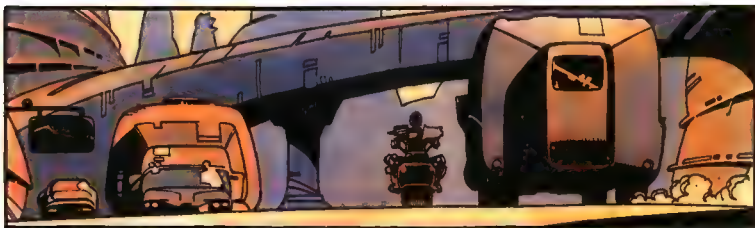


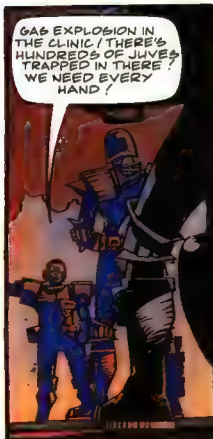
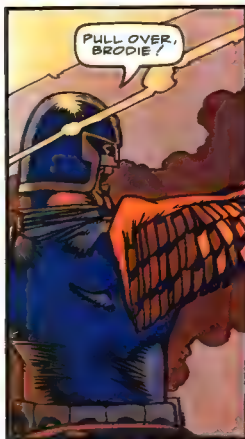
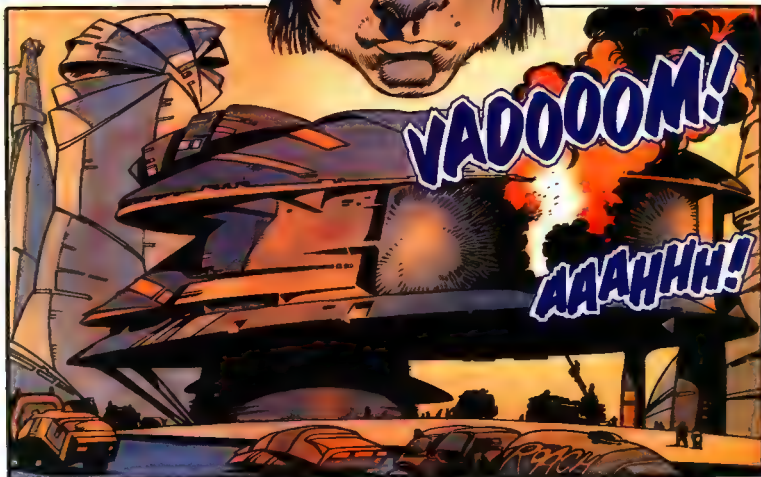
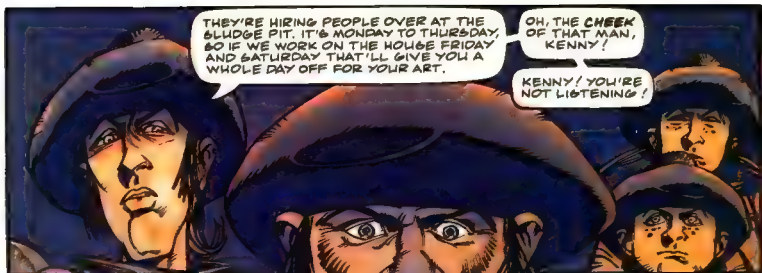
YOU'RE GOING HOME!

'RAAAAAAY!

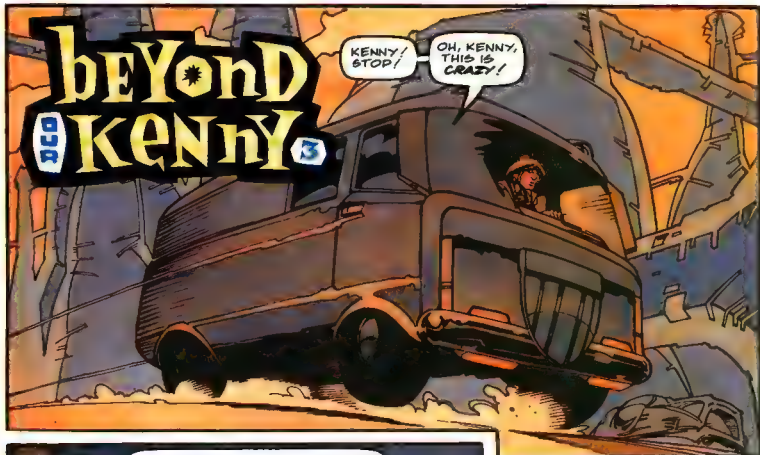
NICE MAN /
NICE MAN!











BEYOND KENNY

KENNY!
STOP!

OH, KENNY,
THIS IS
CRAZY!



DON'T WORRY, HEN! I'LL JUST GO
TO BIG I, GET THAT CONTRACT,
GET SOME DRAWING DONE—IT'LL
BE ALL RIGHT, YOU'LL SEE!

IT WON'T BE ALL
RIGHT / THE JUDGES
WON'T LET YOU!
YOU'RE BEING
DEPORTED!

FASTER,
DAD,
FASTER!

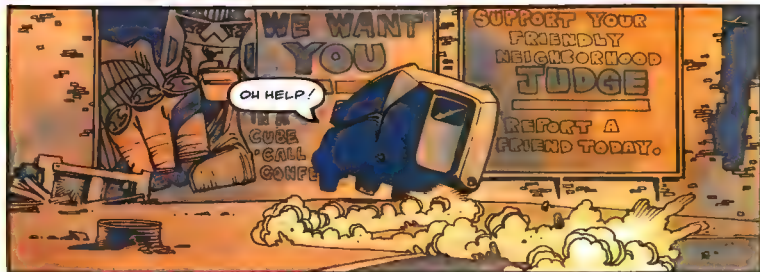


WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



KENNY! TAKE US
BACK BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!

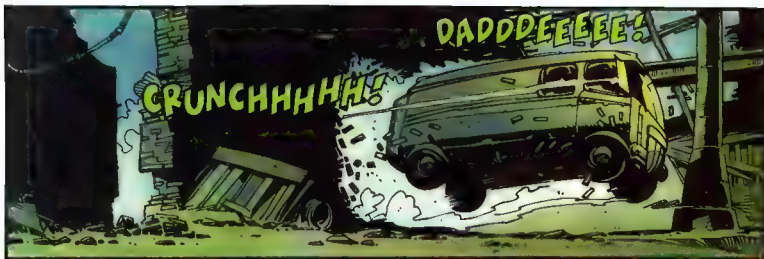
IZZY! LEGGO!

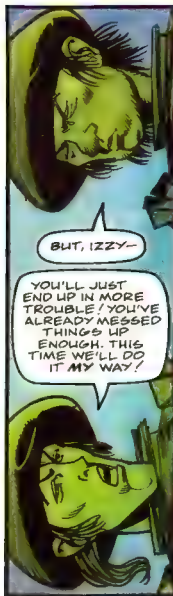
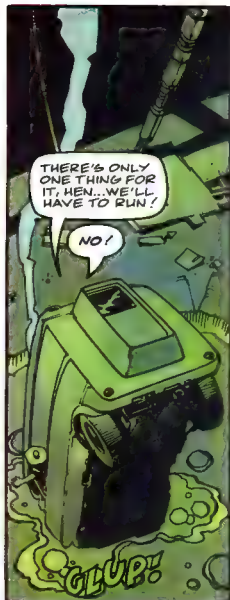
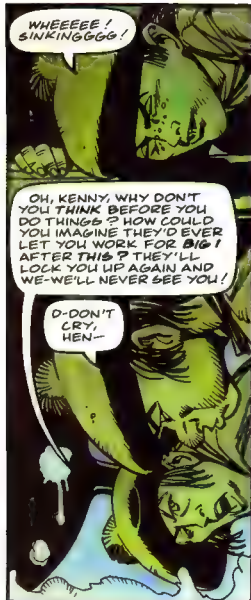


OH HELP!

WE WANT
YOU
IN THE
CUBE
CALL
CONF

SUPPORT YOUR
FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD
JUDGE
REPORT A
FRIEND TODAY.







RECKON WE GOT
ALL THE VICTIMS
OUT...ALL THAT
ARE COMING,
ANYWAY...

EMERGENCY SQUADS
CAN HANDLE THINGS
FROM HERE, DREDD.
THANKS FOR YOUR
HELP.

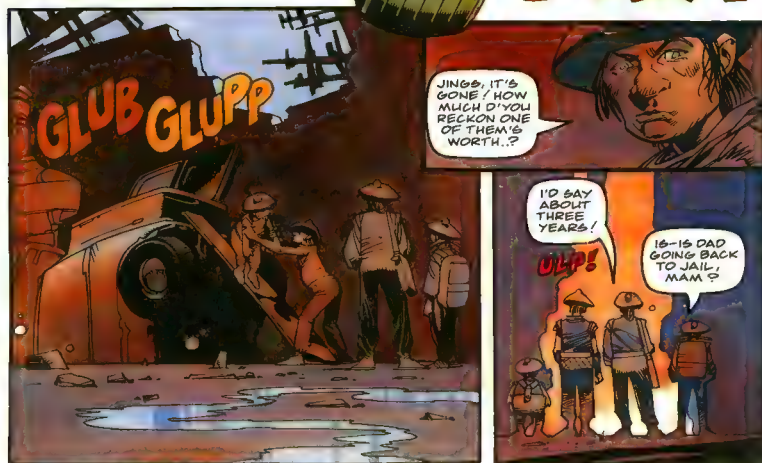
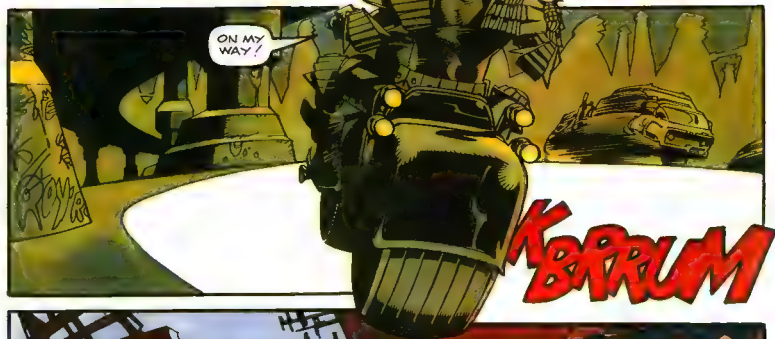
CHECK.

LET'S
GET BACK,
BRODIE.

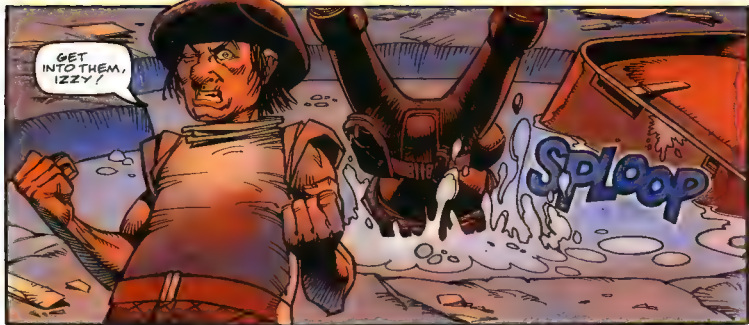
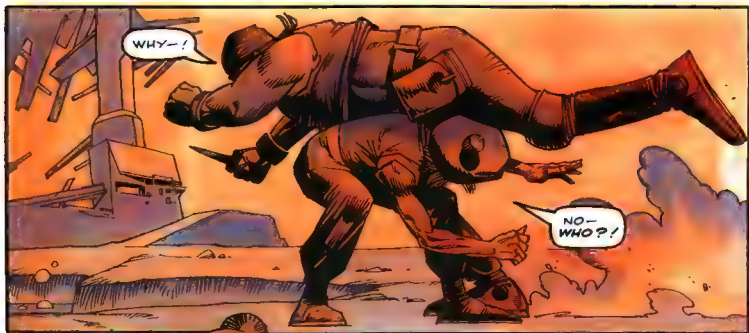


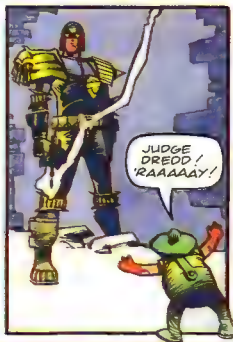
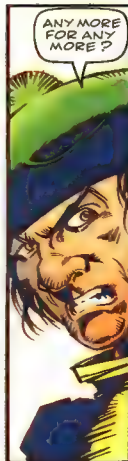
DROKK / THE
PRISONER - HE'S
ABSCONDED WITH
THE WAGON !

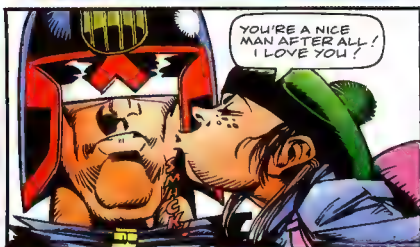
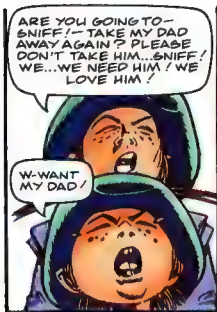
IT DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE !











AND SO THE 19.00 ZOOM FOR CAL HAS DEPARTS CARRYING THE HAPPY FAMILY BACK TO THE HOME THEY LOVE.

YET ONE PASSENGER CANNOT HELP GAZING WISTFULLY BACK, WATCHING HIS DREAMS FADE AWAY LIKE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

COULD HE EVER REKINDLE THAT DREAM? COULD HE RISE ONCE MORE LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES TO TAKE HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE AMONG THE GREAT NAMES IN TRASHZINES..?



THE TIME
22nd CENTURY
THE PLACE
MEGA-CITY ONE!

City of mile-high
skyscrapers and floating
pleasure domes! City of
robots and sleep
machines, face-change
parlours and Futies! City
of DREAMS...

...AND NIGHTMARES

DO NOT GO OUT
AT NIGHT

DANGER lurks round
every corner. CRIME runs
riot. ALIENS and
MUTANTS prowl the
streets. And WORSE.
MUCH WORSE!

A SPECIAL BREED OF
EVIL THAT DEMANDS A
SPECIAL BREED OF
LAW ENFORCER. HERE
THERE ARE NO POLICE,
NO TRIALS, NO JURIES
...ONLY

THE JUDGES

VESTED WITH THE
POWER OF INSTANT
SENTENCE. A JUDGE'S
COURT IS THE
STREETS OF MEGA-
CITY ONE. A JUDGE'S
WORD IS THE LAW!

Their duty - to seek out
lawbreakers wherever
they may be found. To
administer INSTANT
JUSTICE without favour -
WITHOUT MERCY!

THIS IS THE WORLD OF

JUDGE DREDD

JUDGEDREDD

MIDNIGHT. THE NEON JUNGLE SINGS.
TEN MILLION GHOST VOICES. AS
THE HERD PARTIES DOWN

COOLJON SAYS
"THE ICEMAN COMETH."
SHAKE CAKES.
BABES!

SECTOR 17.
WHERE REAL MEN
DRINK IN
THE IRON BAR!

BOOGIE!

♪--SPACE BABY
WITCHA ALIEN WAYS
WHY DONTCHA WRAP
THAT TAIL AROUND
ME? ♪

THE BIG CATS ARE OUT. SCENT OF BLOOD.
STEEL FISTS SHEATHED IN KEVLAR
GAUNTLETS

ITEM:
ROBBERY IN PROGRESS.
FIRST MEGA-BANK!

ITEM:
MULTI-VEHICLE
SLAM-UP. PORKER
AND 7TH AVE. APPROACH
ROADS CLOSED

ITEM:
CITIZEN AMOK.
BRUNNER PLAZA!

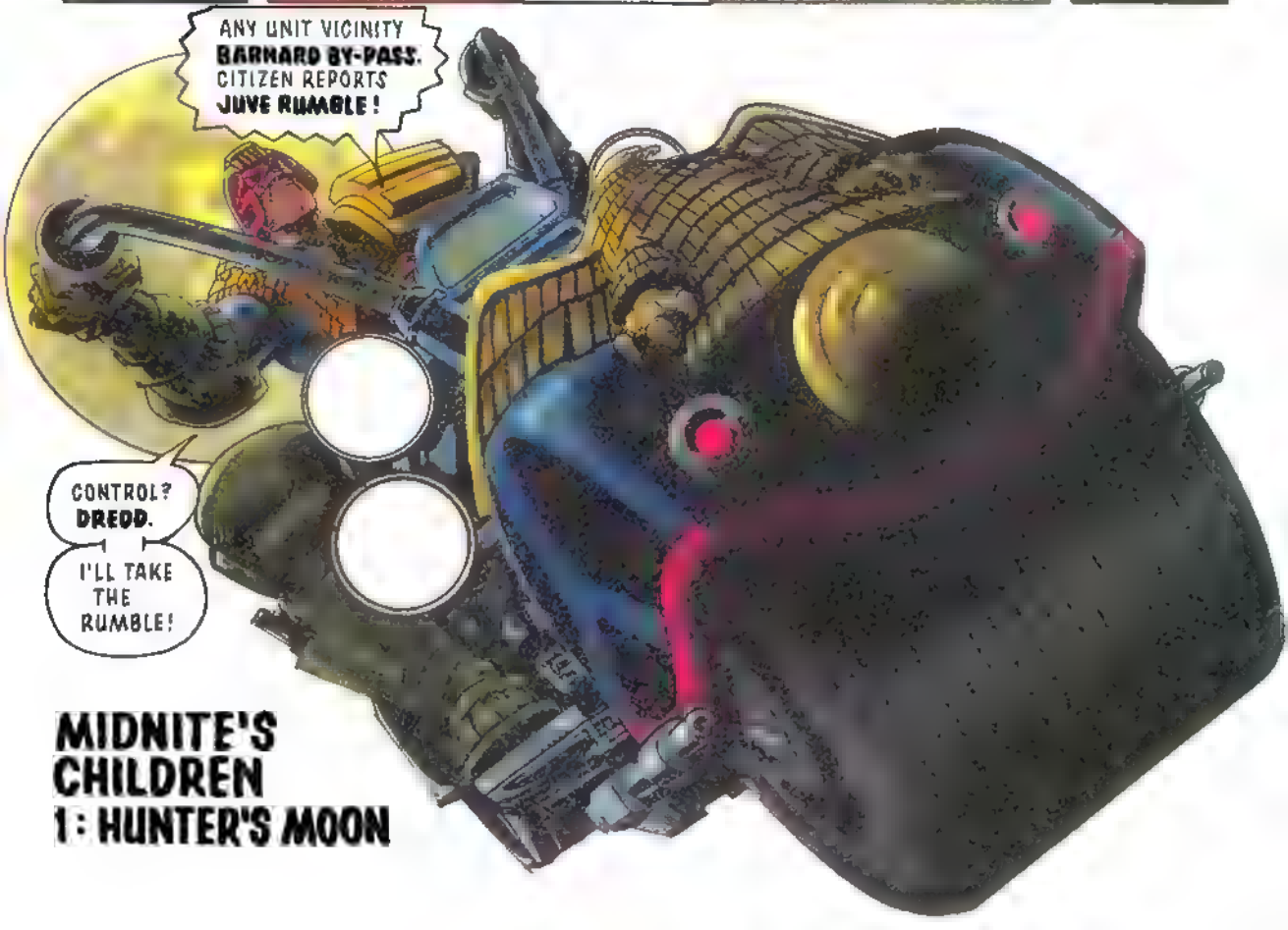
THE PREDATORS

ANY UNIT VICINITY
BARNARD BY-PASS.
CITIZEN REPORTS
JUVE RUMBLE!

CONTROL?
DREDD.

I'LL TAKE
THE
RUMBLE!

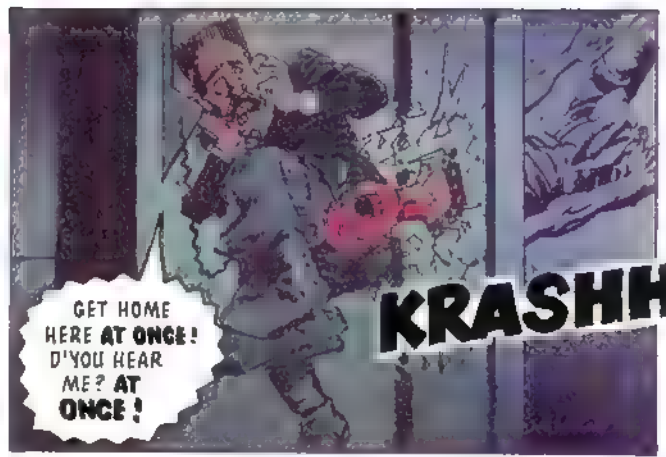
MIDNITE'S
CHILDREN
1: HUNTER'S MOON





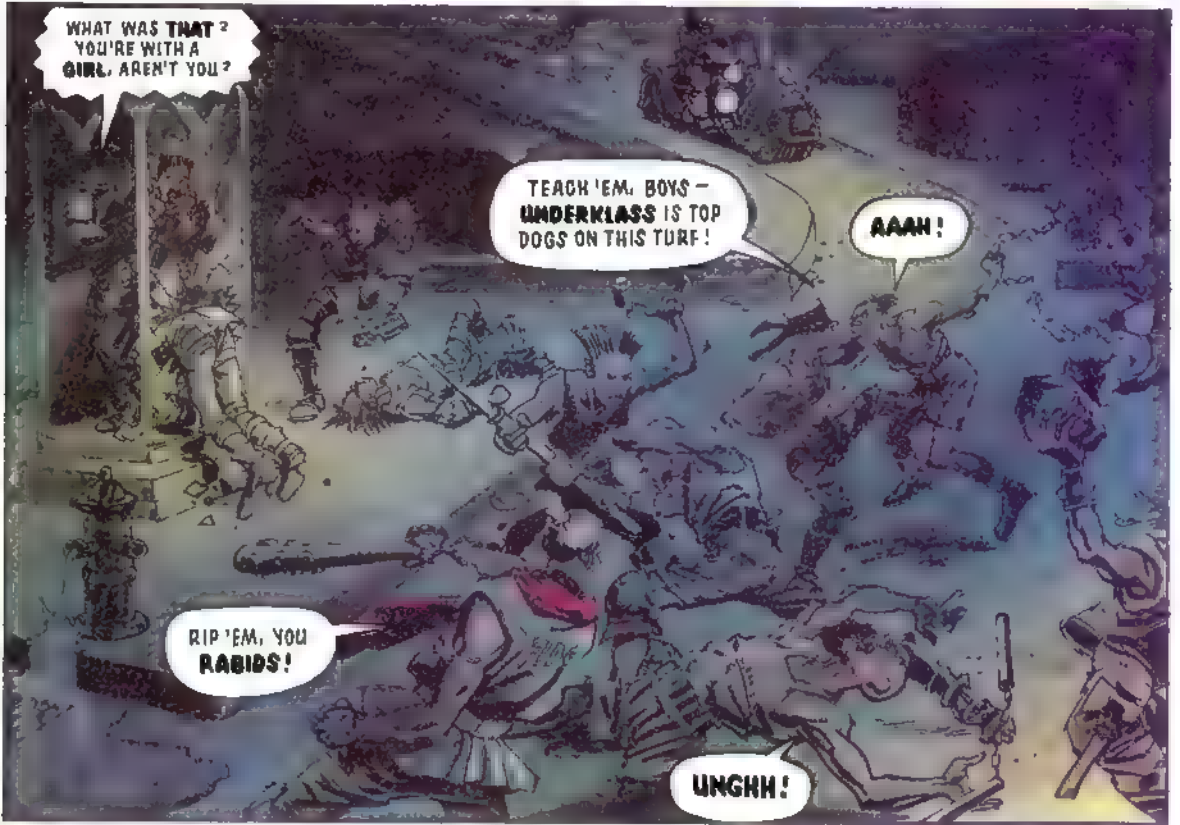
TRAPPED IN A
GANG WAR?

I'VE HEARD SOME EXCUSES FOR
STAYING OUT LATE, DALBERT
GOONG - BUT **THIS** TOPS THEM ALL!



GET HOME
HERE **AT ONCE!**
D'YOU HEAR
ME? **AT
ONCE!**

KRASHH!



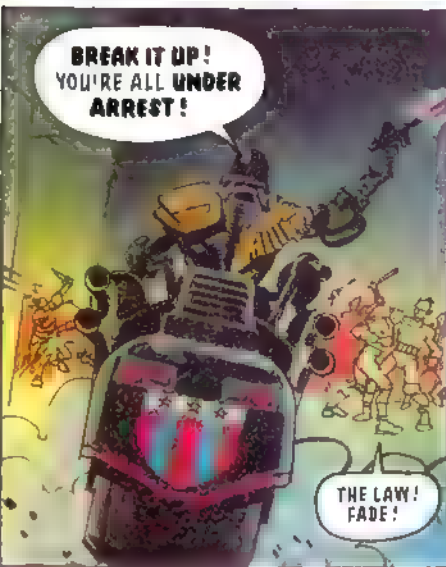
WHAT WAS **THAT**?
YOU'RE WITH A
GIRL, AREN'T YOU?

TEACH 'EM, BOYS -
UNDERCLASS IS TOP
DOGS ON THIS TURE!

AAAH!

RIP 'EM, YOU
RABIDS!

UNGHH!



BREAK IT UP!
YOU'RE ALL **UNDER
ARREST!**

THE LAW!
FADE!



THEY'RE TOO CRAZED TO
CARE!

BIKE TO
AUTOMATIC! ROUND UP
THOSE RUNNERS!

KRAAK!

WHUP

I SAID THAT'S
ENOUGH, CREEPS!

AAAGH!

PREDATOR FINDS HIS PREY. BONES
BREAK STRONG TAKES WEAK.

PACK INSTINCT FRAGMENTS.
BREAK AND RUN. PERSONAL
SURVIVAL IS ALL

STOP OR
I SHOOT!

GUN BARKS, SCREAM RIPS
JUNGLE SOUNDS. . .

AARGH!

BUDDABUDDA

RATFINK INNA PHONE!
MUSTA CALLED
THE JUDGES!

I KNOW HIM!
LIVES NEAR MY
COUSIN IN
BARNARD!

DEATH COMES IN ITS
OWN TIME --



'ZATAFACT?



SO WHAT SAY WE GO TEACH
MR GOOD CITIZEN WATCHA
GET WHEN YA CROSS THE
UNDERCLASS?

WHEN LEAST
EXPECTED --



WHUNK!



WHAT TH'
MOLEY-?

ANIMALS
DIE



GET OUTA
HERE!

HUNTER
KILLS!





CONTROL - MED-WAGONS TO
THE BY-PASS! ESTIMATED
THIRTY-PLUS CASUALTIES
DOIN' **TEN YEARS** ALL ROUND

PUT OUT AN **A.P.B.** ON FIVE
ESCAPEES, **UNDERCLASS**
JUVE GANG!

YOU ALL
RIGHT?

Y-YEAH, THANK GRUD!

I'D BETTER GET
HOME. I'M LATE
THE WIFE'S
GOIN' **CRAZY.**

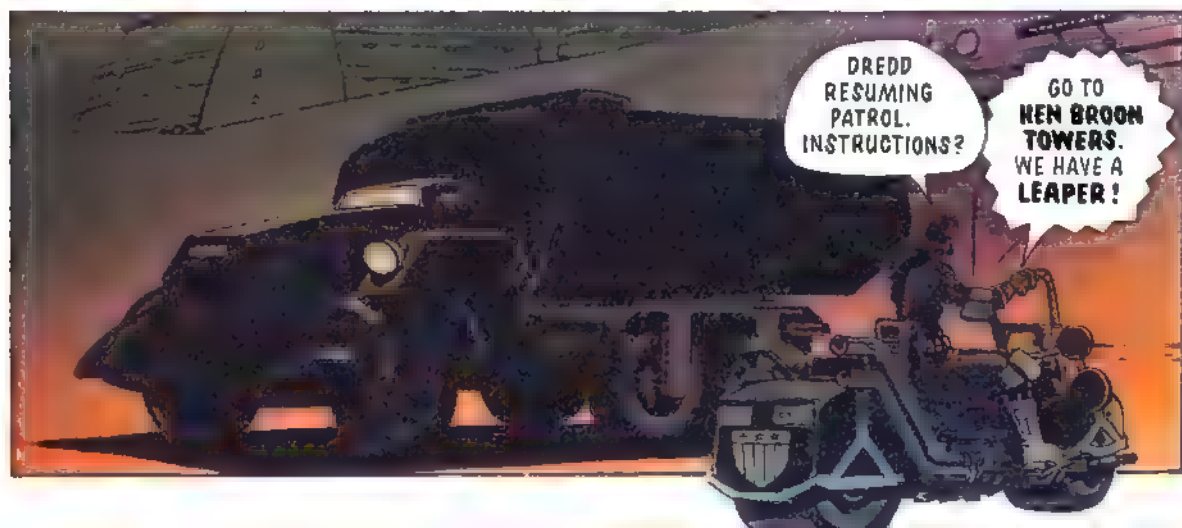
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE
LATER.

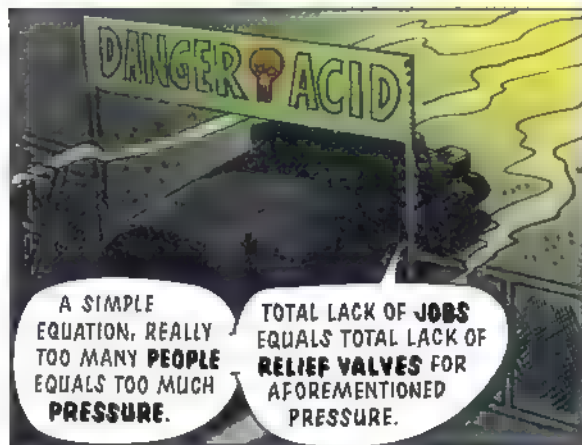
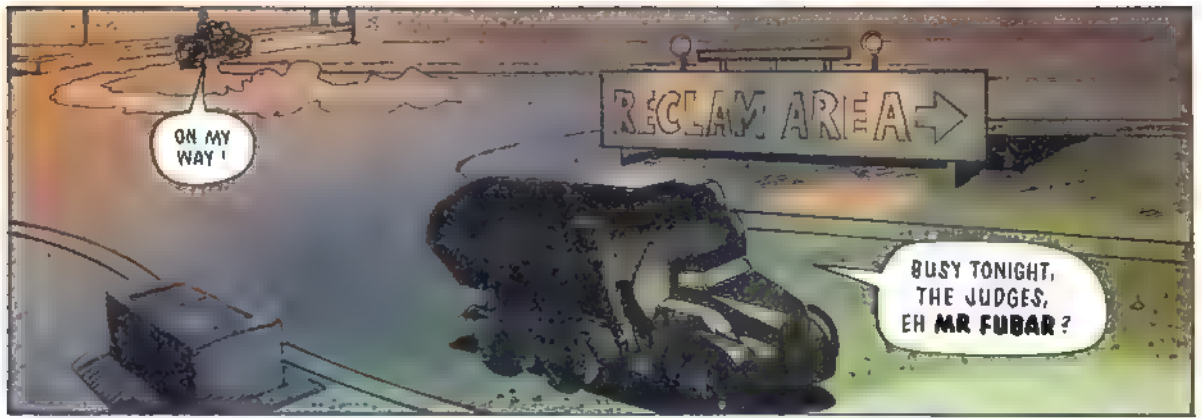
GIVE THE
JUDGE A FULL
STATEMENT!



DREDD
RESUMING
PATROL.
INSTRUCTIONS?

GO TO
**KEN BROOM
TOWERS.**
WE HAVE A
LEAPER!





YOU UP THERE!

**ATTEMPTING SUICIDE
IS AGAINST THE LAW!
GEDDOWN HERE!**

N-NO! I WANT TO DIE!

**YOU DUNNO WHAT
IT'S LIKE, WEIGHIN'
A TON IN A WORLD
FULL OF SKINNIES!
I'M SICK OF BEING
MADE FUN OF -
ABUSED -
INSULTED!**

**LISTEN, FATSO!
I GOT A CITY FULL
OF CRIME TO DEAL
WITH. I'VE NO TIME
TO MOLLYCODDLE
YOU!**

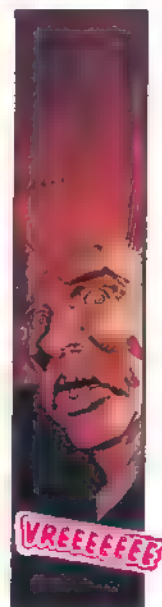
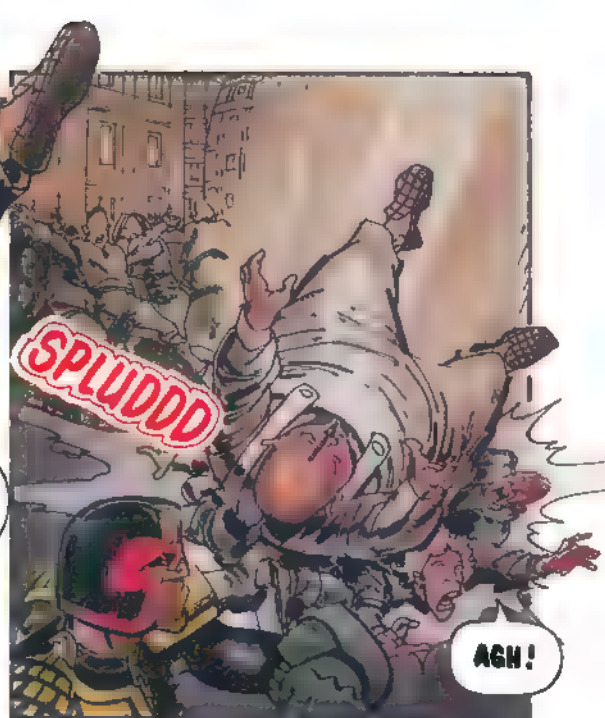
**NOW GET OFF THAT
LEDGE BEFORE I
BLAST YOU OFF!**

**O-O-KAY! NO NEED TO
GET ROUGH! I'LL GIVE
IT ANOTHER TRY!**

**H-HOLD YOUR FIRE!
I'M COMING IN!**

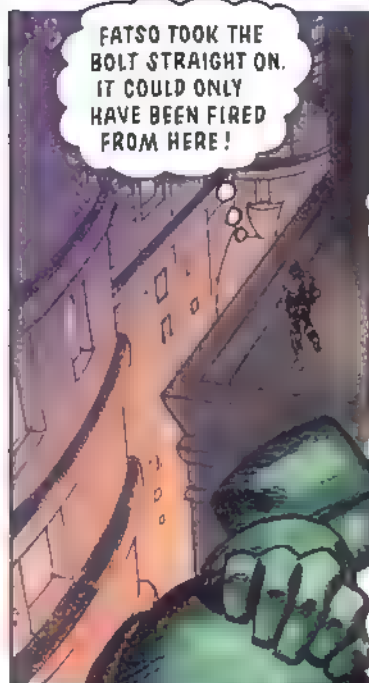
**WEAK AND THE SICK, ON THE
FRINGE OF THE HERD NATURE
SAYS "NO"**

WUNNKKKK





HELLO, RATFINK!
REMEMBER US...?



FATSO TOOK THE
BOLT STRAIGHT ON.
IT COULD ONLY
HAVE BEEN FIRED
FROM HERE!



NO TRACE OF
ANYONE,
THOUGH!

DREDD! CONTROL
HERE. UNIT JUST
PICKED UP ONE OF
YOUR UNDERCLASS
RUNNERS.



DEAD. IMPALED
BY AN ARROW!

ARROW?

I GOT A DITTO
ON THE SUICIDE
AT KEN BROOM!
CALL IN AN
H-WAGON--



COULD BE WE GOT
A MAN-HUNTER
ON OUR HANDS!

NEXT: THE MIDNITE CLUB

JUDGE DREDD In

MIDNITE'S Children

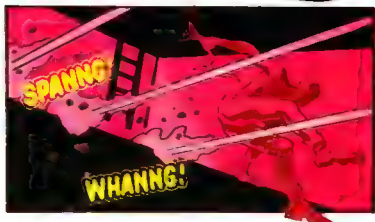
2: THE MIDNITE CLUB

LIGHT SEARS THE JUNGLE NIGHT.

NERVES JANGLE AS THE PITUITARY
FLOODS THE BLOOD WITH
NOREPINEPHRINE. HEART BEATS
FASTER. MUSCLES CONTRACT.

FIGHT OR FLIGHT--







MR MIDNITE!
JONNNY!

LET US IN, JONNNY!
WE'VE BEEN QUEUING
TWO HOURS!

WE'LL PAY **DOUBLE**
THE ENTRY FEE!

DOUBLE?



TAKE A HIKE,
CHEAPSKATES!

TRIPLE ENTRY,
JONNNY!

QUADRUPLE!



ANYBODY PAYING **TRIPLE**
OR BETTER GETS IN. THE
REST CAN WAIT TILL
TOMORROW.

YOU HEARD MR MIDNITE!
LINE UP ORDERLY NOW!



HUH--?

WHAT THE
SNEEK WAS
THAT?



TOO MANY PEOPLE!
CAN'T RISK A SHOT--!





CHEEZ, GIMPY! WE
REALLY MESSED THAT
GUY UP!



THE FINK DESERVED
IT! WHOLE GANG'S
IN THE CUBES
'COS OF HIM.

HE WON'T BE DOIN' IT
AGAIN, THOUGH, HUH?



G'MON! WE BETTER
SCRAM BEFORE SOME
OTHER FINK CALLS
THE JUDGES!

ADOLESCENCE, MAGGOT—
TRULY THE CURSE OF
MALE LIFE!



ALL THOSE **HORMONES**
BUZZING AROUND INSIDE
THEM—ALL THAT PRIMEVAL
TRIBAL AGGRESSION
SEEKING RELEASE.

SMALL WONDER THE POOR
DEARS GET THEMSELVES
INTO TROUBLE!



EXCUSE ME,
YOUNG SIR--

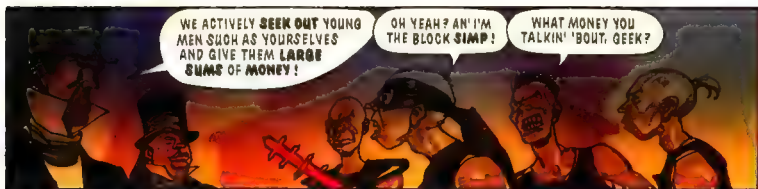
WHAT--? WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA, SCARIN' US
LIKE THAT? YOU
LOOKIN' TO GET
SLICED?



NOT AT ALL! LET ME INTRODUCE
MYSELF--

HIERONYMUS FUBAR,
MEGA-CITY LEAGUE OF PHILANTHRO-
PISTS,
AND MY ASSISTANT, MR MAGGOT.

SO WHAT D'YA
WANT WITH US?



WE ACTIVELY **SEEK OUT** YOUNG
MEN SUCH AS YOURSELVES
AND GIVE THEM **LARGE**
SUMS OF MONEY!

OH YEAH? AN' I'M
THE **BLOCK SIMP!**

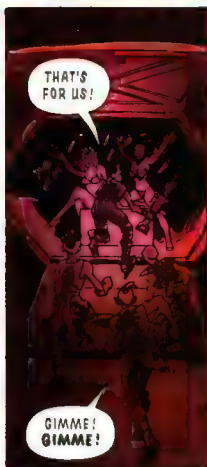
WHAT MONEY YOU
TALKIN' 'BOUT, GEEK?



WHY, **THAT**
MONEY, OF
COURSE!

WELL, I'LL
BE A
FATTY'S
ARMPIT...!

WOULDJA
LOOK AT
THAT!



THAT'S
FOR US!

GIMME!
GIMME!



A - **HOLOGRAM!**

WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA, YA GEEKS--?



HELL! THEY'VE
LOCKED US IN!

GIMPY -
LOOK!

G-GAS!



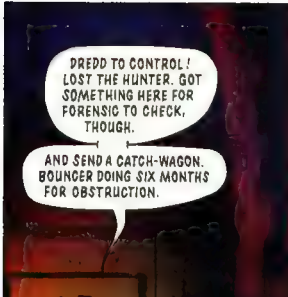
KOFF! KOFF!
I CAN'T...



O OFF!

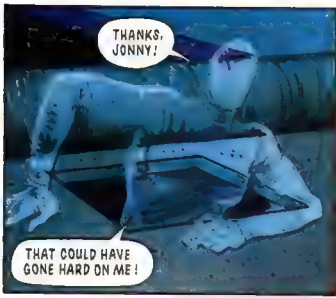
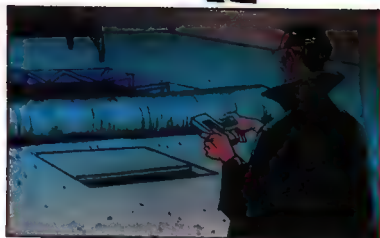
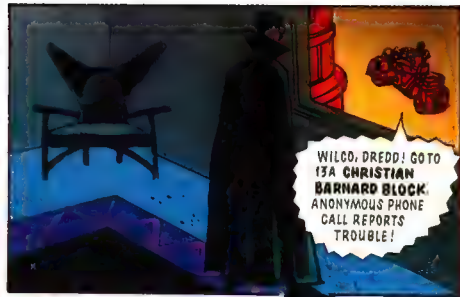






DREDD TO CONTROL!
LOST THE HUNTER. GOT
SOMETHING HERE FOR
FORENSIC TO CHECK,
THOUGH.

AND SEND A CATCH-WAGON.
BOUNCER DOING SIX MONTHS
FOR OBSTRUCTION.



THANKS,
JONNY!

THAT COULD HAVE
GONE HARD ON ME!



YOU FOOL, NIMROD!

I SHOULD HAVE LET HIM
TAKE YOU! YOU'VE NO RIGHT
TO ENDANGER THE REST OF
US LIKE THIS!



THERE'S ALWAYS DANGER, JONNY.
IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE! YOU
HAVE...

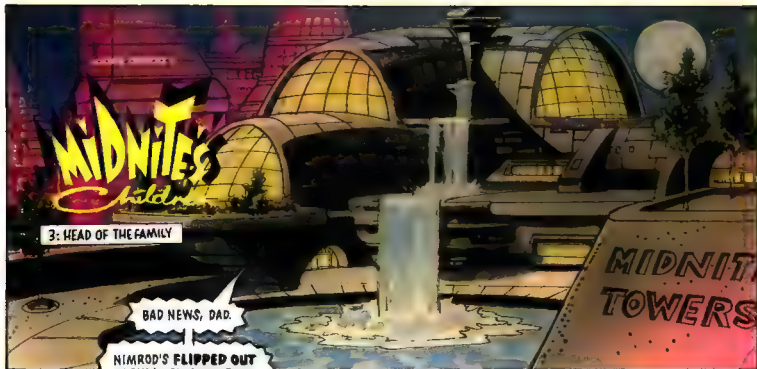
SLAPP!

SHUT UP, YOU
LUNATIC!



I'M ASHAMED TO CALL
YOU MY BROTHER!





3: HEAD OF THE FAMILY

BAD NEWS, DAD.

NIMROD'S FLIPPED OUT AGAIN! HE'S KILLED AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE!

MORE THAN A MILLION CREDITS IN PSYCHIATRISTS' FEES, AND HE STILL THINKS HE'S SOME KIND OF AVENGING TARZAN!

I... I'M AFRAID I LOST MY TEMPER. I HIT HIM.

JONNY!

I WAS WORRIED, DAD! WE'VE TOO MUCH TO LOSE TO ALLOW HIS ANTICS TO SCREW US UP!

WE OUGHTA COMMIT HIM....!

YOU'D HAVE YOUR OWN BROTHER LOCKED UP? NO WAY, JONNY!

I'M STILL HEAD OF THIS FAMILY... AND I SAY IT'S NOT ON!



NIMROD--?

LET ME HAVE A WORD WITH HIM.

NIMROD!



HELL, DAD!
HE'S GONE!



THE NIGHT CALLS. SCENT OF PREY ON THE MOON BREEZE.



HUNTER RESPONDS



ALL RIGHT,
CREEP—WHAT
HAPPENED?



AND THIS HAD
BETTER BE **GOOD**--!

IT—IT WAS A **MISTAKE**! WE HAD
COCKROACHES YOU SEE. THE
POISON WAS SUPPOSED TO GET
RID OF THEM...

BUT COSMO—
POOR COSMO! — MADE A
CASSEROLE FOR HIM AND THE
KIDS WHILE I WAS AT MY
PEST-CONTROL CLASS --



HE MUST HAVE
USED THE POISON
IN THE **GRAY**.
TH- THEY WERE
DEAD BY THE
TIME I GOT
HOME.

SO WHY DIDN'T
YOU REPORT
IT?

I-I THOUGHT I'D GET
IN **TROUBLE**. AND
BESIDES... MY FAMILY
WELFARE PAYMENTS
WOULD BE **CANCELLED**.
I JUST COULDN'T
MANAGE ON MY OWN!

WHAT'S
SHE
DOING?

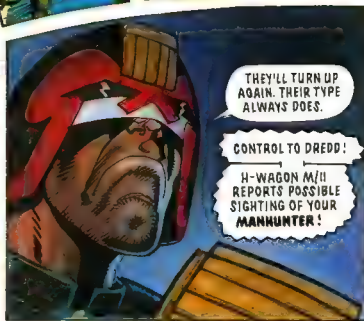
SIX MONTHS. CORPSE
CONCEALMENT.

FIND OUT ANYTHING
ABOUT THE **UNDERCLASS**
JUVES?



"COUPLE OF FOLK
SAW 'EM BEING
PICKED UP IN A
DARK, UNMARKED
VEHICLE.

"I'VE PUT OUT AN **A.R.P.** - BUT
I RECKON WE'VE LOST 'EM...
FOR NOW AT LEAST."



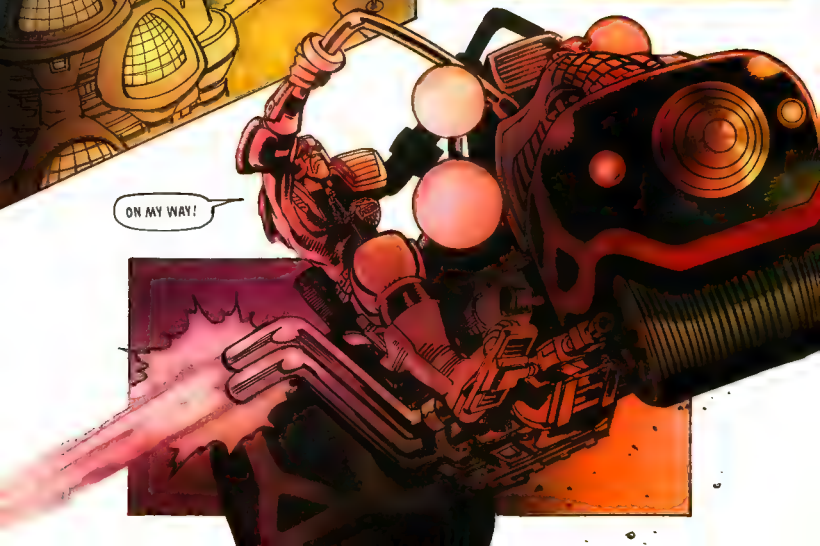
THEY'LL TURN UP
AGAIN. THEIR TYPE
ALWAYS DOES.

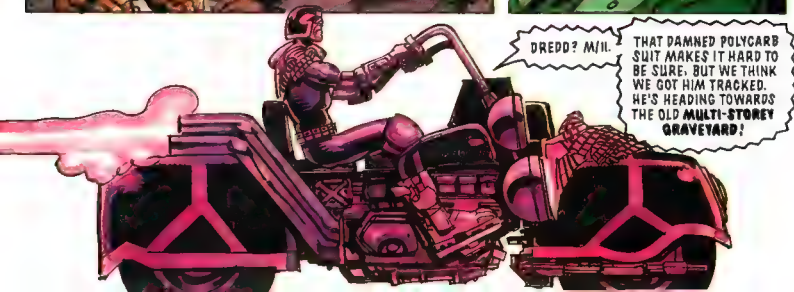
CONTROL TO DREDD!

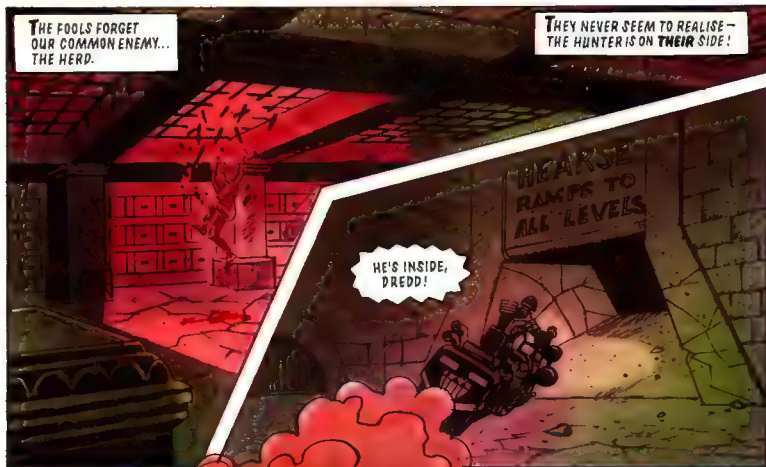
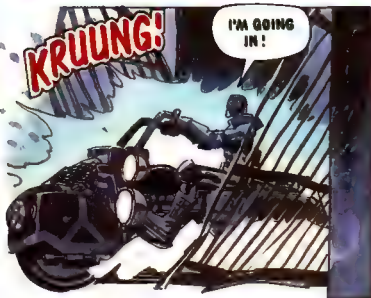
H-WAGON M/H
REPORTS POSSIBLE
SIGHTING OF YOUR
MANHUNTER!



ON MY WAY!







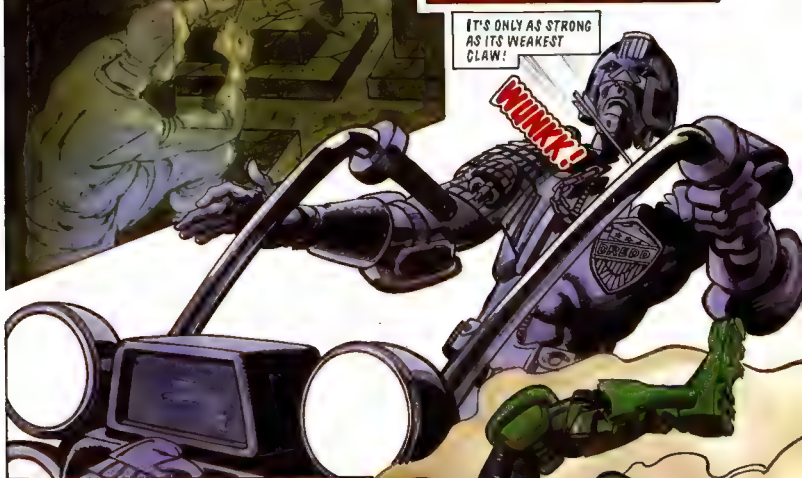
CLASSIC PINCH
MOVEMENT.

PREDATORS SHOULD KNOW--



IT'S ONLY AS STRONG
AS ITS WEAKEST
CLAW!

WUNK!





JUNGLE LAW.
NO MERCY.



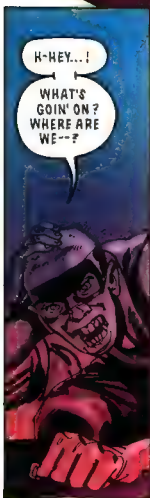
HUNTER KILLS!



ONLY FOUR?

EVEN WITH THE
\$IX YOU BROUGHT
LAST RUN, IT'S
NOT ENOUGH!

YOU'LL HAVE
TO GO OUT
AGAIN!



K-HEY...!

WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?
WHERE ARE
WE--?



JOURNEY'S
END, PUNK--



WHERE THE
BAD BOYS
GO!

HEY, YOU
BAST--!

AAAH!





MIDNITES

4: MIDNITE SURFER

YOU BOUGHT ONE
OF OUR **SPECIAL**
TICKETS, SIR...?

YEAH—AND AT TEN THOUSAND CREDITS, IT BETTER BE WORTH IT!

I GUARANTEE
YOU WON'T BE
DISAPPOINTED.

THIS WAY--

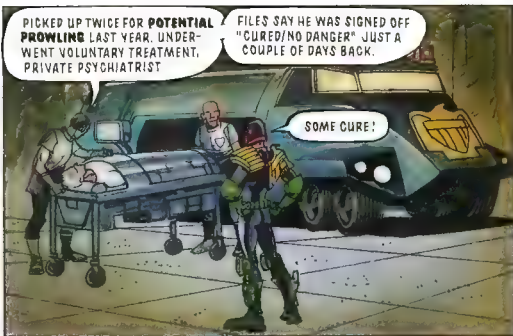
YOU COMING ALONG?
MR MIDNITE?

NO. I BETTER STAY HERE...
NO TELLING IF THAT DAMN
FOOL **BROTHER** OF MINE
WILL TURN UP AGAIN!

BLAST YOU, NIMROD!
SWEETEST LITTLE RACKET
A FAMILY COULD RUN...

...AND YOUR IMMATURE
STUNTS PUT US ALL IN
THE FIRING LINE!

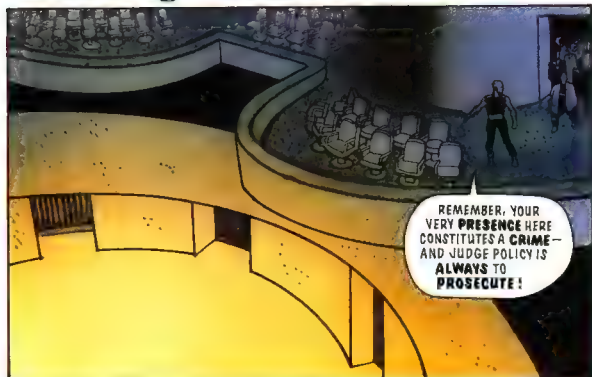
SCREW IT UP—
AND I SWEAR
I'LL KILL YOU
MYSELF!



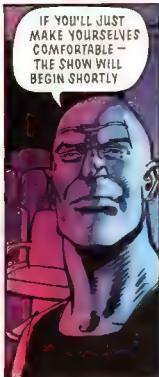


PLEASE OBSERVE OUR FEW SIMPLE RULES:
NO PHOTOGRAPHS, NO SMOKING--

AND NOT A **WORD** TO A
LIVING SOUL ABOUT WHAT
YOU ARE ABOUT TO
WITNESS!



REMEMBER, YOUR
VERY **PRESENCE** HERE
CONSTITUTES A **CRIME**--
AND JUDGE POLICY IS
ALWAYS TO
PROSECUTE!



IF YOU'LL JUST
MAKE YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE--
THE SHOW WILL
BEGIN SHORTLY



L-LEMMIE
GO, YOU
ANKLESUCKERS!
WH-WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

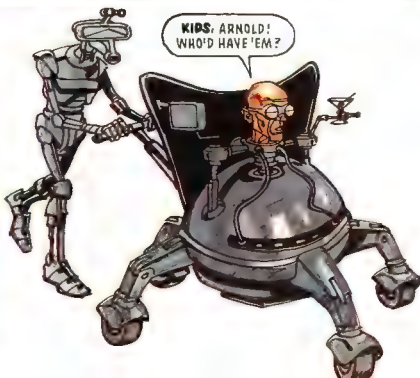
YOU'LL FIND
OUT. **MOVE!**



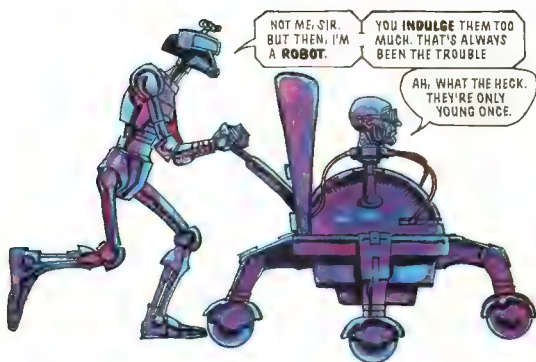
WHAT D'YA
THINK THEY'RE
GONNA **DO**
TO HIM,
GIMPY?

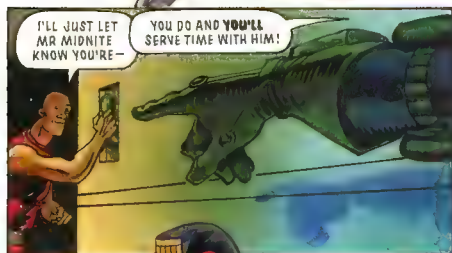
WHO CARES ABOUT HIM?
IT'S **ME** I'M WORRIED
ABOUT!

UH, AN' **YOU**
GUYS, OF COURSE!

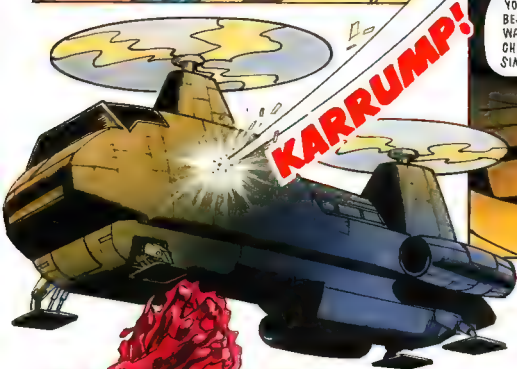


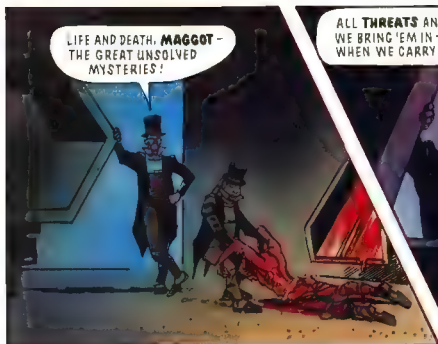
KIDS, ARNOLD!
WHO'D HAVE 'EM?











LIFE AND DEATH, **MAGGOT** -
THE GREAT UNSOLVED
MYSTERIES!

ALL **THREATS** AND **BLUSTER** WHEN
WE BRING 'EM IN - NOT A **CHEEP**
WHEN WE CARRY 'EM OUT!

IT CERTAINLY
MAKES YOU THINK,
MR FUBAR.



OF COURSE, THERE'S
MANY AS WOULD SAY IT'S
IMMORAL FOR THE RICH
TO THRIVE ON THE
SUFFERING OF THE GREAT
UNWASHED. BUT
SOCIOLOGICALLY IT MAKES
A LOT OF SENSE.

HOW SO,
MR FUBAR?



EMPLOYMENT, FOR A START.
MR MIDNITE PROVIDES
JOBS. AND WE HELP KEEP
THE **CRIME FIGURES DOWN**--

JUST THINK WHAT THESE
SCUMBALLS WOULD BE UP
TO IF THEY WEREN'T
BEING KILLED!



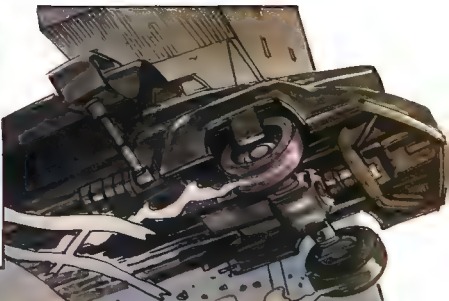
VEHICLE FITS THE
DESCRIPTION OF THE
ONE THAT PICKED UP
THE **UNDERCLASS**!
SOMETHING'S GOING
ON HERE--

**PULL
OVER!**



NO TIME FOR
NICETIES,
MAGGOT!
**RUN HIM
DOWN!**





£1.50 No.5 February 1991

MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRESENTATION



JUDGE THE MEGAZINE Dredd



**HEAD TO HEAD
WITH DREDD!**

The shattering conclusion
of **MIDNITE'S CHILDREN!**



02

9 770960 181002

MIDNITE'S Overture

THE GREAT ATOM WAR OF 2070.
I MADE MY FORTUNE FROM
MILITARY SUPPLIES--

BUT I LOST MY WIFE
AND MY LEGS.

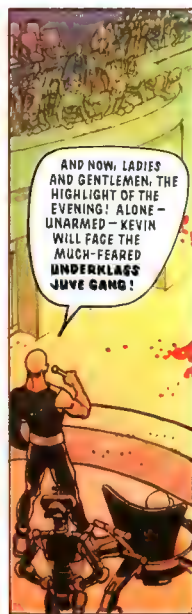
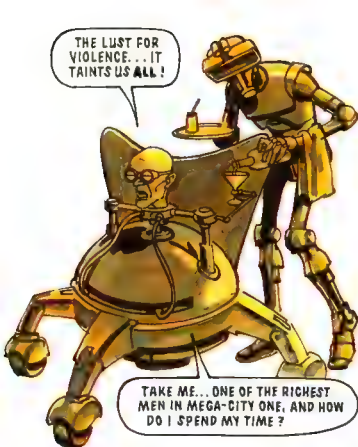
TO KEEP HER MEMORY ALIVE,
I HAD MYSELF CLONED.

JONNY WAS A GOOD BOY. A
LITTLE GREEDY MAYBE,
BUT A GOOD BOY.

MR MIDNITE ?
SIR - ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

WHAT...?

JUST
DAYDREAMING.
ARNOLD.





SHOWTIME, GEEKS!
YOU'RE ON!

H-HECK, GIMPY!
WHAT ARE WE
GONNA DO?



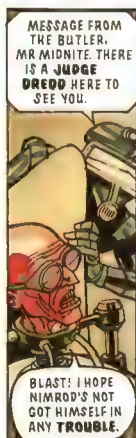
2099. I LOST
MY ARMS IN A
MUTANT
GUERRILLA
ATTACK



TO CELEBRATE MY SURVIVAL,
I HAD ANOTHER CHILD.



NIMROD WAS A GOOD BOY
A LITTLE DISTURBED,
MAYBE. BUT THESE DAYS,
WHO ISN'T?



MESSAGE FROM
THE BUTLER,
MR MIDNITE. THERE
IS A JUDGE
DREDD HERE TO
SEE YOU.

BLAST! I HOPE
NIMROD'S NOT
GOT HIMSELF IN
ANY TROUBLE.



HAVE HIM SHOWN INTO
THE UPSTAIRS LOUNGE.

CARRY ON HERE, BALDY





NOT AS SPRITELY
AS I USED TO BE, I'M
AFRAID!

WON'T YOU
TAKE A SEAT?



NO? DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF
HUMAN FURNITURE?

CAN'T
SAY I'VE MUCH USE FOR IT
MYSELF. BUT IT'S FASHIONABLE.
AND I LIKE TO DO MY BIT FOR
THE UNEMPLOYED.



YEAH? SO
WHAT EXACTLY
DID YOU DO
FOR ONE
**COSMO
WELKINS**?

WHO?

THE **STIFF** I
FOUND IN A VAN
LEAVING YOUR
GARAGE!

FURTHER YOU CAN
TELL ME WHY YOUR
SON **NIMROD** - NOW
DECEASED - WENT
ON A **KILL-SPREE**
TONIGHT --

NIMROD -
DEAD?

AND WHY YOUR OTHER
SON **JONNY** - **ALSO**
DECEASED - HAD BETTER
THAN A **BILLION**
CREDITS STASHED IN
HIS OFFICE SAFE!

JONNY...?



MY BOYS - DEAD?
I... I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

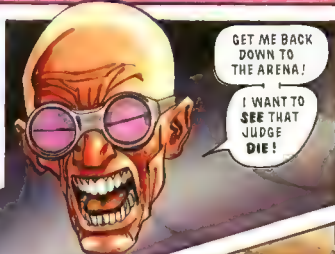
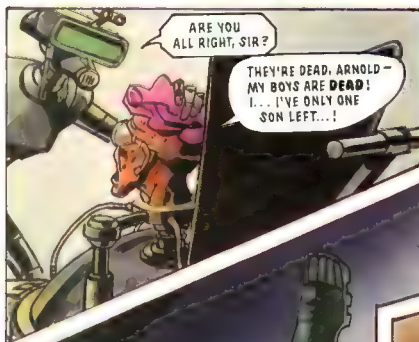


BELIEVE WHAT
YOU LIKE.

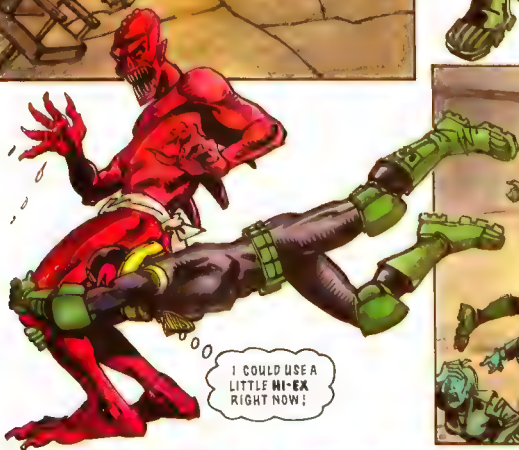
YOU! WHEEL
HIM OUT. WE'RE
GOING
DOWNTOWN!

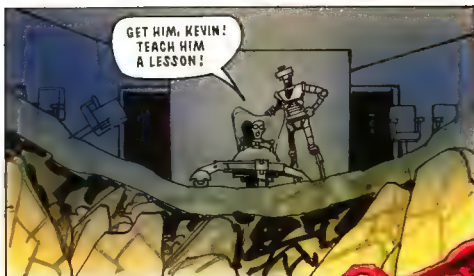


SORRY, JUDGE. BUT I'M
PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT
MR MIDNITE'S BEST
INTERESTS. I HARDLY
THINK GOING DOWNTOWN
WITH YOU QUALIFIES --











NOW -
KILL HIM!

KILL HIM!

KILL
HIM!

KEVIN - NO!
STAY BACK!

ARNOLD!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!



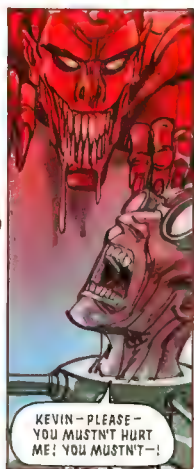
HURRY! FOR
GOD'S SAKE-



VERY GOOD, SIR!
VERRY GOO - ZZZT -
GOOD, ZZZIR!

PANTHE!

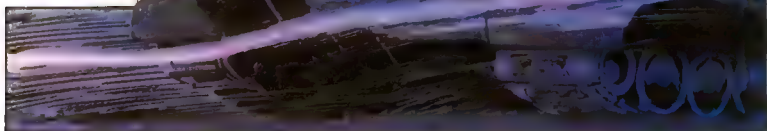
SKRENNCH!



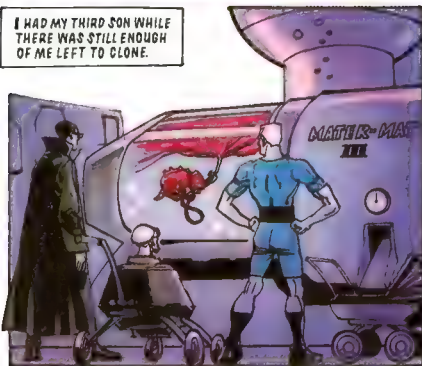
KEVIN - PLEASE -
YOU MUSTN'T HURT
ME! YOU MUSTN'T-



THE APOCALYPSE WAR. I LOST
WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY BODY TO
EAST-MEG NERVE TOXINS.



I HAD MY THIRD SON WHILE
THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH
OF ME LEFT TO CLONE.



KEVIN WAS A GOOD BOY. UNFORTUNATELY, HE
WAS ALSO A BLOOD-THIRSTY MUTANT.



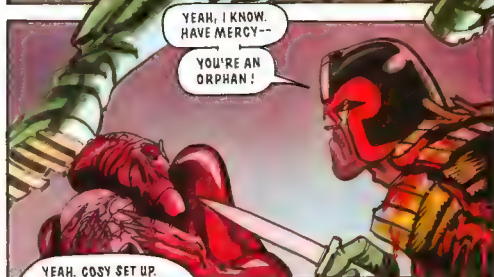
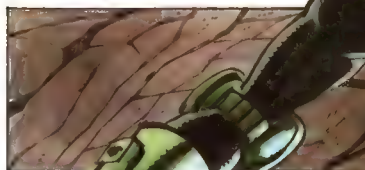
DA...DA?

YES...! I'M YOUR
FATHER. PLEASE—
MY LIFE SUPPORT...



KEVIN...
PLEASE...

DADA!



THE END

The land had died in the nuclear fire

It was the white man, of course. It always was. He burnt the world with his machines, razing the woods and the pastures, boiling the creeks until they blistered, blowing the death cloud across the plains.



The white man never asked the people about it, but then the people never did get much of a say.



If they did, figured Koala Stan, maybe they could have warned the white man what he was doing. "YOU'RE NOT JUST BURNING THE LAND," they might have said.

"YOU'RE BURNING THE SONGLINES"

"YOU'RE KILLING THE DREAMING"

But nobody asked the people, and the dreaming died with the rest of the world

Koala Stan believed that, at any rate. Others, like Old Smokey, had said the dreaming could never die



But Stan looked out at the scorched world, with the mushroom clouds spewing poison on the stricken people, and he figured different.



So he set off across the land, singing out the names of things like the ancestors had in the **dreamtime**. Maybe it was impossible. maybe it was blasphemy...

But Koala Stan was singing everything back to life



IT WAS JUST SO GOOD
TO BE STILL ALIVE

CHOPPER



HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE ALIVE. HE KNEW
AND HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T DESERVE
CHARLENE

HE'D BETRAYED HER IN
MEGA-CITY TWO. SHE'D
LOVED HIM, CARED FOR
HIM, AND ALL HE COULD
DO IN RETURN WAS GET
HIMSELF BUTCHERED IN
A STUPID, POINTLESS
SURF RACE. SHE'D HAD
EVERY RIGHT TO LEAVE
HIM

WHEN HE WOKE UP IN
THE HOSPITAL, SHE WAS
THE FIRST THING HE
SAW.

HE'D CRIED HIS EYES OUT

BUT THE RACE WAS OVER NOW. THE WIND SONG THAT NEARLY
BLEW HIM ALL THE WAY TO HELL HAD DIED AWAY, AND
THEY'D COME BACK TO OZ... TO DRONGO SPRINGS, DEEP
IN THE RADBACK

HE WASN'T A FIGHTER ANYMORE. HE WASN'T SOMEBODY,
WASN'T KING SURFER, WASN'T A SOUL ON FIRE, WASN'T
THE GREATEST SKYSURFER WHO EVER LIVED.

HE WAS JUST CHOPPER, AND HE WAS
AT HOME WITH HIS LOVER AND HIS FRIENDS

HE WAS AT PEACE





'MORNING, MOKE
HOW'VE YOU BEEN ?

UH, BEEEN TO
MARRRDS ..

LETTERRR
FOR YA, CHOPPP..
'RIVED THIS
'MORRRNIN' ..



AH, IT'S FROM
WIFENET JUNKY
REMEMBER HIM ?

YEAH, 'COURSE YER
MATE FROM THE
BIG MEG, INNE ?

THAT'S HIM, SAYS HE'S JUST
WON SUPERSURF TWELVE,
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HE'S
COMING TO VISIT US

AW, THAT'S
R-PPER :

JEEZ MOKE -
TAKE IT EASY



YA GOTTA SEEFF MARRRS, JUG
WOWWWW.

HERE, WHERE YOU
SHOOTIN' OFF TO ?

GOTTA HELP
CHARLENE WITH
THE CROPS, JUG
SCHROEDER SAYS
IT'S A GOOD
BREM

GOT YOU
UNDER THE
THUMB.
AIN'T SHE ?



NICE THUMB TO BE
UNDER, JUG, SEE YA'



SUPERSURF TWELVE.. HE
WAS SURPRISED THERE
WAS A DAMN SUPERSURF
TWELVE AFTER THE LAST
ONE

WHEN THEY'D CLEARED THE CORPSES AWAY,
PEOPLE HAD BEGUN TO GET UNEASY.
SEEMED LIKE THE RACE HADN'T BEEN AS
LEGAL AS EVERYONE THOUGHT.



STIG CORP GOT AUDITED OUT THE ASS
HEADS ROLLED IN MEGA-CITY TWO'S
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - BY THE TIME A
YEAR HAD PASSED, SURFING JUST
WASN'T TOO POPULAR

NOT TOO SURPRISING THEY'D CLEANED UP
FOR SUPERSURF TWELVE - JUST A RACE
THROUGH BRIT-CIT, MAN AGAINST MAN

NOT LIKE ELEVEN.
NO GUNS, NO NAPALM, NO SPIKES



HE REMEMBERED IT THEN.
REMEMBERED IT BETTER THAN
ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE —



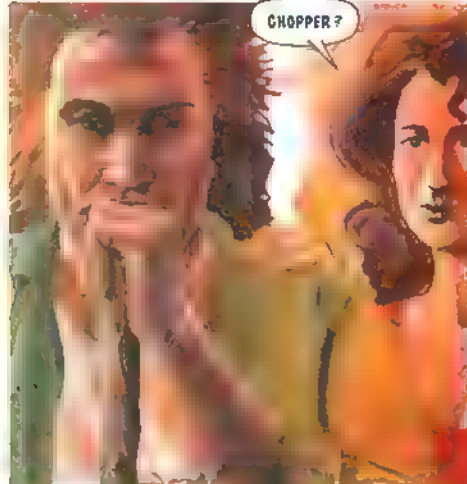
HIS FRIENDS DYING, FALLING FROM THEIR
BOARDS WHILE CHEMICAL FLAMES COOKED
THEM INSIDE OUT. FRAG SHELLS CUTTING
HUMAN BEINGS INTO FLESHY PIECES,
COVERING THE EAGER CROWDS IN A
SHOWER OF MUSCLE AND ENTRAILS . .

A COMRADE'S BRAINS SPLATTERING ACROSS HIS FACE,
BAPTISING HIM IN A SPRAY OF SINAI FLUID HER SKULL
BECOMING SHRAPNEL THAT CUT HIS ARM TO THE BONE

THE BULLETS HITTING HIM, BREAKING RIBS AND SHREDDING
LUNGS, MISSING HIS HEART BY AN INCH AT MOST, ANOTHER
SHATTERING HIS KNEECAP . . AND THEN THE LAST TEN YARDS.
WHERE DEATH KISSED HIM HARD AND SLID ITS TONGUE
BETWEEN HIS LIPS, LEAVING HIS BODY SPILLING ITS ALL
ACROSS THE BOARD

THE WHOLE RACE A DEATH FEST, A SLAUGHTER MATCH
WHERE SURELY THE BLOOD WOULD STOP FALLING, SURELY,
BUT NEVER STOPPED, A BLOODY MONSOON ON THE CITY
BENEATH

BLOOD SO MUCH BLOOD

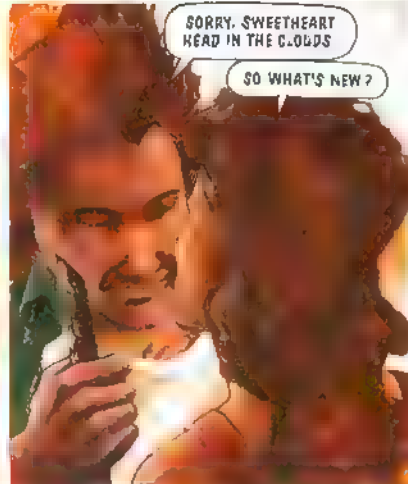


CHOPPER?



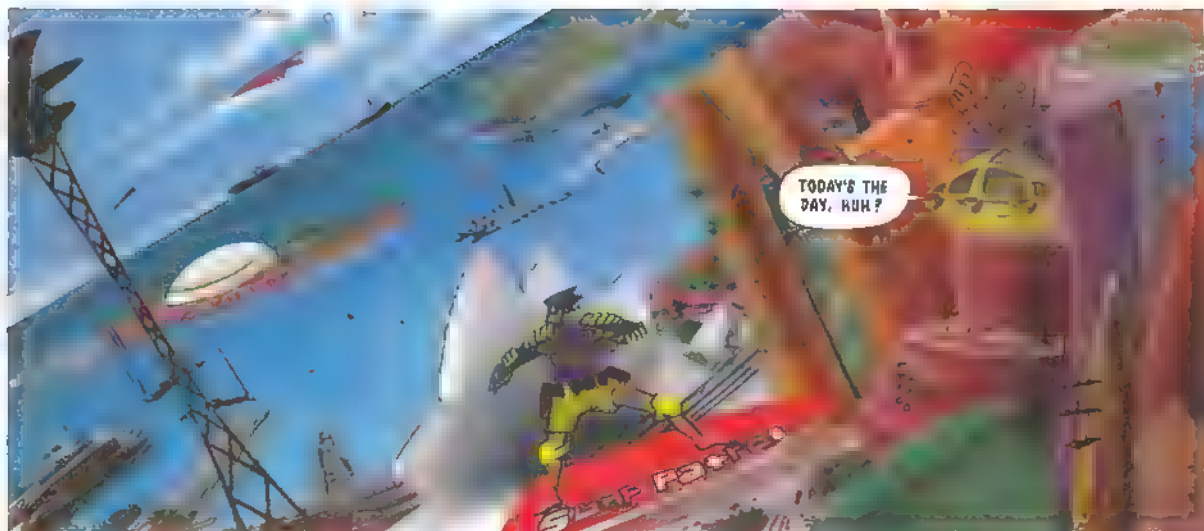
HUH?

WAKY-WAKY.
CHOP GOTTA GO
TO WORK.



SORRY, SWEETHEART
HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

SO WHAT'S NEW?



TODAY'S THE DAY, HUH?



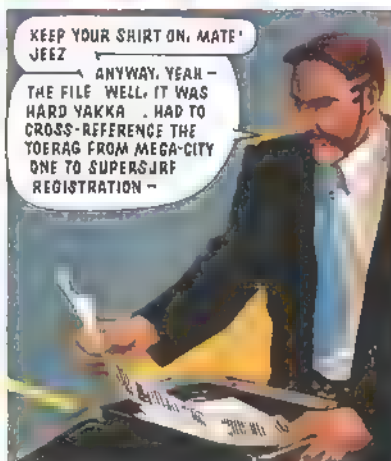
THEY'LL BE CALLING SOON. NOW, YOU GOT THE FILE OR WHAT?

YEAH, SURE CHRIST BUT YER KEEN, DEREK



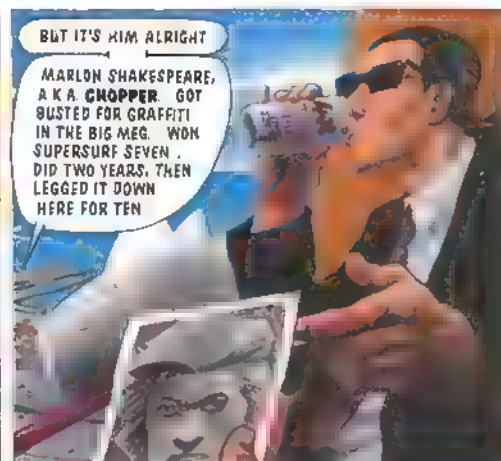
BLOODY OATH I AM! BEEN PISSIN' IN THEM STIG EXECS' POCKETS FOR SIX MONTHS!

NOW HOW ABOUT THE DAMN FILE?!



KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, MATE! JEEZ

ANYWAY, YEAH - THE FILE WELL, IT WAS HARD YAKKA... HAD TO CROSS-REFERENCE THE TOERAG FROM MEGA-CITY ONE TO SUPERSJRF REGISTRATION -



BUT IT'S HIM ALRIGHT

MARLON SHAKESPEARE, A K A CHOPPER, GOT BUSTED FOR GRAFFITI IN THE BIG MEG. WON SUPERSURF SEVEN, DID TWO YEARS, THEN LEGGED IT DOWN HERE FOR TEN



LOST TO JUG, THEN DISAPPEARED. TURNED UP AGAIN FOR ELEVEN AND WELL

EXTENSIVE SURGERY PAPER LUNGS, PLASTIC KNEE JOINT

HE KILLED STIG



UH, YEAH AND, ACCORDIN TO STIGSAT SURVEILLANCE, HE'S AT DRONGO SPRINGS

SO, HE KILLED STIG AND HE'S AT DRONGO SPRINGS

HE'S IN OUR WAY.





'MEMBER THAT LITTLE
DRONGO CHOPPER?
THE MEGGER WHO
KILLED STIG?

WHAT
ABOUT HIM?

WE'RE AT DRONGO SPRINGS:
HIM AN' A BUNCH O'
PLANKERS'VE HOOKED UP
WITH AN ABO TRIBE -



AN' IF WE'RE GONNA
BE PULLIN' THE
SPRINGS APART,
THEY'LL HAVETA GO.

I SEE

O'HERNE, YOU HAVE
TWENTY DAYS TO
COMPLETE THIS
PROJECT, AND WE
EXPECT A LARGE
RETURN ON THIS
ACCOUNT

RIPPER!
NO WORRIES!



WHAT YER RECKON
ON THAT THEN?

RECKON
ON WHAT?



OH, REAL NICE! I'M ONLY CLINCHIN' THE MOST
IMPORTANT DEAL OF ME LIFE, AN YOU'RE
OFF SHAGGIN' ME SECRETARY!

YOU GOT THE
DEAL? GOODBYER!

BLEEDIN' SPUNK
BANDIT!



YEAH, YEAH. COUPLE O' POINTS TO
SORT OUT MAUREEN, GET CHIEF
JUDGE BOB ON THE BLOWER AN'
TELL HIM I'LL BE SHOOTIN' IN TO
SEE HIM TOMORROW

JEEZ, DEREK. WHAT YOU
WANT THE COPS FOR?



GONNA NEED PROTECTION
WHILE WE'RE MESS'NG
ABOUT IN THE RABACK,
AIN'T WE?

AN' GET ONTO COMPUTER LIAISON,
WILL YOU? TELL 'EM TO SORT OUT
THE UPLINK TO STIGSAT FOUR.

FOUR? HERE,
THAT'S THE COMBAT
SATELLITE...

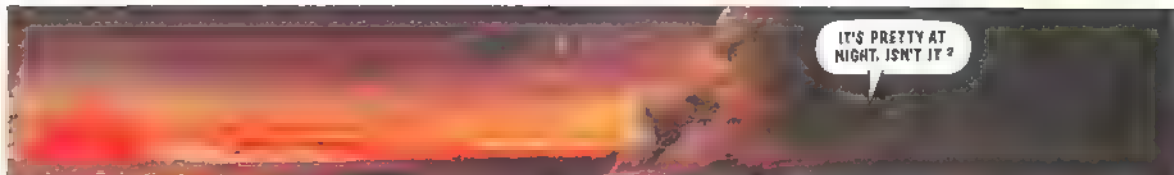


TOO RIGHT, MATE. WE'RE
GETTIN' GOIN' AT LAST.

WHATEVER YOU SAY,
MATE

SO WHAT'S
STIG CENTRAL LIKE?

AW, TYPICAL
CALIFORNIANS.
MATE. BLOODY
PERVERTS.



IT'S PRETTY AT NIGHT, ISN'T IT?



YEAH, FER SURE RADIATION GIVES THE SUNSET A BEAUTY COLOUR. I RECKON.

JEEZ, SCHROEDER, YER A MISERABLE PIKER!



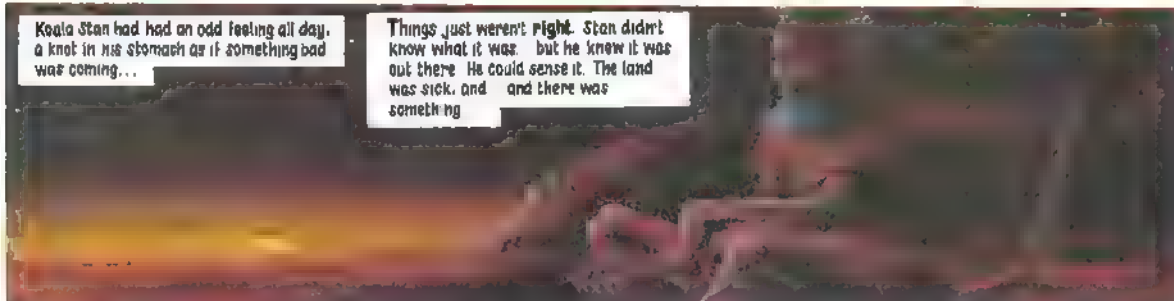
EASE UP, JUG THIS IS SCHROEDER'S COUNTRY THEY'VE WRECKED



OKAY, OKAY SAME EVERYWHERE, INNIT? WE'VE GOT THE RABBACK. YOU MEGGERS'VE GOT YER CURSED EARTH, THE POMMIES'VE GOT UH.

BRIT-CIT?

CHRIST, YEAH!

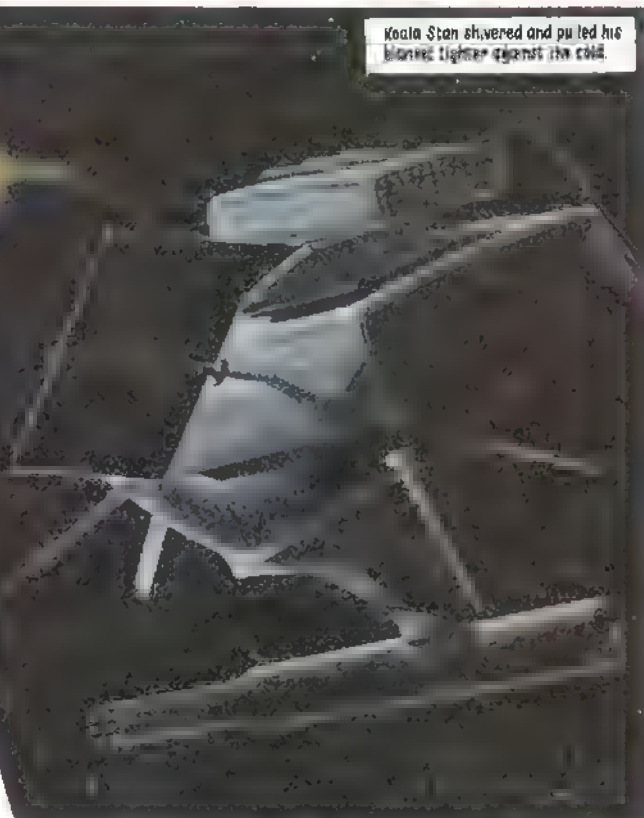


Koala Stan had had an odd feeling all day, a knot in his stomach as if something bad was coming...

Things just weren't right. Stan didn't know what it was, but he knew it was out there. He could sense it. The land was sick, and there was something



Something in the stars that shouldn't be



Something bad was coming

Koala Stan shivered and pulled his blanket tighter against his cold

CHOPPER

EARTH WIND & FIRE
2

HE'S BEEN WATCHING WIPEOUT FOR TEN MINUTES NOW. CRUISING IN THE KID'S SLIP AND MUFFLING LAUGHTER AT THE DUMB SURFSUIT.

FIVE KAYS TO DRONGO SPRINGS, SO AT LEAST THE NEW CHAMP DIDN'T GET LOST.

SO WIPEOUT WAS THE NEW WORLD CHAMPION. . . ALL HE COULD REMEMBER WAS A DREADLOCKED JUVE WHO FELL OFF HIS BOARD MORE TIMES THAN YOU COULD COUNT.

MAY AS WELL SEE HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THEN

JUST FOR A LAUGH

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THINGS'VE CHANGED MUCH AT ALL. THE CHAMP'S DRYDREAMING.

WAKEY-WAKEY...

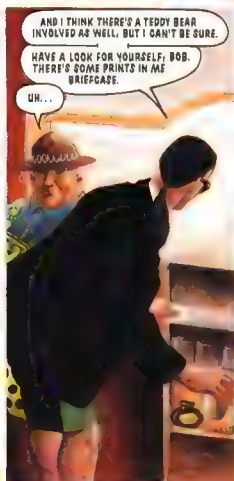
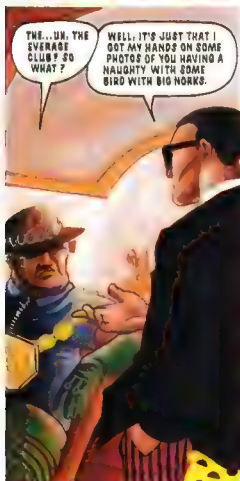
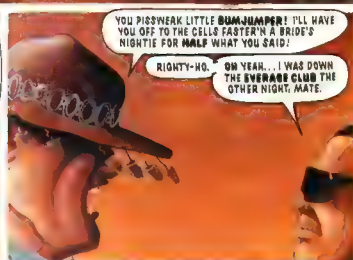
WIPEOUT!!

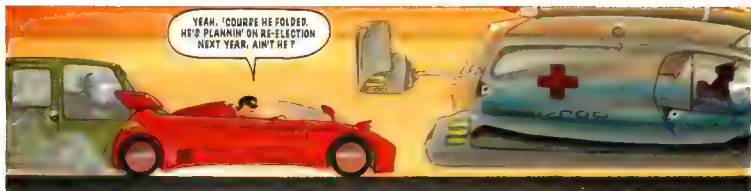
EEEEAAAAH!

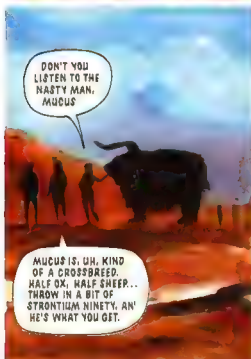
CHOPPER!!
DAMMIT!!

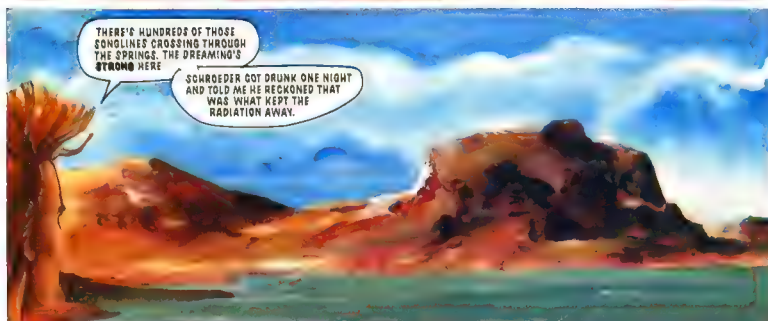
HO, HO, HO.















YOU KNEW SMOKEY, CHOPPER.
AM I RIGHT?

NOT FOR LONG, BUT
YEAH

EVER MEET HIS MATE?
OL' KOALA STAN?



UH... STAN... NO, NOT
THAT I REMEMBER,
SCHROEDER.

SAW HIM DOWN BY THE SOUTH POINT THIS
MORNING... HE'S A KIND OF MYSTIC. WELL,
BIT OF A **MATE**, TO BE HONEST.

RECKONS HE CAN
CLEAN UP THE EARTH
BY **SINGIN'** TO IT.



TALK GETS CHEAP
AT TIMES LIKE
THESE, SCHROEDER.
THAT'S HOW THE
ANCESTORS **MADE**
THE WORLD.

ANCESTORS DIDN'T HAVE
RADIATION TO DEAL WITH...

ANYWAY, LOOK: STAN SAYS
HE RECKONS WE'RE GONNA
BE IN **TROUBLE** IF WE
STAY HERE. SAYS
THERE'S SOMETHING
SAD COMIN', AND-

EVENIN',
YOU
DRONGOS!



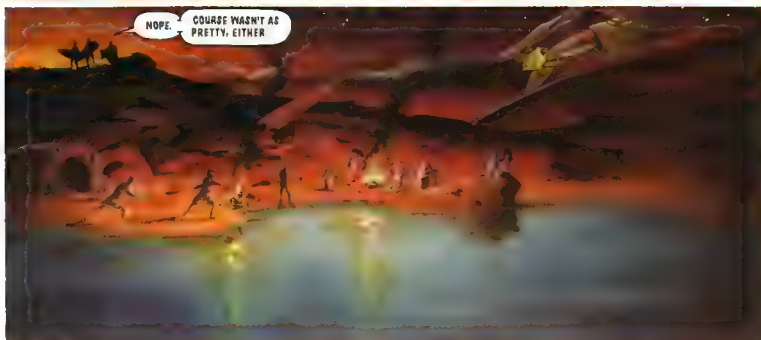
JUST SAW MOKE FLY BY.
AN' I DON'T EVEN RECKON
HE WAS ON HIS **BOARD**!

HERE, LET'S GO SURFIN'!
THEY'RE LIGHTIN' UP
DOWN AT THE LAKE.
MATES!



GREAT IDEA!
CHOP, I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW I WON
THE RACE,
RIGHT?

YEAH... HELL, I'M NOT TOO STEADY
HERE... YOU DO THE SUPERSURF
DRUNK TOO?



NOPE. COURSE WASN'T AS
PRETTY, EITHER



LOOK WHO IT IS!
SHE COME ACROSS?

NAH, MATE SAID
SHE WOULDN'T ON
A FIRST DATE.



UNUSUALLY HONEST FOR YOU, DEREK.
NORMALLY YOU CAN'T LIE STRAIGHT IN
BED ABOUT YOUR SHAGGIN' EXPLOITS.

YEAH, YEAM
HOW'S IT GOING
HERE?



WE HAVE GREEN LIGHTS
ON MANOEUVRABILITY,
MISSILE BATTERIES, AND...
YES, AND S.I.E. BEAMS
AS WELL, SIR

RIPPER! LISTEN, CAN YOU LOCK
THEM BEAMS ON ONE BLOKE, YEAM?

SHE'S NOT



THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE FOR,
SIR.

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT CHOPPER,
DEREK, RELAX. WE'RE LOCKED ONTO
DRONGO SPRINGS RIGHT NOW

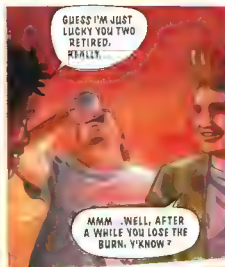
JUST TAKE US A COUPLE O' SHOTS
TO FIND HIS RANGE.



BLOODY GREAT.

RIGHT... LET'S HAVE
MISSILE SATURATION
OF THE WHOLE AREA, OKAY?
AN' THEN GET THAT
LITTLE SCUMBAG WITH
YER BEAMS

"CAN DO, SIR"



CHOPPER

CHAPTER 3
THE SONG



OH DEAR LORD JESUS NO
PLEASE NOT THIS
ANYTHING BUT THIS

BLOOD



HE NEVER MADE IT.
HE'S STILL IN
MESA CITY TWO WITH
A CHEST FULL OF LEAD

BLOODY HELL, CHOP!
COME DPMO'S BLOWIN'
THE CRAP OUT'VE US!



HE'S STILL SURFING
THROUGH A
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



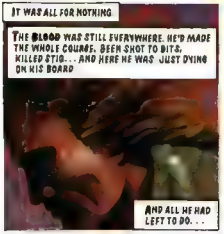
SHUT
YER ARSE,
CHOP!

HE DIDN'T SURVIVE AFTER ALL
THE SKY'S FULL OF FLAK AND
HIS FRIENDS ARE BEING
COOKED ON THEIR BOARDS.



IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING

THE BLOOD WAS STILL EVERYWHERE. HE'D MADE
THE WHOLE COURSE, BEEN SHOT TO BITS,
KILLED STIO... AND HERE HE WAS JUST DYING
ON HIS BOARD



WAS GIVE UP

CHOPPERRRR !!!

AND ALL HE HAD
LEFT TO DO...





CHARLENE!!

JESUS -

SNAP OUT'VE IT NOW

HE'S NOT IN MEGA-CITY TWO. SUPERSURF ELEVEN FINISHED A YEAR AGO. FORGET IT.

HE'S IN OZ, IN DRAGONO SPRINGS. HIS FRIENDS ARE DYING AND HE'S NO GOOD TO THEM ALL FROZEN UP LIKE A STATUE

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON -

OKAY. EASE UP, BREATHE DEEP REMEMBER.

HE'S CHOPPER. HE'S THE BEST THERE IS

ONE WITH THE BOARD THINK WHAT SHE CAN DO. WHAT YOU CAN DO

BURN.



WATCH THOSE TRACKING LASERS! LETHAL
LOCKED ON TO SOMETHING...

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WHERE'S CHARLENE?



GET SOME COVER
NOW! GET OUTTA
THE SPRINGS!

BURNING AGAIN, LIKE IN THE
SUPERSURFS. HADN'T SURFED
LIKE THIS SINCE

BLOOD

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT



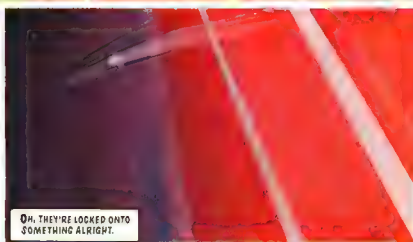
FLAMIN'
NORA!

JUG!

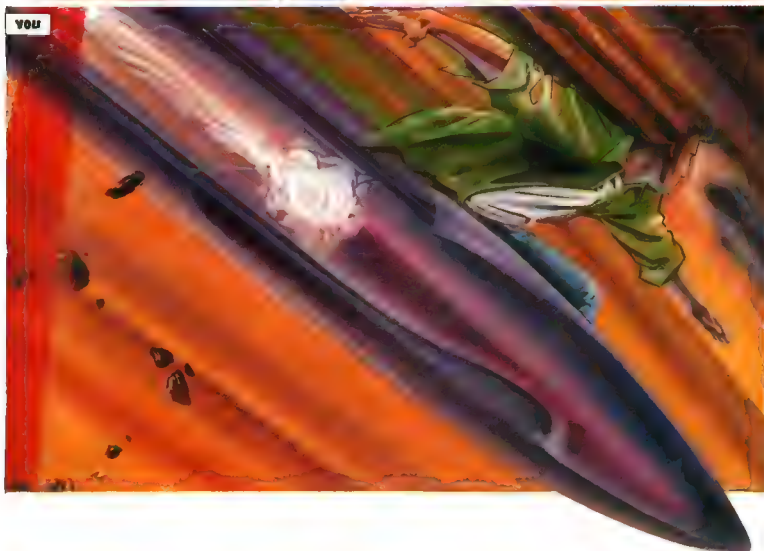


YOU TWO PICK HIM
UP AND GET HIM
OUTTA HERE!

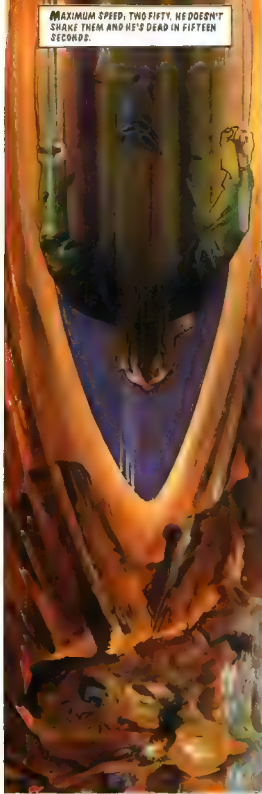
THOSE
LASERS



OH, THEY'RE LOCKED ONTO
SOMETHING ALRIGHT.



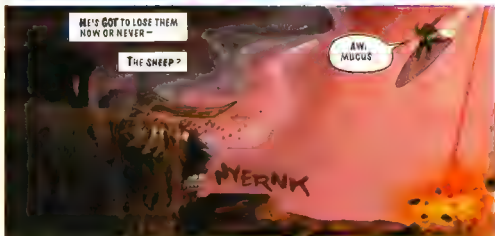
YOU



MAXIMUM SPEED, TWO FIFTY. HE DOESN'T SHAKE THEM AND HE'S DEAD IN FIFTEEN SECONDS.

LOCK ON
TRACKING AND CLOSING

OH YEE-YEE-YEE-YEE-YEESSSS



ME'S GOT TO LOSE THEM
NOW OR NEVER -

THE SHEEP?

AW,
MUCUS

MYERNK

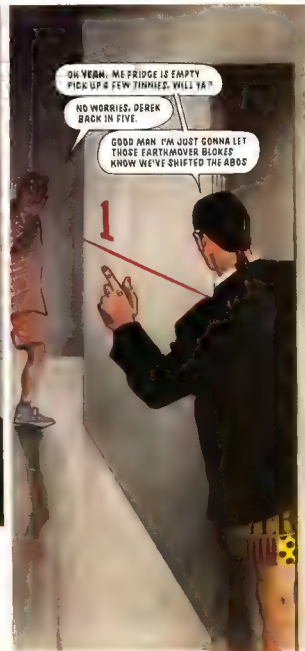
GOTTA BE.

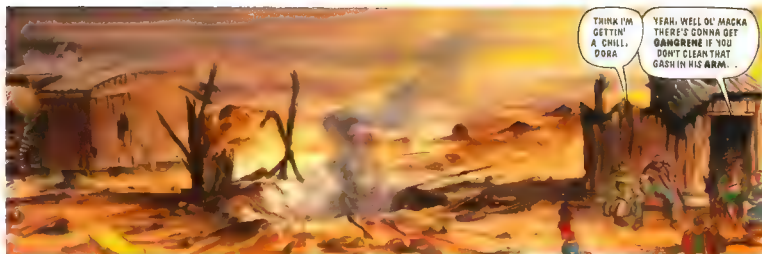
...I'M
SORRY.



GOOD
ONE!!

KILL





THINK I'M
GETTIN'
A CHILL,
DORA

YEAH, WELL OL' MACKA
THERE'S GONNA GET
DANGEROUS IF YOU
DON'T CLEAN THAT
GASH IN HIS ARM...



ANYONE
SEEN
CHOPPER?

HE'S LOOKIN' FOR ANDRE
NEVER SHOWED UP YET,
Y'SEE CHOP'S A BIT
WORRIED



DAMMIT
MOKE.



GODDAMIT, MOKE
YOU ARE GONNA
SNAP OUT OF IT!

I DUNNO HOW FAR
UP THE CREEK WE ARE,
BUT YOU AIN'T ANY
GOOD TO US AS A
SPACE CADET



OKAY, OKAY.
I'M STRAIGHT.

JEEZ, I BEEN
SCREWED UP FOR
MONTHS

WELCOME TO EARTH
C'MON, WE GOTTA
GO TO WORK



YOU GOT IT, WHO WON.
BY THE WAY?

WON? WON WHAT?

SUPERSURF
ELEVEN

GOD ALMIGHTY



THAT WAS LAST
YEAR, MOKE -

CHOPPER!





Woola Stan had watched the
lasers and explosions rip
the night apart over Drongo
Springs, from wag out in
the Radback

He was glad he'd been
three hundred kays
away at the time

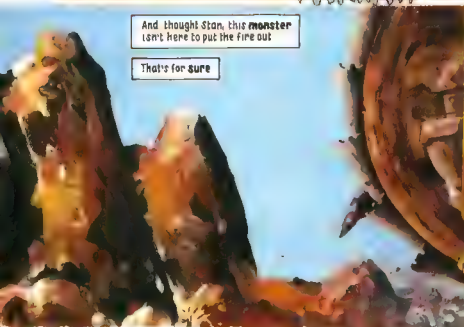
WRRRRM



He knew the Songlines were burning
The white man had put a torch to the
dreaming like he would a bushfire

No care, no reverence, no shame

WRRRRM



And thought Stan, this monster
isn't here to put the fire out

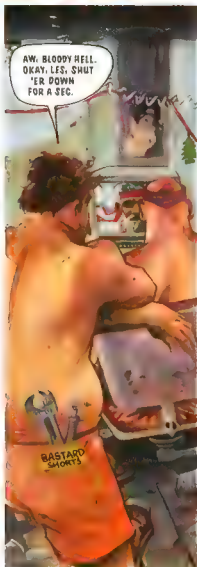
That's for sure



Stig Corp

VRRRR

massey ferguson



AW. BLOODY HELL.
OKAY, LES. SHUT
'ER DOWN
FOR A SEC.

BASTARD
SHORTS



HEY! YEAH, YOU.
YOU STUPID
ABO MORON!

WHAT THE BLAZES
D'YOU THINK
YER GOIN'?



HE AINT
MOVIN', BOSS
WHAT'LL
WE DO?

JEEZ - UN. GET DAT TO CALL
THEM JUDGES UP ON THE
RADIO, WILL YA?

AINT NO WAY I'M
CHUCKIN' A U-EY FOR
THAT DARNIE



COULD BE SCHROEDER WAS RIGHT

MAYBE HE COULDN'T FIGHT
MAYBE HE HAD NO RIGHT TO ANYWAY

BUT HE DIDN'T REALLY CARE.
SOMEONE HAD WRECKED HIS HOME

SOMEONE HAD TRIED TO KILL HIM

FIVE HUNDRED KAYS OUT FROM THE CONURB.
GOOD PLACE TO START HUNTING WHOEVER DID IT

THOUGH, HE HAD TO ADMIT, THAT WASN'T WHAT
HE WAS THINKING ABOUT...

HE WAS THINKING ABOUT THE SONG, PLAYING IN
HIS SOUL LIKE A SUMMER WIND, SOFT AND
INSISTENT. AND THAT WORRIED HIM

BECAUSE HE REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME IT HAD
PLAYED, WHEN HE SURFED LIKE A MANIAC
THROUGH A SKY OF BLOOD AND IRON. WHEN HE
NEARLY LOST CHARLENE... WHEN HE NEARLY
LOST HIS LIFE



AND NOW IT WAS BACK.

NEXT: MEET THE DAME!



G'DAY, BRUCE!



JUG: JEEZ BUT
YER FAT, MATE!
TOO MUCH CROG?

OFFICIOUS
BERK: HOW YOU
DOIN', YOU
OLD DRONGO?



NOT SO BAD, MATE
WHAT YOU DOIN'
BACK IN TOWN?

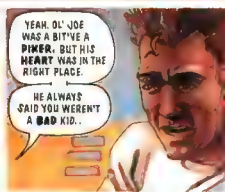
AH, YEAM...
THAT'S WHAT
I WANTED A
WORDO ABOUT,
MATE...



OH YEAM—
THIS IS
CHOPPER.

HI, BRUCE JUG TELLS ME I OWE
YOU ONE FOR STOPPING OLD
DREDD HUNTING ME DOWN
A WHILE BACK...

NAH, THINK NOTHIN'
OF IT. BIT OF A FAN OF
YOURS, ANYWAY



YEAH, OL' JOE
WAS A BIT'VE A
PIKER, BUT HIS
HEART WAS IN THE
RIGHT PLACE.

HE ALWAYS
SAID YOU WERENT
A BAD KID...



TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BRUCE. WE'RE ALL
OUT AT THE SPRINGS LAST NIGHT,
HAVING A BIT OF A BARBIE AN' A
TINNIE OR TWO...

ALL OF A SUDDEN
SOME CREEP STARTS BLOWING THE
STUFFING OUT'VE US. AN' IT'S ON FOR
YOUNG AN' OLD! LASERS AN' FRAGS AN'
EVERYTHING!

FLAMIN'
NORA!



I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND'VE
THAT. MATE. GIMME A SEC...

G'DAY, CONTROL. THIS IS
BRUCE. JUG MCKENZIE'S IN
TOWN. SAYIN' DRONGO
SPRINGS GOT IN STRIFE
LAST NIGHT. HOW ABOUT
SENDIN' OUT THE
ZAP WAGONS?



HAVE THIS SORTED BEFORE
YOU CAN SAY **BOBBY**
HAWKE'S A TRANSO,
FELLAS

BRUCE? WE PUT YER REQUEST
THROUGH, BUT, UH... WELL, THE
CHIEF JUDGE WANTS A WORD.



'OWS YER FORM,
BRUCE?

SHE'S SWEET, BOB.
WHAT D'YOU
WANT, THEN?



AW. JUST THOUGHT I'D
BUNG YOU A TRANSFER,
MATE. HOW DOES SIX
MONTHS CIRCUIT DUTY
UP ON **CHUNDER**
RANGE GRAB YOU.

CHUNDER
RANGE?

RIPPER!
HOO-ROO, **BRUCE**.



CHUNDER
RANGE?

WHAT IS
IT?

BACK O' BOURKE, MATE. FAR
SIDE OF OZ, AN' IT'S FULLA
SHEEPCHASERS AN'
NOTHIN' ELSE



CHUNDER
RANGE?

UH.. **BRUCE**, MATE! WE'VE GOTTA
SHOOT THROUGH. BUT YOU NIP IN FOR
A TINNIE ANYTIME, OKAY?

WHEN YOU GET BACK. THAT IS.

IF YOU GET BACK.

ER... GUESS
BOBBY HAWKE'S
A TRANSO.
EH?



EVERYTIME THE MUTIES SHOW UP THEM, JUDGES JUST GO THE KNUCKLE WITH 'EM, BUT THEY NEVER LEARN.

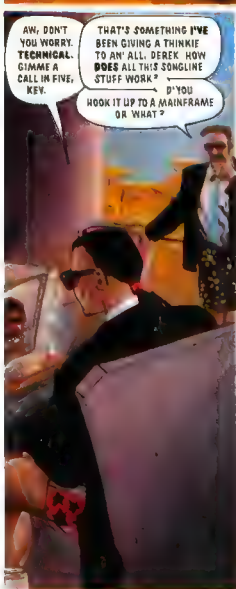
BIGGEST GALAHNS THIS SIDE'VE THE BLACK STUMP!



GOOD-OH, KEV. WHAT'S YER ETA ON THE SPRINGS?

UH... NINETEEN HOURS, MISTER O'HERNE

LISTEN, I'VE BEEN SORTA THINKIN'... WHY'RE WE **DOIN'** A BIG FLATTIE ON DRONGO, ANYWAY, BOSS?



AW, DON'T YOU WORRY. TECHNICAL. GIMME A CALL IN FIVE, KEV.

THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN GIVING A THINKIE TO AN' ALL. DEREK. HOW **DOES** ALL THIS SONGLINE STUFF WORK?

D'YOU HOOK IT UP TO A MAINFRAME OR WHAT?



NAH, MAN. IT'S MORE LIKE A SORT'VE **FOCUS STONE**. YOU GET YOUR STONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SPRINGS. AND, UH... THEN YOU KIND'VE FOCUS THE POWER. RIGHT?

YEEEEEES?



LOOK IT'LL WORK, **OKAY?** SOON AS THE EARTHMOVERS ARE FINISHED I'LL COMMISSION A **FULL REPORT**. RIGHT?

DEREK, I THOUGHT YOU **HAD** DONE A REPORT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE **DOIN'** THE SPRINGS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

YOU TOLD STIG CENTRAL -

YEAH. SO THEY'D GIMME THE GO -

FLAMIN' NORA !!!



IT'S HIM! IT'S
CHOPPER!

HE'S MEANT TO
BE DEAD!



WE'RE IN IT GOOD AND PROPER HERE, GUYS.
SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO BRUCE AS SOON AS
HE SAID WORD **ONE** ON
THE MATTER?

YER NOT WRONG,
MATE. WHAT D'YER RECKON
WE **DO**, THOUGH?



HOW IN HELL DO
I KNOW?

JEEZ! DON'T
GET YER
KNEEPADS IN
A TWIST,
MATE!

SORRY,
JUG. MY
FAULT.



THINGS USED TO BE EASIER, Y'KNOW? IF YOU RAN UP
AGAINST A PROBLEM YOU JUST DUG YOUR HEEL IN
AND SURFED LIKE CRAZY.

YEAH, AN' LOOK WHERE
THAT GOT US.

G'MON BACK TO
THE PAD AN' WE'LL
HAVE A FEW
TINNIES, EH?

YEAH... MAYBE THAT ELDSTER'LL
HAVE WOKEN UP, TOO...



G'DAY,
DARLIN'!
HOW'S THE
PATIENT?

CHARLENE'S WITH HIM
AT THE MOMENT, JUG.
HE'S STILL A BIT
WEAK.



CHARLENE?

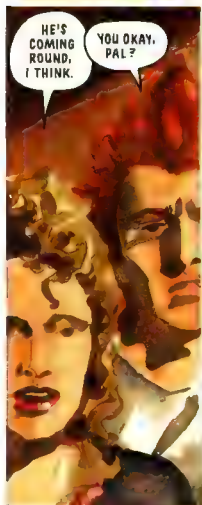
YEAH. SHE WAS TRAININ'
TO BE A NURSE
BEFORE SHE BECAME A
SURFIE CHICK, Y'KNOW.



THEY'D FOUND HIM OUT IN THE RADBACK WHERE THE JUDGES
HAD DUMPED HIM. THE SUN BAKING HIS RUINED OLD BODY
TO OVERDONE STEAK.

ALL HE'D BEEN ABLE
TO SAY WAS:
"DRONGO SPRINGS"

"THEY'RE GOING TO WIPE
OUT DRONGO SPRINGS".



HE'S
COMING
ROUND,
I THINK.

YOU OKAY,
PAL?



CHOPPER.

YOU KNOW
ME?



I KNOW YOU.

CHILD OF THE WIND,
I KNOW YOU WELL.



HOW'D YOU
KNOW ME?
AN' WHO -

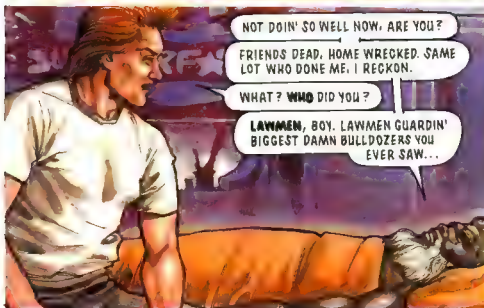
TAKE IT EASY ON HIM.
CHOP. SOMEONE'S
BEATEN THE TAR
OUT'VE HIM.



YOU'RE SMOKIE'S BOY, AIN'T YOU? I VISITED
HIM WHEN YOU WERE THERE, YEAR OR SO
BACK. I'M KOALA STAN.

DON'T
REMEMBER

NOT SUPRISIN', SEEIN' AS YOU WERE
DYIN' OF **RAD-POX** AT THE TIME

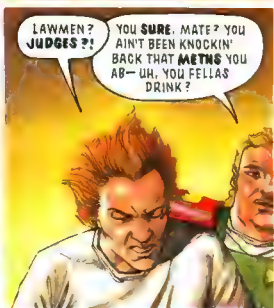


NOT DOIN' SO WELL NOW, ARE YOU?

FRIENDS DEAD. HOME WRECKED. SAME
LOT WHO DONE ME. I RECKON.

WHAT? WHO DID YOU?

LAWMEN, BOY. **LAWMEN** GUARDIN'
BIGGEST DAMN BULLDOZERS YOU
EVER SAW...



LAWMEN?
JUDGES?!

YOU SURE, MATE? YOU
AIN'T BEEN KNOCKIN'
BACK THAT **METHS** YOU
AB- UH, YOU FELLAS
DRINK?



THESE 'DOZERS... MAYBE THIRTY MEN HIGH.
MAKE A NOISE LIKE A RUDDY **EARTHQUAKE**.

WE MUST'VE FLOWN RIGHT OVER
THEM IN THAT DUSTSTORM...

THEY'RE SLOW - BUT THEY'RE DAMN **BIG**.
AN' AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STOP 'EM
WITH THOSE **JUDGES**, BOY.



THEY'RE
HEADIN' RIGHT
FOR THE
SPRINGS.



WODYER THINK THIS IS.
BOB? **BUSH WEEK?**

COME ON NOW. WHAT'RE
YOU BLOKES **UP** TO IN
THE RADBACK?

AW, GIVE
IT A BREAK,
JUG!



BOB, ME AN' ME MATES NEAR GOT BLOWN
ALL THE WAY TO OXKER LAST NIGHT!
SPILL YER GUTS, HUH?



IT'S NOT
THAT EASY.



WASN'T TOO EASY DODGIN' THOSE **LASERS**
EITHER, PAL! WHAT'S GOIN' **ON?**

THROTTLE BACK WILLYA, CHOP?
HE'S THE **CHIEF JUDGE!**



YER OKAY, CHOPPER.
ALRIGHT THEN, MATES...
AN' SEEN' AS IT'S
YOU, JUG

THIS LITTLE CORPORATE DUNGBAG—
DEREK O'HERNE—HE'S COPPED
SOME GLOSSIES OF ME AN' A SHEILA
GOIN' AT IT ROUND AT AVERAGE'S.



DON'T SUPPOSE HE'D BE THE GUY WHO
OWNS THOSE 'DOZERS, WOULD HE?

SMACK ON. THAT'S WHY HE GOT TWENTY
JUDGES TO MOLLYCODDLE 'EM ALL THE
WAY DUNNO WHAT THEY'LL
BE UP TO AT THE
SPRINGS, THOUGH...



HERE,
I TELL YOU
WHAT...

YOU GET ME THE PHOTOS BACK, AN' I'LL CALL OFF
ME JUDGES, RIGHT? THEN YOU CAN GO
RAFFERTY'S RULES WITH THEM 'DOZERS. **DEAL?**



I CAN'T BELIEVE HE ASKED US NOT TO LOOK AT THE PHOTOS WHEN WE GOT THEM...

AND IS THERE ANYONE IN THIS TOWN ISN'T A MATE'VE YOURS, JUG? JUDGES...CHIEF JUDGES...

YOU GET LOADSA MATES WHEN YER SUPERSURF CHAMP FOR THREE YEARS. CHOP. OL' BOB USED TO SHOW REGULAR AT ME RAVE UPS. USED TO FART LIKE A FOGHORN!

BUT HERE, YER GONNA LOVE THIS PLACE...



LONG TIME NO SEE, JUGGO!

ARVO JUDY, YOU OLD WEIRDO! TELL THE DAME! WANNA WORD, EH?



DON'T MIND JUDY. CHOP. HAD A NASTY ACCIDENT WITH A LAS-SHAVER ONCE, SO HE WON'T BE BUGGIN' YOU.

JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE DAME. BENT AS A POOFER'S PROCTOLOGIST.

YEAH?



YEAH

DAAAHHLINGS!



JUG, WHAT KINDA PLACE IS THIS? A CAT HOUSE FOR MUTIES?

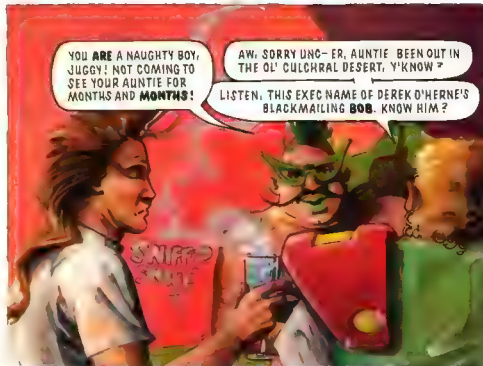
NAH, BUT IT CATER'S TO ANY TASTE... BOYS... GIRLS... TOOTHPASTE...



UP YOU GO, JUG LIKE YER MATE!

WHAT?





YOU **ARE** A NAUGHTY BOY, JUGGY! NOT COMING TO SEE YOUR AUNTIE FOR MONTHS AND **MONTHS**!

AW, SORRY UNC- ER, AUNTIE BEEN OUT IN THE OL' CULCHRAL DESERT, Y'KNOW?

LISTEN, THIS EXFC NAME OF DEREK O'HERNE'S BLACKMAILING **BOB**. KNOW HIM?



OH, I KNOW HIM... **LITTLE REPTILE**. WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM AND THAT PHOTOGRAPHER ACCESS TO **BOB'S ROOM**, BUT HE WAS FILTHY **RICH**.



I SUPPOSE HE WOULD BE THOUGH, WORKING FOR **STIG CORP**.

STIG!!



YES, **STIG**.

BLEEDIN' HELL, AUNTIE! THEY'RE THE ONE'S TRIED TO FRY THE LOT OF US LAST **SUPERSURF**!

STIG



STIG. BLOOD. THEY WENT TOGETHER LIKE FLIES AND CORPSEMEAT. HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE KILLED THE **MADMAN**, BUT HE COULDN'T KILL THE **COMPANY**.

I HAD NO **IDEA**, JUGGY LOOK. I CAN GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF THE **PHOTOGRAPHER**, IF YOU LIKE HE DOES A LOT OF WORK IN HERE.



HE WON'T BE WORKING ANYWHERE OUTSIDE THE **I.C.U.** IF HE DOESN'T TELL US WHERE TO GET THOSE **PHOTOS**.

WHAT A **MUNK**! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK SO WE CAN HAVE A **PROPER CHAT**, **CHOPPER**!

OH, AND ONE OTHER THING...

I SWEAR TO GOD I AM GONNA **KILL** SOMETHING IF I EVER HEAR THAT JOKE ABOUT MY NICKNAME AGAIN!



GOING DOWN

HUM TE TUM



SO THAT'S TEN THOU FOR SHAKESPEARE, RIGHT?
HALF IN ADVANCE... AN' A TWO THOU BONUS FOR
EACH OF HIS STUPID MATES

NOT MUCH OF A BONUS,
COBBER FOUR.

TWO AN' A HALF,
AN' THAT'S FINAL.



TIGHT AS A FISH'S BUM.

WHAT?

HRRRM! I SAID, I LIKE
YER SECRETARY'S
BUM



YEAHHH... UH, RIGHT. YOU
KNOW YER WAY OUT?

SURE. I'LL JUST GO AN' KILL
THIS SHAKESPEARE
BLOKE, THEN.



BONZER MCCOY'S YER MAN,
MISTER O'HERNE!

MIGHT STOP OFF FOR
A QUICK SESSION
AT THE PUB,
THOUGH...



YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOIN', DEREK?
THAT BLOKE LOOKED LIKE A BIT OF A GROG
ARTIST FOR A TOP ASSASSIN.

YEAH, YEAH...
IT'S ALL UNDER
CONTROL.



I HOPE
IT BLEEDIN'
WELL IS...

WELL IT IS, OKAY?! THE
'DOZERS AREN'T FAR FROM
DRONGO, I'M SURE WE'LL
WORK OUT SOME WAY OF
HOOKING UP THE SONGLINES,
AN' EVEN THOUGH WE MISSED
HIM WITH THE WARSAT...

SHAKESPEARE'S
DEAD.



KINDA SCARY TO BE
THIS FAR UP, HUH?

OH GOD, NO!
PLEEEASE -



I ONCE SAW A GUY FALL OFF HIS BOARD THIS
HIGH, Y'KNOW? HADN'T ANKLED THE OL'
BILLYCORD TIGHT ENOUGH, AND...WELL...

THOUSAND METRE FREE FALL. ENDED UP
HAVIN' TO HAVE HIS HEAD DUG OUT'VE HIS REAR.



N0000

AW, C'MON! DON'T CRY, PONGO!

I MEAN, **YOU'RE** NOT GONNA FALL!
NAHHH! ALL **YOU** GOTTA DO IS HELP
US GET THOSE **PHOTOS** YOU TOOK
BACK OFF MISTER O'HERNE!



AND... AND
IF I HELP,
YOU WON'T
DROP ME?

'COURSE
NOT, PONGO!



OH THANK YOU...
THANK YOU!

CHOPPER

THE ARTIST
5
AND 9
CROWN



BUT O'HERNE'LL
KILL ME!

SHOULDA THOUGHT'VE THAT
WHEN YOU STARTED TAKING
DIRTY PICTURES, MAN.



WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY, MOKE.
YOU AN' JUG'LL TAKE PONGO HERE,
OKAY? I'LL HANDLE O'HERNE MYSELF.

SURE,
CHOPPER.



YOU ALRIGHT, MOKE? BEEN
KINDA QUIET, RECENTLY.

PROBABLY WITHDRAWAL
SYMPTOMS, MAN. NO
PROBLEM

YOU READY
FOR THIS, THEN?



YEAH, WE'LL BREEZE IT
OL' STAN SAYS WE GOT TO,
OR THEY'LL RIP THE
DREAMING TO PIECES—

UH-HUH



WHAT
D'YOU
MEAN,
"UH-HUH"?

HEH... KNOW SOMETHING,
CHOPPER? JUST BEFORE THE
LAST SUPERSURF, I ASKED
YOU WHY WE WERE **DOIN'**
IT.

AND YOU SAID,
"YOU GOTTA WONDER"



THAT WAS OVER A YEAR
AGO, MAN. WE'RE ABOUT
TO GET BACK IN THE RACE—
OH, IT AIN'T **SUPERSURF**,
BUT IT'S STILL THE RACE—
AN' YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT
SONGLINES AN' DREAMIN'—



AN' I STILL DON'T
THINK YOU GOT A
BETTER ANSWER.

YOU GOTTA
WONDER



BUT WHAT THE HELL, MAN
I NEVER HEARD A BETTER
ANSWER — AN' LIKE YOU
SAY, WE'LL BREEZE IT



PROBLEMS?

AH, I DUNNO

JUST ONE OF THOSE LITTLE
QUESTIONS THAT POPS UP
FROM TIME TO TIME, LIKE
"WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN'?"



WHAT? YOU **KNOW** WHAT
YOU'RE DOING. CHOPPER
YOU'RE SAYING THE
SPRINGS SO'S WE CAN
HAVE OUR **HOME** BACK

MOKE RECKONS WE'RE ALL JUST IN A
RACE... AN' I ALWAYS SWARE I'D NEVER
RACE AGAIN



AN' I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN **YOU**, SWEETHEART
LAST SUPERSURF I DAMN NEAR GOT WASTED ON
YOU, AN' THERE WASN'T EVEN A GOOD REASON

SO HERE WE GO AGAIN. I GO OFF TO PLAY
THE HERO LIKE YOU DON'T EVEN **MATTER**.



IT'S **DIFFERENT** NOW
YOU'VE **GOTTA** STOP
THESE CREEPS, OR
THEY'LL WRECK
DRONGO SPRINGS



REMEMBER THIS, **MARLON**
... I **WANT** YOU TO GO OUT
THERE NOW, BECAUSE
YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING
GOOD THIS TIME



AND I
LOVE YOU



ANY PROGRESS
MCCOY?

SURE, MISTER O'HERNE!
I'M RIGHT ON
SHAKESPEARE'S TAIL -



I CAN SEE HIM AS WE'RE YAKK'N'.
HE'S IN MY SIGHTS!

O'HERNE



CALL YOU RIGHT
BACK AS SOON AS
I'VE DONE 'IM IN!

SWEET
CRUD!



WHAT... UH, WHAT D'YOU THINK YER DOIN', SPORT?
YOU CAN'T JUST COME SURFIN' IN THROUGH
PEOPLE'S WINDOWS!

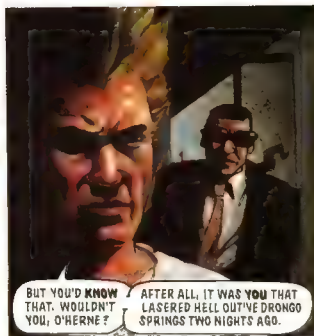
AND, ERM, WHO THE HELL
ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

YOUR PAL ON THE
PHONE SEEMED
TO KNOW ME.



HEY! HEY, YOU CAN'T GO
IN THERE: THIS IS THE
STIG CORP BUILDING,
SONNY, PRIVATE
PROPERTY!

WELL, I JUST THOUGHT I'D GO FOR A STROLL
NOT USED TO BIG OFFICE BLOCKS LIKE THIS.
REALLY, LIVIN' OUT IN THE RADBACK LIKE I DO.



BUT YOU'D KNOW
THAT. WOULDN'T
YOU, O'HERNE?

AFTER ALL, IT WAS YOU THAT
LASERED HELL OUT'VE DRONGO
SPRINGS TWO NIGHTS AGO.



HE'S GONE AFTER
CHOPPER C'MON!

IN YER GO, YER
GRUBBY LITTLE
DRONGO



IT'LL BE IN HIS DESK.
MISTER O'HERNE KEEPS
ALL HIS PRIVATE
PAPERS IN HERE.

IT'D BETTER BE, MATE...
BLACKMAIL PHOTOS IN
ALONG WITH THE
FAMILY PIZZIES, EH?



JEEZ! THEM BOARD MEETIN'S
ARE GETTIN' ROUGH.

SHIFT IT, MAN! WE
AIN'T GOT LONG!



OKAY, OKAY.
HERE—THIS IT?

LEMME SEE—HOLD
IT STILL, WILL YA?

UH... PONGOCHROME!
THAT'S THE ONE, FELLAS!



THAT WAS EASY, MAN
I THOUGHT HE'D HAVE
IT IN A SAFE AT THE
LEAST.

SAFE'S PROBABLY FULLA
BEER, MOKE. ANYWAY,
WE'D BETTER SHOOT OFF

HEY! WHAT
ABOUT ME?



OH YEAH
YOU...



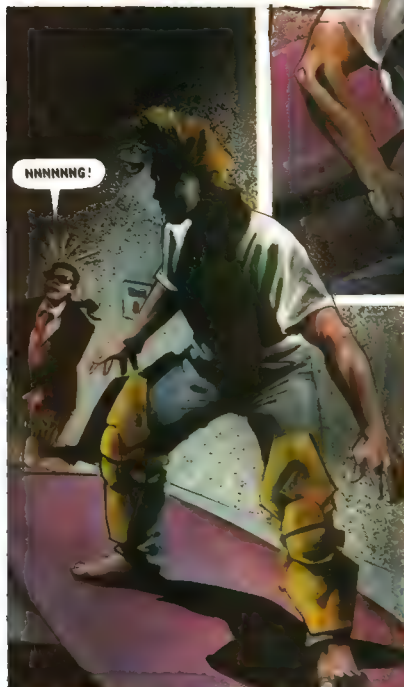
AAAARGH!

WHAT IN HELL
WAS THAT?

AH, DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT.



WORRY ABOUT THIS

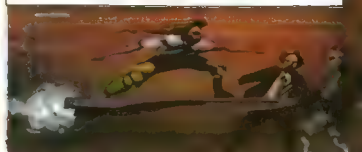


NNNNNG!

THIS...AOW...THIS IS O'HERNE. GET SECURITY TO MY FLOOR...
SURFER ON THE LOOSE

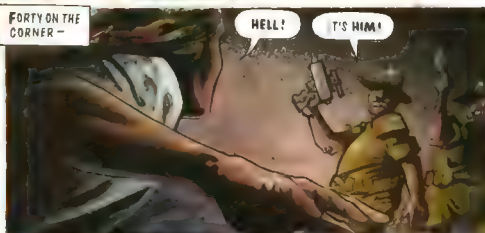
AN' A... A MED TEAM WITH... A
PAIR OF... TWEEZERS.

NOT TOO EASY SURFING THROUGH AN OFFICE BLOCK, BUT
HE'S DONE WORSE. AS A KID HE USED TO TWIST HIS BOARD
THROUGH MALLS AT JUST OVER THE TON.



STEP IT UP A BIT. FIFTY-SIXTY-

MAKE AN' JUG NEED TIME TO GET THE FILM
TO THE CHIEF JUDGE. IF O'HERNE KEEPS
SECURITY AFTER HIM, THEY'LL HAVE A
CLEAR RUN.



FORTY ON THE
CORNER -

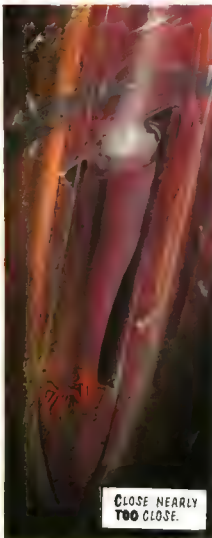
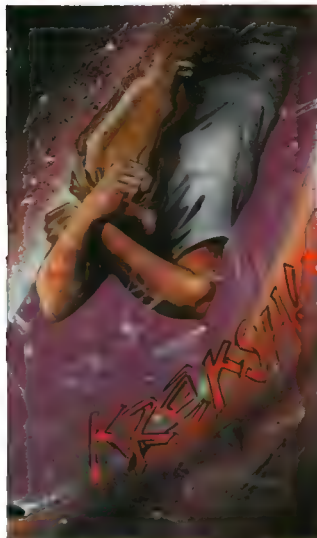
HELL!

IT'S HIM!



THIS IS DALEY ON
THE SOUTH SIDE!
WE GOT HIM!

THE LIFTS? CRAZY.
TRY IT ANYWAY -
SLOW HER TO TWENTY-



CLOSE NEARLY
TOO CLOSE.



LUCKY BOY - NOW, GET
SOME SPEED OR YOU'LL
LOSE IT -

NINETY - THE TON - ONE TEN -



ONE TWENTY - ONE THIRTY -

DAMMIT!

UPCOMING LIFT. THAT'S
ALL YOU NEED.



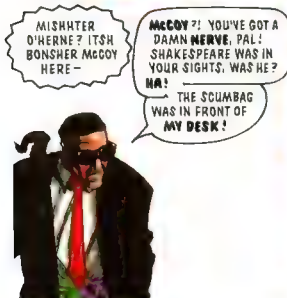
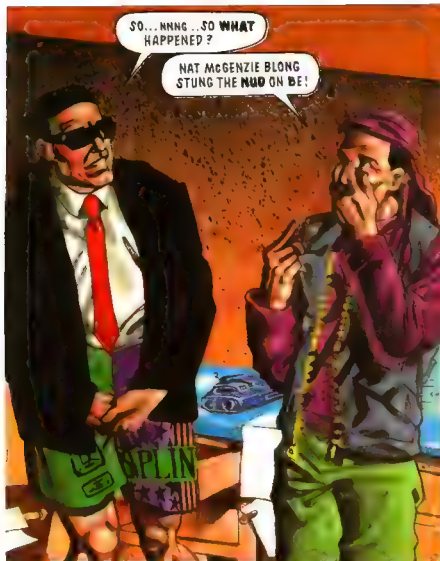
THOSE TWO BOZOS UP ABOVE
ARE STILL KEEN. SO NO
GOING BACK

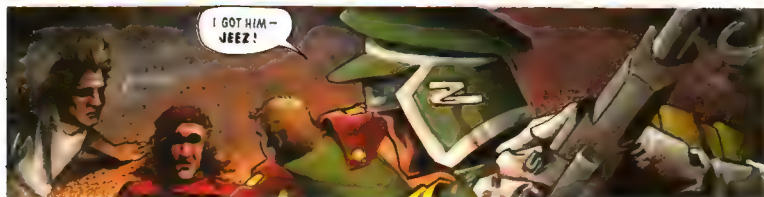
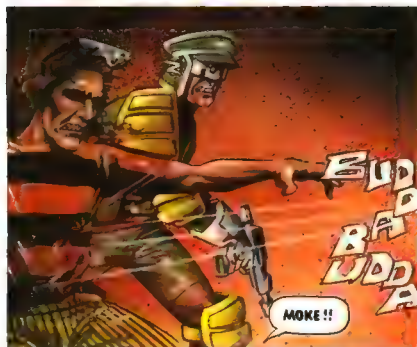
AIM FOR THE WALL AND
PRAY -



ONE FORTY -
ONE FIFTY -
ONE SIXTY -

YEEEEAAAAHH!







AW. HELL!
WHAT HAPPENED,
CHOPPER?
WHAT HAPPENED?



MOKE...I...
YOU'VE BEEN...



SHOT



I... SHOULD'A STUCK TO SMOKIN' THE STUFF
NON-STOP, MAN... WOULDN'T'VE FELT...
A THING...
LOOKS LIKE...
I'M OUTTA.. THE RACE..



NEVER EVEN...EVEN
WORKED OUT WHY I WAS
IN...IN IT, EITHER...
YOU... GOTTA WONDER.
EH... CHOPPER?



GOTTA
WONDER



NEXT: THE END!

CHOPPER

6
THE EARTH
AND
THE

G'DAY,
YOU BLOKES!
CHIEF JUDGE BOB
HERE!

G'DAY, BOB!
OWSYPERFORM?

APPLES, MATE! LISTEN,
CHUCK A U-EY AND COME
ON HOME, EH?

YER ESCORT DUTY'S
CANCELLED!

JEEZ, BOB!
WHAT'S THE
GAME?

DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY
WE'RE ESCORTIN'
THESE DRONGOS—

AW, JUST DO IT, EH?
FLAMIN' NORA!

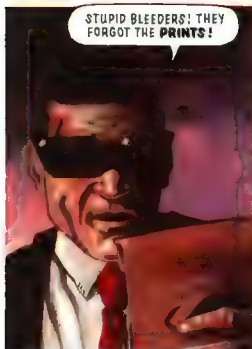
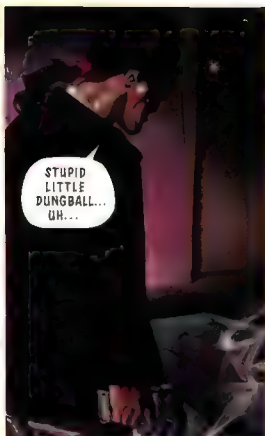
WHEN I JOINED UP,
AN' THE CHIEF GAVE ME
AN ORDER, I JUMPED!

HEY!
THE COPS ARE
CHOOFIN' OFF!

EH?

AH, PROBABLY
GOT BORED,
OR SOMETHIN'.

DOESNT MATTER.
ETA. SIX HOURS.
FELLAS.





FIVE HOURS AT TWO-TWENTY, AND
THEY'RE NEARLY AT THE SPRINGS.

AND ALL THE WAY A FIRE BURNING IN HIS
HEART... HATRED COILED UP LIKE A SPRING.



IT'S JUST HIM AND JUG... TWO
BURNOUTS FROM THE PAST
AGAINST MACHINES THAT COULD
BULLDOZE MOUNTAINS.

JEEZ,
CHOP.



THEY'RE AWFUL BIG.

HOW'RE WE GONNA
STOP THE DAMN
THINGS?



I WAS KINDA HOPIN'
YOU COULD TELL ME,
PAL.

HAHHANA!



WE BOTH GOTTA BE READY FOR
A RUBBER ROOM, MATE. THIS
IS FLAMIN' SUICIDE.

JUST LIKE
OLD TIMES, JUG.
YOU GOTTA
WONDER.



TWO BURNOUTS WHO USED TO BE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SKYSURFERS.



KINGS OF THE SKY.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND.

EMPTY YOUR MIND,
JUST LIKE ALWAYS



THE FIRE COMES IN LIKE AN OLD FRIEND,
AND YOU'RE **UNSTOPPABLE**.

YOU'RE COMING IN, AND THOSE MOVING
JUNK YARDS DOWN THERE HAD BETTER
BELIEVE IT.

UH, KEV...
WE GOT AN
INCOMING
FLIER
HERE...

YEAH? WHAT'S
YER RANGE?



THREE
METRES
AN'
CLOSING...

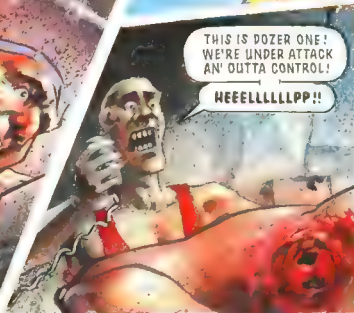


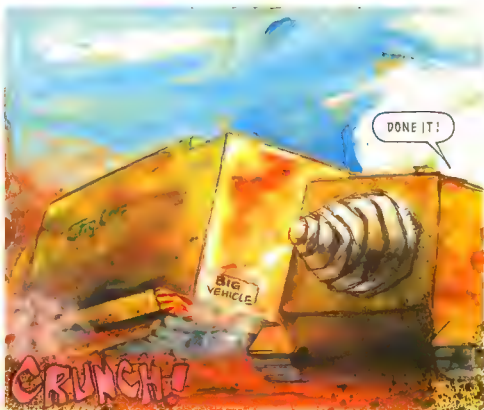
SNIKT!

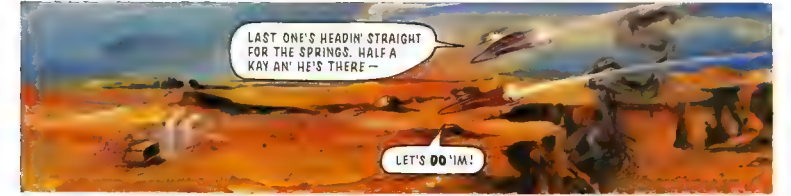
SWISH

THIS IS DOZER ONE!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK
AN' OUTTA CONTROL!

HEEEELLLLLPPP!!

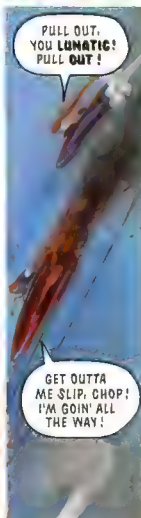






LAST ONE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT
FOR THE SPRINGS. HALF A
KAY AN' HE'S THERE —

LET'S GO 'IM!







THANK YOU
AND
GOODNIGHT



THIS...
AAGOW! JEEZ!
THIS HURTS.
CHOP—

LET'S GET YOU DOWN
TO THE SPRINGS. YEAH?
CHARLENE AN' DORA ARE
ON THEIR WAY, THEY'LL
PATCH YOU UP.



CHOP... I, UH...
I'M SORRY.
NEARLY GOT US
BOTH KILLED
THERE, STUPID
GALAH THAT
I AM.

S'O'KAY, PAL.
NO PROBLEM.



JUST FELT LIKE NOTHIN'
MATTERED, Y'KNOW?

LIKE I WAS ON FIRE, AN'
IF I GOT KILLED IT WAS
NO BIG DEAL.



IT'S THE **SONG**, JUG.
SHE'S A **BITCH**,
SOMETIMES.

THE GIRLS'LL FIND
YOU HERE, OKAY?

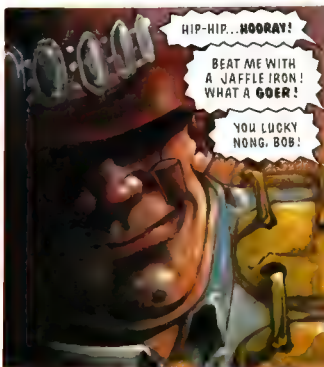
HUH? WHERE **YOU**
SHOOTIN' OFF TO?

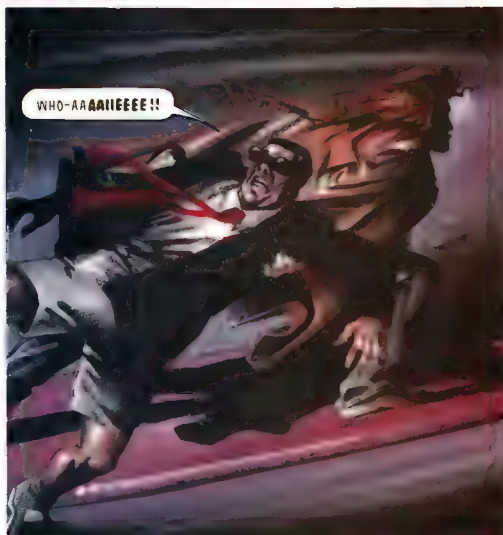


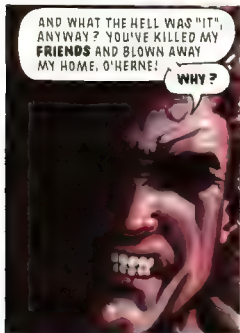
ONE LAST THING
TO TAKE CARE
OF, JUG.

ONE LAST THING









THE SONG WAS
A BEAUTY.

THE SONG WAS
A BITCH.

SOMETIMES SHE PLAYED
SOFT AND SWEET...
OTHER TIMES LIKE A
SCREAMING DERVISH.

SHE SANG THE LAKE AND THE DESERT...THE
LIZARD AND THE ROCK . THE WEAK AND
THE STRONG.

SHE SANG THE EARTH AND
THE WIND AND THE FIRE.

SHE NEVER STOPPED.

CHOPPER KNEW HER WELL, NOW.
AS WELL AS ANYONE COULD.

SHE'D BE WITH HIM ALWAYS.

HE WAS
COMING
HOME.

WOME TO HIS LOVER AND HIS
FRIENDS... AND THAT WAS ALL
HE'D EVER REALLY NEEDED.

ALL ANYONE REALLY NEEDED.

HE WAS COMING HOME,
AND THE SONG WAS
RINGING OUT ACROSS
THE LAND.

THE END

£1.50 No. 7 April 1991

MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRESENTATION



JUDGE THE MEGAZINE Dredd



THE END OF
AMERICA

ISSN 0960-1813



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JUDGE DREDD

WHERE DO I STAND?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE I STAND.

I STAND FOUR-SQUARE FOR
JUSTICE. I STAND FOR
DISCIPLINE, GOOD ORDER
AND THE RIGID APPLICATION
OF THE LAW — AND GRUD
HELP ANY LIMP-WRIST
LIBERALS WHO SAY
DIFFERENT.

THE PEOPLE, THEY KNOW
WHERE I STAND. THEY
NEED RULES TO LIVE BY
— I PROVIDE THEM.
THEY BREAK THE RULES.
I BREAK THEM. THAT'S
THE WAY IT WORKS.

THE PEOPLE LIKE IT
THAT WAY. THEY NEED
TO KNOW WHERE
THEY STAND.

RIGHTS?

SURE. I'M ALL FOR
RIGHTS. BUT NOT
AT THE EXPENSE
OF ORDER.

THAT'S WHY I LIKE TO
SEE THAT STATUE OF
JUDGEMENT STANDING
THERE, TOWERING
OVER LIBERTY.

KIND OF A SYMBOL

JUSTICE HAS A PRICE.

THE PRICE IS FREEDOM.

DEATHWISH

PART I

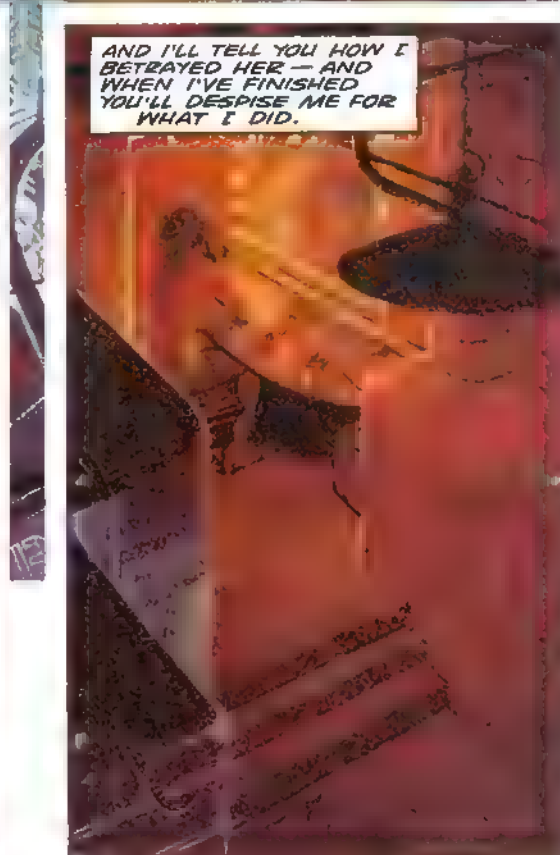


THIS IS A LOVE STORY



I'M GOING TO
TELL YOU HOW
I LOVED A
WOMAN...
LOVED HER FROM
THE FIRST
MOMENT I CAN
REMEMBER —
LOVE HER
STILL, THOUGH
THE SPARK THAT
ANIMATED HER
HAS LONG
SINCE BEEN
CRUSHED OUT.

AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW I
BETRAYED HER — AND
WHEN I'VE FINISHED
YOU'LL DESPISE ME FOR
WHAT I DID.



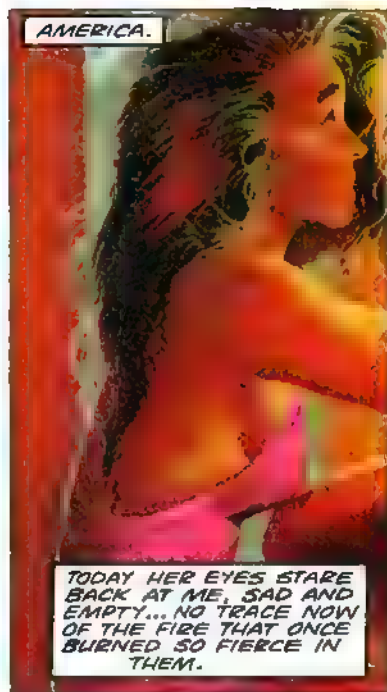


I WAS FOOLISH THEN. I DIDN'T—OR WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

BUT I'M NOT TRYING TO EXCUSE MYSELF. PLEASE, HATE AWAY. I DESERVE IT.

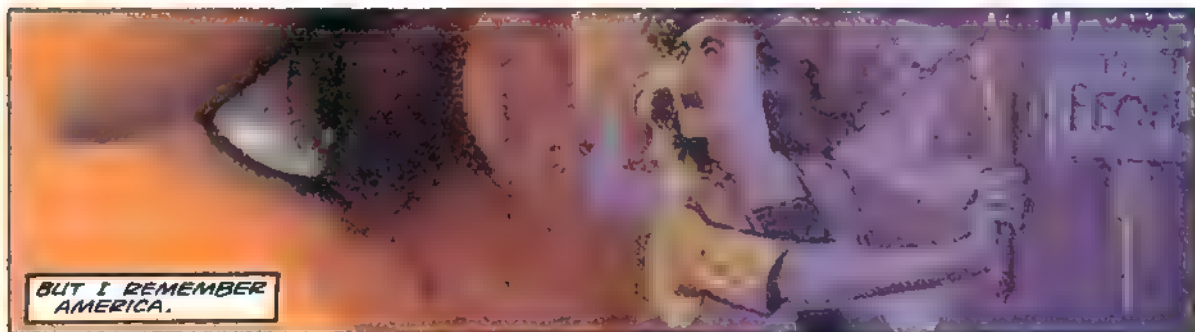


THOUGH WHETHER ANY MAN DESERVES THE PUNISHMENT I INFLECTED ON MYSELF... ONLY YOU CAN JUDGE.



AMERICA.

TODAY HER EYES STARE BACK AT ME, SAD AND EMPTY... NO TRACE NOW OF THE FIRE THAT ONCE BURNED SO FIERCE IN THEM.



BUT I REMEMBER AMERICA.



I WAS THERE. FROM FIRST TO LAST, FROM THE MOMENT SHE CAME HOWLING INTO THIS SICK WORLD...

I WAS THERE, AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY...

MADRE GRODDO—!!

PUSH, ALVIRA!



AAAAAAAAH!

ALMOST THERE! ONE MORE TIME!

SHE'S COMIN'!



WAAAAA



WONDERFUL,
MRS. JARA!
WONDERFUL!

WAY TO GO,
ALVIRA!



LOOK AT 'ER!
EES THAT NO' A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL,
EH? EES THAT NO'
A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL!

A NEW
FRIEND
FOR YOU,
BENNY?

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO CALL HER,
MR. JARA?



WELL, I TELL YOU!
WE COME HERE, WE JOS'
POOR DUMB IMMIES. WE
GOT NOTHIN'. THEES CITY,
SHE TAKE US EEN—
GEEV US SHELTER.

I MEAN, WE STILL
AIN'T GOT MOCH, MAN.
BOT AT LEAST WE GOT
HOPE. WE GOT PROSPECTS!
WE ARE HERE—**AMERICA!**
—THE LAN' O' THE FREE
AN' THE BRAVE!

AN' EEN
HONOUR OF OUR
NEW HOME, THAT'S
WHA' WE GONNA
CALL HER—

AMERICA!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
AMERICA

AMERICA... HOW LIKE
HER NAME HER LIFE
WOULD BE, THOUGH WE
DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN.
BORN IN HOPE, WITH A
DREAM—DIED IN
DISILLUSIONMENT—AND
DESPAIR.



LEESEN TO HER!
GOT A LOT TO SAY
FOR HERSELF
ALREADY! SHE
GONNA GO FAR,
THEES ONE!

AMERICA!
AMERICA! GOD
SHED HEES GRIEF
ON THEE!

THAT'S
"GRACE" MR
JARA.



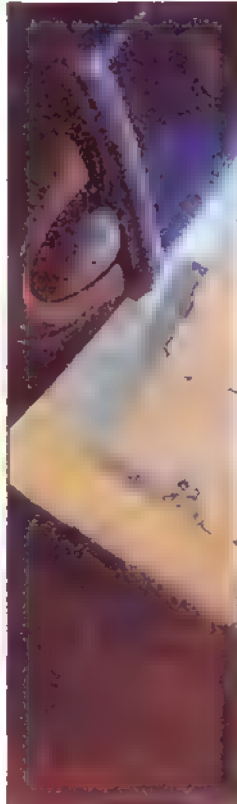
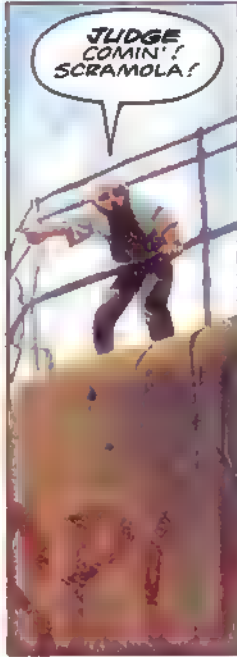
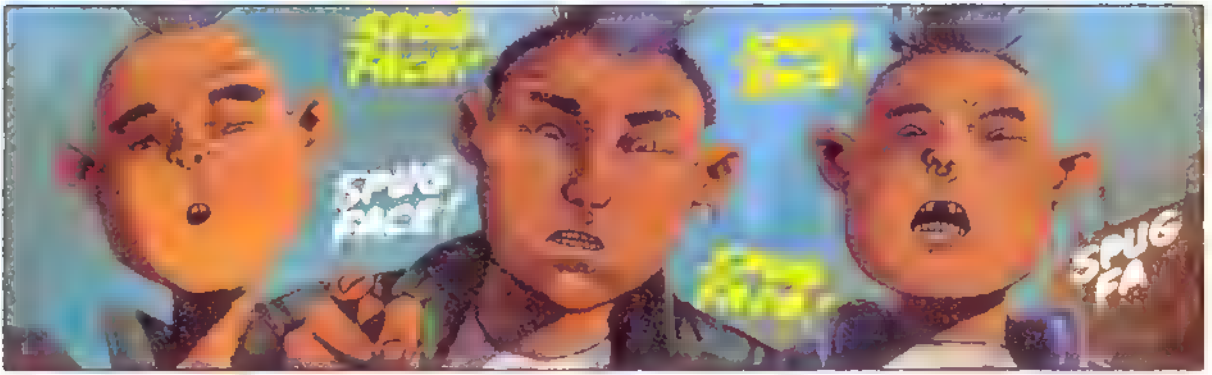
EH?

NOT **GRIEF**—
IT'S **GRACE**.
GOD SHED
HIS **GRACE**
ON THEE.

OH, YES...
SI, SI.



GRACE.



I CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHEN I
FIRST
BECAME
AWARE OF
THE JUDGES.



I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE
THEY WERE ALWAYS THERE,
A DARK PRESENCE IN THE
BACKGROUND OF OUR LIVES
—AS MUCH A PART OF
GROWING UP AS THE AIR
THAT WE BREATHED AND
THE STREETS THAT WE
PLAYED ON.



WHEREVER WE WENT
THEY WERE THERE,
WATCHING. ALWAYS
WATCHING.

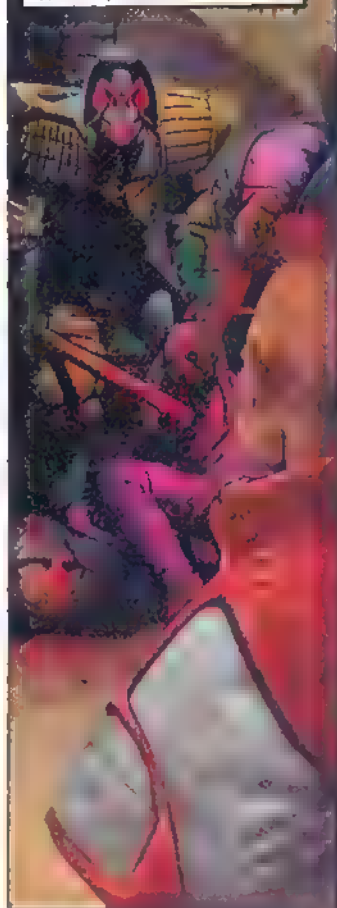
THEY COULD FIX YOU
WITH A SPECIAL
KIND OF STARE, LIKE
THEY COULD LOOK
RIGHT INTO YOUR SOUL.



ADULTS, THEY'D TELL US
THE JUDGES WERE
THERE FOR OUR GOOD,
TO PROTECT US AND
MAKE OUR STREETS
SAFE.



BUT WE'D HEAR THE
TREMOR IN THEIR
VOICES WHEN THEY
TALKED ABOUT THEM
AND SEE THEIR
FURTIVE EXPRESSIONS
WHenever A JUDGE
CAUGHT THEIR EYE —
AND WE'D KNOW
THEY WERE AFRAID.



AND AT NIGHT
MOTHERS WOULD
TUCK US IN WITH
DIRE WARNINGS —
SLEEP OR THE
JUDGES WOULD
COME FOR US.





SO WE DIDN'T
NEED GHOSTS
OR GOBLINS OR
VAMPIRES. WE
HAD THE JUDGES.

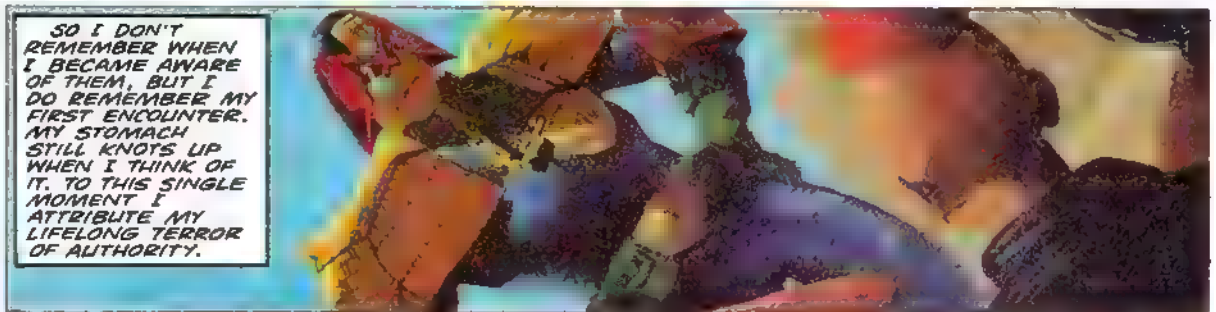


AND
THEY
WERE
WORSE.



WE KNEW THEY
DID EXIST.

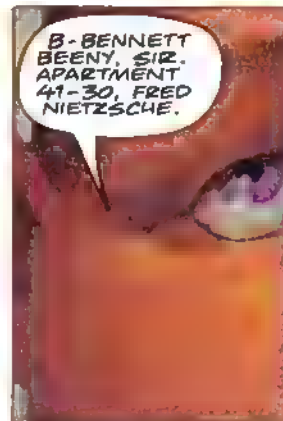
AND THERE WAS A
STRONG POSSIBILITY
THEY WOULD COME
FOR US.



SO I DON'T
REMEMBER WHEN
I BECAME AWARE
OF THEM, BUT I
DO REMEMBER MY
FIRST ENCOUNTER.
MY STOMACH
STILL KNOTS UP
WHEN I THINK OF
IT. TO THIS SINGLE
MOMENT I
ATTRIBUTE MY
LIFELONG TERROR
OF AUTHORITY.



NAME?



B-BENNETT
BEENY, SIR.
APARTMENT
41-30, FRED
NIETZSCHE.



BEEN
FIGHTING,
SON?

Y-YES,
SIR...

YOU LIKE
FIGHTING?

N-N-NO,
SIR...

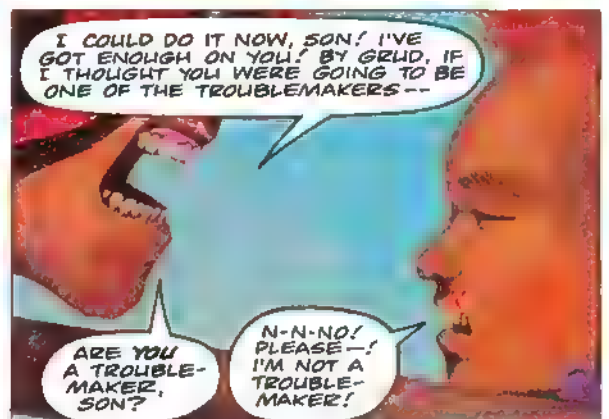


WE'VE GOT PLACES WE
PUT BOYS WHO FIGHT. YOU
WANT TO GO TO THE JUVE
CUBES, SON?

N-NO,
SIR...

LOCKED
UP, ALL BY
YOURSELF—

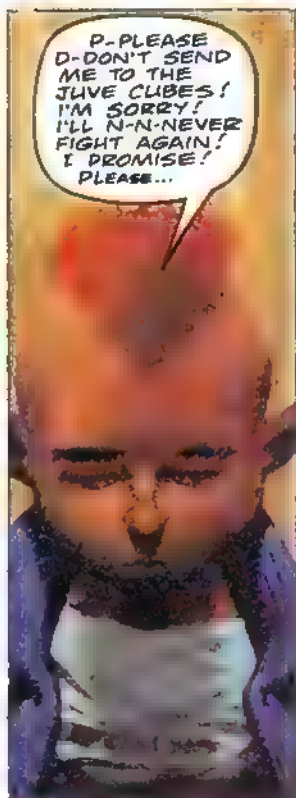
N-NO!



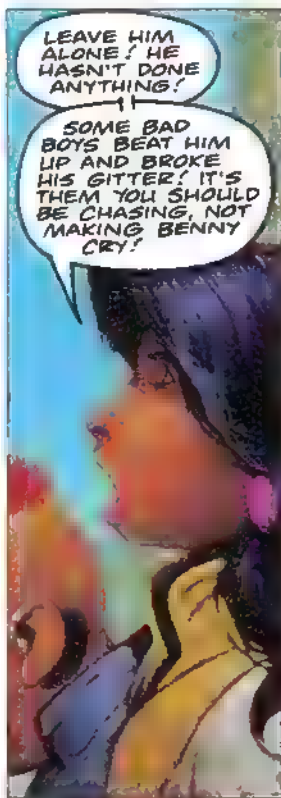
I COULD DO IT NOW, SON! I'VE
GOT ENOUGH ON YOU! BY GRID, IF
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE
ONE OF THE TROUBLEMAKERS--

ARE YOU
A TROUBLE-
MAKER,
SON?

N-N-NO!
PLEASE--!
I'M NOT A
TROUBLE-
MAKER!



D-PLEASE
D-DON'T SEND
ME TO THE
JUVE CUBES!
I'M SORRY!
I'LL N-N-NEVER
FIGHT AGAIN!
I PROMISE!
PLEASE...



LEAVE HIM
ALONE! HE
HASN'T DONE
ANYTHING!

SOME BAD
BOYS BEAT HIM
UP AND BROKE
HIS GITTER! IT'S
THEM YOU SHOULD
BE CHASING, NOT
MAKING BENNY
CRY!



WELL, WELL.
WORD FROM
THE PEANUT
GALLERY.

YOU WANT
TO WATCH THAT
LIP, KID. IT'LL
LAND YOU IN
TROUBLE.

NAME?



MY NAME IS
AMERICA JARA. I
LIVE AT APARTMENT
4-1-31, FRED
NIETZSCHE BLOCK—
AND I CAN SAY
WHAT I LIKE 'COS
MY DAD SAYS THIS
IS AMERICA AND
IT'S A FREE
COUNTRY.



YEAH? WHAT
CENTURY'S HE
LIVING IN?

THIS AIN'T
AMERICA ANYMORE,
KID. THIS IS MEGA-
CITY ONE—AND YOU
AND YOUR OLD MAN
HAVE GOT A LOT
TO LEARN.



CONTROL, WHAT WE GOT
ON A BEENY, BENNETT—
TWO "T'S—OR JARA, AMERICA—
THAT'S A-M-E-R-I-C-A—BOTH
RESIDENTS FRED NIETZSCHE?
POSSIBLE YP OFFENDERS.

NEGATIVE ON BOTH.
BOY'S FATHER ONE
EGGAR J. BEENY,
DECEASED. VICTIM
OF SERIAL KILLER,
DAVID DUCHESS.

I REMEMBER...
DAVE THE
ORTHODONTIST.

CHECK.
STILL GOT BEENY
SENIOR'S TEETH IN
THE BLACK MUSEUM,
IF YOU WANT THEM.

JARA FAMILY ARE
IMMIGRANTS, PUERTO
RICAN WASTES, STILL
DOING TWENTY YEAR
PROBATIONARY PERIOD.
GIRL'S A LEGAL
CITIZEN THOUGH.

HE TOOK A DESCRIPTION OF THE JUVES. I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF HE EVER CAUGHT THEM.

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS.

I'M LETTING YOU OFF WITH A WARNING THIS TIME. WE'VE GOT YOUR NAMES. WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU.

DON'T WORRY, BENNY. HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU.

STRANGE, HOW TWO PEOPLE CAN BE SO DIFFERENT, YET SO CLOSE.

AMI - BRIGHT AS A BUTTON, AFRAID OF NO-ONE. SHE WAS THE STRONG ONE. SHE NEVER CRIED. SOMEHOW IT ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE ME WHO ENDED IN TEARS...

WH-WHAT IF HE TELLS MY MUM?

SHE WON'T SAY ANYTHING. YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG.

BUT WE MADE HER CRY, IN THE END. ME AND THE JUDGES.

OH, YES. WE GOT TO HER... IN THE END.

HE WAS A BAD MAN, BENNY.

NEXT: DOODY MANSON.

IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT EVERY CRIMINAL, EVERY SINGLE PERP THERE EVER WAS, STARTED OUT AS A JUVIE. THAT'S WHERE TO CATCH THE PROBLEM.

PUT THE FEAR OF GRUD INTO THEM RIGHT FROM THE START.



I LIKE TO GIVE THEM THE STARE — A LONG, HARD LOOK —

A LOOK THAT SAYS: I KNOW YOU, JUVIEY. I'M KEEPING A SPECIAL EYE ON YOU.

MAKE ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL BE THERE.

YES, GIVE ME THE JUVIE AT FIVE AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE MODEL CITIZEN —

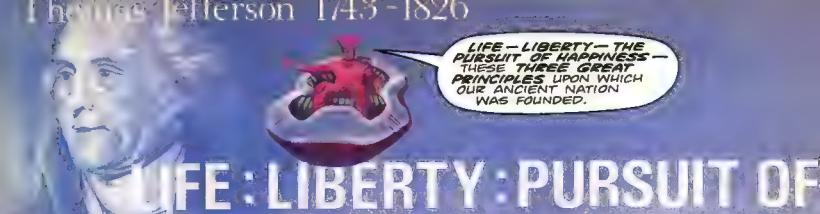
— OR ONE WHO THINKS LONG AND HARD BEFORE HE STEPS OVER THE LINE.



AMERICA



PART 2



LIFE—LIBERTY—THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—
THESE THREE GREAT PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH OUR ANCIENT NATION WAS FOUNDED.

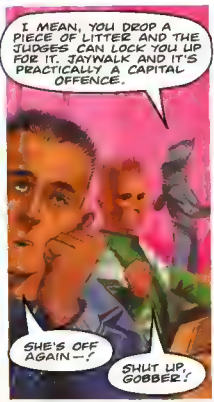
LIFE: LIBERTY: PURSUIT OF



SO WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M SORRY, AMERICA--?

WHERE'S LIBERTY GONE?



I MEAN, YOU DROP A PIECE OF LITTER AND THE JUDGES CAN LOCK YOU UP FOR IT. JAYWALK AND IT'S PRACTICALLY A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

SHE'S OFF AGAIN--!

SHUT UP, GOBBER!



THEY CAN BREAK INTO YOUR HOME ANY TIME THEY LIKE. THEY CAN BEAT YOU UP AND TORTURE YOU.

COME NOW, I THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING.

--AND GRID HELP YOU IF YOUR GENETIC CODE DOESN'T MATCH UP TO THEIR HIGH STANDARDS! THEY CALL YOU **MUTIE** AND BOOT YOU OUT OF THE CITY!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. THERE'S A PERFECTLY GOOD REASON FOR EVERYTHING.



AND HAPPINESS—THERE'S A JOKE! LOOK AROUND YOU! YOU SEE ANY HAPPY FACES?

I'M HAPPY, MAN.

SO MUCH FOR LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!

YEAH, 'COS YOU'RE DRUNK.



AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE, AMERICA. ONE OUT OF THREE'S NOT BAD.



IT MAKES
ME SO MAD,
BENNY!



HOW DID THE
JUDGES GET ALL
THAT POWER? THEY
JUST TOOK IT! AND
NOBODY SEEMS TO
GIVE A DAMN!

C'MON, CAN
YOU BLAME THEM?
WHO WANTS TO TAKE
ON JUSTICE DEPART-
MENT? IT'S A LOT
EASIER JUST TO
PLAY IT THEIR WAY.
YOU KNOW--



I'M A MEAN OLD JUDGE.
MY NAME IS DREDD.
DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD, OR
I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD!
DON'T TALK OF FREEDOM,
FREEDOM IS FOR FOOLS.
YOU'LL DO MUCH BETTER
TO OBEY THESE RULES--

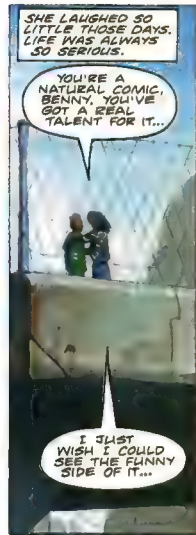
BOW DOWN AND
KNUCKLE UNDER!
YOU'LL FIND I'M
VERY FAIR!
SO LONG AS YOU
REMEMBER--

JUST
PLANT YOUR
LIPS RIGHT
THERE!



SHE LAUGHED.
I CAN PICTURE
HER STILL, HER
FACE ALL
ASLOW. HOW
BEAUTIFUL
SHE WAS.

DID YOU
JUST MAKE
THAT LIP?



SHE LAUGHED SO
LITTLE THOSE DAYS.
LIFE WAS ALWAYS
SO SERIOUS.

YOU'RE A
NATURAL COMIC,
BENNY. YOU'VE
GOT A REAL
TALENT FOR IT...

I JUST
WISH I COULD
SEE THE FUNNY
SIDE OF IT...



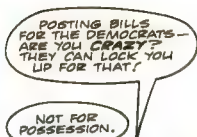
DON'T YOU
SEE, PEOPLE CAME
TO AMERICA TO
ESCAPE FROM
TYRANNY, TO BE
FREE. TO HAVE
THE RIGHT TO
DECIDE FOR THEM-
SELVES HOW THEY
WANTED TO LIVE.

THE JUDGES HAVE TAKEN
ALL THAT AWAY FROM US AND
NOTHING WILL EVER CHANGE
UNLESS WE'RE PREPARED TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT-- STAND
UP AND TELL THEM TO KEEP THE
HELL OUT OF OUR LIVES!



I'M DOING SOMETHING.

JEEZ, AMI!
PUT THEM AWAY!



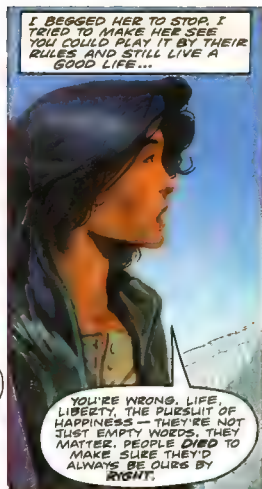
POSTING BILLS
FOR THE DEMOCRATS—
ARE YOU **CRAZY**?
THEY CAN LOCK YOU
UP FOR THAT!

NOT FOR
POSSESSION.



THEY'LL
GET YOU ON A
BILL-STICKING
RAP. YOU KNOW
HOW THEY
WORK.

JEEZ...THE **DEMS**!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU START MIXING WITH
THEM YOU'RE **ASKING**
FOR TROUBLE!



I BEGGED HER TO STOP. I
TRIED TO MAKE HER SEE
YOU COULD PLAY IT BY THEIR
RULES AND STILL LIVE A
GOOD LIFE...

YOU'RE WRONG. LIFE,
LIBERTY, THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS — THEY'RE NOT
JUST EMPTY WORDS. THEY
MATTER. PEOPLE **DIED** TO
MAKE SURE THEY'D
ALWAYS BE OURS BY
RIGHT.



WE CAN DO ALMOST
ANYTHING, BENNY...WE
CAN FLY, WE CAN TRAVEL
TO THE STATES, ARE THEY
GOING TO TELL US WE'RE
NOT CAPABLE OF TAKING
CONTROL OF OUR OWN
LIVES...?

THE JUDGES. THEY'RE
LIKE A STRAIT-JACKET —
THROW THEM OFF AND
WE'LL BE FREE AGAIN.
IT'S IN OUR HANDS. WE
CAN DO IT, IF WE JUST
WANT IT ENOUGH.

HOW I LOVED HER,
WANTED TO PROTECT
HER, TO SAVE HER
FROM THE DANGER
SHE WAS RUSHING
HEADLONG INTO.



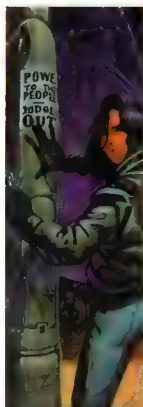
GEN BILLY
Cullinane
YOUNG



I WENT WITH HER
ONCE... THREE HOURS
OF GUT-WRENCHING
TERROR.



SHE NEVER
ASKED ME
TO GO AGAIN,
AND I WAS
GRATEFUL.



BY 15 SHE'D PICKED UP HER
FIRST CONVICTION—ILLEGAL
POSTING, THREE MONTHS JUVIE
CUBES PLUS MANDATORY REHAB.
SHE WAS STARTING TO BE A
MARKED TROUBLEMAKER.

SHE'D COME OUT
OF THE CLOSET
HANGING ROUND
WITH ALL THE
DEMYN CROWD
AND FLAGGING
DEM STICKERS
ON HER BAG.



SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY
CHILDHOOD ENDED. AMI AND I
WERE DRIFTING APART. I
WATCHED IT HAPPENING,
HATING IT, POWERLESS TO
PREVENT IT.

OH, AMI, COWARD THAT I AM I'D HAVE JOINED
THE DAMNED DEMS IF IT MEANT I COULD HAVE
HAD YOU. I'D HAVE MARCHED WITH YOU AND
FOUGHT WITH YOU AND DIED WITH YOU...

YET PART OF ME ALWAYS KNEW
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, A FOOL'S
DREAM. SHE WAS LIGHT AND FIRE
AND LIGHTNING. AND ME—JUST
DULL OLD BENNY BEENY.



THE FLAME THAT
BURNED IN AMERICA
WAS TOO BRIGHT
FOR ME EVER TO
HOLD.

FRIEDRICH
NIETZSCHE
ROCK

I'D SEE HER TURNING HEADS AS WE PASSED, TALL AND PROUD AND SELF-CONFIDENT IN HER GROWING WOMANHOOD — FEELING STRANGELY PRIVILEGED TO BE WITH HER, TO BE SHARING HER SPACE, SHARING THE SAME PLANET.

I'D WATCH HER WITH HER NEW FRIENDS, FEELING FOR THE FIRST TIME LIKE AN OUTSIDER.

LOVING HER,
LONGING FOR HER.

AND TOO AFRAID
TO TELL HER.

KNOWING WHAT
HER ANSWER
WOULD BE.

HOPE ENDED TWO
WEEKS BEFORE THE
GRADUATION BOP...

I'M SORRY, BENNY —
I ALREADY SAID I'D
GO WITH DOODY.

DOODY MANSON?
JEEZ, AMI! HE'S
HEAVY IN WITH THE
DEMOCRATS! HELL,
THE GUY'S ALREADY
SPENT HALF HIS
LIFE IN JUVIE
REHAB!

THEN IT ALL CAME
POURING OUT, DUMB
WORD STUMBLING
AFTER DUMB WORD
— AND ALL THE TIME
I COULD SEE THE
ANSWER WRITTEN
ON HER FACE.

HE'S NO GOOD
FOR YOU — HE'S
TROUBLE! I'M
THE ONE, I
LOVE YOU.

OH, BENNY...
I LOVE YOU
TOO, BUT...NOT
THAT WAY...

I KNOW. LIKE
A BROTHER, HUH?

WELL, AMI,
I GOTTA GO.

BENNY...

BENNY!

I DO LOVE
YOU, HONEST
I DO.

PLEASE
DON'T CRY...

OH,
BENNY.



I WENT TO THE
BOP. ALONE.



I HAD TO ADMIT,
AMI AND DOODY
LOOKED GOOD
TOGETHER.

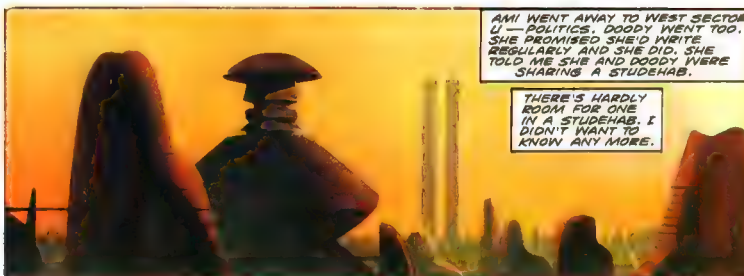


THEY ASKED ME
TO SING A
COUPLE OF MY
COMEDY SONGS.
I DID "THE
GEEK WHO AT?
MY KNEEPAD,"
AND "THE
LIMPY MAN."



EVERYBODY
LAUGHED.

EXCEPT THE
COMEDIAN.



AMI WENT AWAY TO WEST SECTOR
U — POLITICS. DOODY WENT TOO.
SHE PROMISED SHE'D WRITE
REGULARLY AND SHE DID. SHE
TOLD ME SHE AND DOODY WERE
SHARING A STUDEHAB.

THERE'S HARDLY
ROOM FOR ONE
IN A STUDEHAB. I
DIDN'T WANT TO
KNOW ANY MORE.



MY MOM DIED. TERMINAL BOREDOM.
THEY SAID. AMI COULDN'T MAKE IT
TO RESK — SOME STUDE PROTEST.

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO SEE
HER ON THE
BELT?

THEY
SAY IT HELPS
SOMETIMES —

WHAT..?

— TO KNOW
OUR DEAR ONES
ARE BEING PUT
TO GOOD USE. IN
DEATH, AS THEY
NEVER COULD
IN LIFE...

OH...
SURE...



LIFE SHE
EES SAD, EH,
BENNY?

WHAT YOU
GONNA DO
NOW?



I'VE BEEN
HAVING SOME
SUCCESS WITH
MY MUSIC.

AH, YES, SI!
WE HEAR! YOU
GONNA BE THE
BEEZ STAR, EH?
MRS BENNY'S
LEETLE BOY
GONNA MAKE
EET BEEZ.

— YOUR MOMMA,
SHE BE PROUD
OF YOU.



ME, I NO'
HAPPY HERE. EES
NO WHAT I THEENK.

"HEY, YOU, PICK
UP THAT PAPER—
HEY, YOU, STOP
STANDING THERE—
HEY, YOU, UP
AGAINST THE
WALL!"

NO DO ANYTHING
— NO WORK — TAKE
ONE STEP OUT OF
LINE AN' BANG!
YOU DEAD!



I WEEESH WE
NEVER COME... EES
NO' THE GREAT
DREAM PLACE —
EES NO AMERICA
NO MORE.



I'M WORRIED
ABOUT HER, BENNY.
SHE NO COME
HOME NO MORE —
SHE EEN BEEZ WITH
THESE DEMOCRATS.
AN' THAT DOOD
GUY — ?

NO GOOD
GONNA COME OF
EET, BUT WHAT
CAN YOU DO?
AMERICA, SHE
GONNA DO WHAT
SHE LIKE, WHAT-
EVER YOU SAY...

YES...

I WROTE TO HER THAT NIGHT.
I STILL HAVE THE LETTER.
SHE'D KEPT IT.

Dear Ami,

Now mom's gone there's
no reason for me to hang
around old Fred Nietzsche.
So I guess this is goodbye.
I don't think I'll write any
more. I'm sure you understand.

I just want you to know
that I'll always love you. If
you ever need me, I'm there.

Take care of yourself

Benny



THE NEXT TIME I SAW
AMERICA SHE WOULD HAVE
THE BLOOD OF FOUR
JUDGES ON HER HANDS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMERICA



PART 3

THE WAR CAME.

I WAS IN MEGA-CITY TWO
WHEN IT STARTED. I SAT
IT OUT THERE.



WHEN IT WAS
OVER I
LOOKED FOR
AMI! AT WEST
SECTOR U.



OLD FRED
NIETZSCHE
HAD MADE
IT THROUGH...

THE **JARAS** —
THEY USED TO
LIVE NEXT
DOOR...

THEY HAD
A DAUGHTER —
AMERICA.



I DON'
REMEMBER NO
AMERICA BUT I
REMEMBER THE
GUY, ALL RIGHT.
KILLED HIMSELF —
WENT MAD WIT' A
STANLEY LASER.
GOT HIS WIFE AN'
A FEW A' THE
NEIGHBOURS, THEN
TRIED TO GIVE
HIMSELF A
APPENDICKAMY.



GOT **ME**
AS WELL.

'COUSE I
DIDN'T CARE.
I WAS PRETTY
CRAZY TOO —
BLOCK MANIA.



I'M STILL
A LITTLE
LOOPY.

HEY — AIN'T
YOU BENNETT
BEENY? YOU
USED TA LIVE
HERE, DINCHA?



YEAH, I SEEN YOU
ONNNA VID THE OTHER
NIGHT! I THOUGHT YOU
WUZ CRAP BUT THE
DOG LIKED YA.

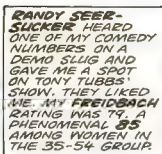
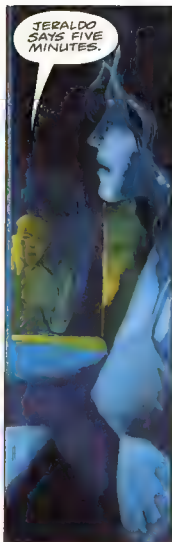
HEY, HOW ABOUT
YOUR AUTOGRAPH,
MAN?



HEY, C'MON!
I GOT MY OWN
STANLEY! YOU CAN
PUT IT RIGHT
THERE!

AMI'S NAME DIDN'T
APPEAR ON ANY **DD**
LIST, AND AFTER THAT
I STOPPED LOOKING.
IN A WAY I SUPPOSE
I WAS GLAD NOT TO
FIND HER. IT WOULD
ONLY HAVE BROUGHT
BACK ALL THE HURT
AND THE PAIN.

SO I HOPED THAT
SHE WAS ALIVE,
AND I WISHED
HER WELL, AND
NOT A DAY PASSED
WHEN I DIDN'T
THINK OF HER.





WHEN THE BIG DEMOCRATIC MARCH HAPPENED I LOOKED FOR HER. IT WAS HOPELESS, OF COURSE — ONE FACE AMONG SIXTEEN MILLION.



I PRAYED THAT SHE WASN'T ON IT.



I STILL LIVED ALONE. THERE'D BEEN A FEW BRIEF RELATIONSHIPS, BUT NONE THAT CAME TO ANYTHING. I GUESS IN MY MIND NO ONE COULD EVER REPLACE AMERICA.



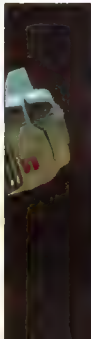
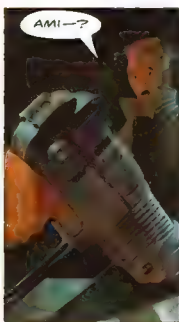
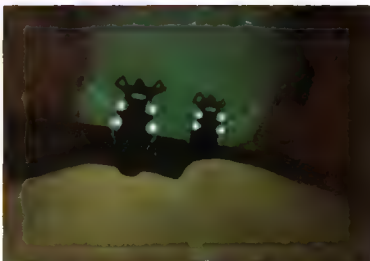
NOW AND THEN I SOUGHT REFUGE WITH THE LADIES OF THE SLAB...

FURTIVE, UGLY, HUMILIATING LITTLE ENCOUNTERS IN HOTEL ROOMS AND SLEEPZEEZES.

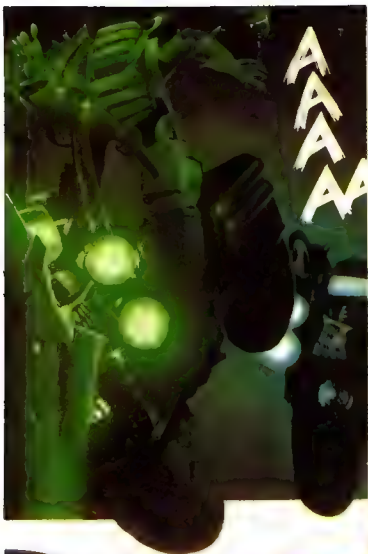


THAT'S WHERE I FOUND HER.









CON...TROL...

WE GOTTA—
HULINNNN

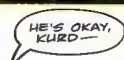
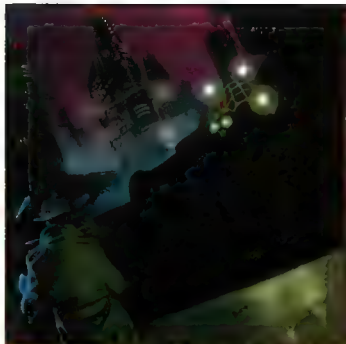


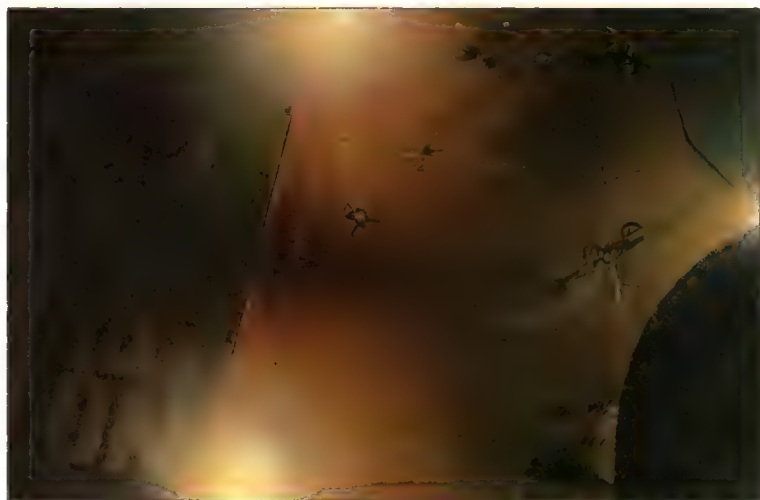
GOTTA...



BASTARD!







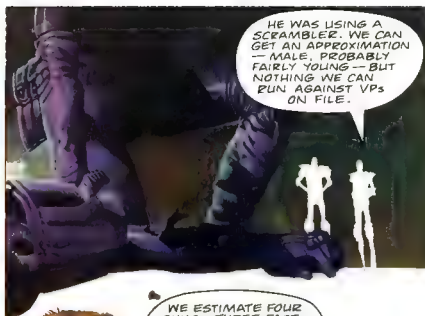
TO BE CONTINUED.



CONTROL RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE BOOTH OVER THERE SHORTLY BEFORE THE INCIDENT. CALLER REPORTED A SLABWALKER SOLICITING. OLIVER AND CRUZ WERE DISPATCHED.

INTO AN AMBUSH...

GET ANYTHING ON THE CALLER?



HE WAS USING A SCRAMBLER. WE CAN GET AN APPROXIMATION — MALE, PROBABLY FAIRLY YOUNG — BUT NOTHING WE CAN RUN AGAINST VPs ON FILE.



WE ESTIMATE FOUR GUNS—THREE FAST ACTION LAS-BLASTERS, PROBABLY 9-70s — ONE SPITSUN, STANDARD LOAD.

THE BULLETS MATCH THE ONES IN THE BRUZELAND STREET KILLINGS.



AND THIS WAS PINNED TO OLIVER'S BODY?

WITH HIS BOOTKNIFE.





THAT REALLY BENNETT BEENY?

WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE? THE SLABWALKER?

COULD BE. CAN'T SEE HIM TIED IN WITH THIS TOTAL WAR BUNCH, THAT'S FOR SURE...

THAT'S HIS POD PARKED UP THE STREET.



YOU EVER HEAR HIM?

I KNOW THE NAME. JUST ANOTHER CREEP.

HE WAS ACTUALLY QUITE GOOD. FUNNY. NICE VOICE TOO.

WHERE DO YOU GET TIME FOR MUSICAL APPRECIATION, PENDER? CONTROL NOT WORKING YOU HARD ENOUGH?



HOW'S IT LOOK?

TOUCH AND GO.

IF HE DOES MAKE IT, HE WON'T BE SINGING AGAIN.



"THEY SHOT HIS THROAT OUT."



DO YOUR BEST. CHANCES ARE HE STUMBLED UPON THE AMBUSH, WITNESSED EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHY THEY SHOT HIM.

KEEP ME INFORMED, PENDER. I WANT THESE CREEPS.



I'LL GIVE 'EM TOTAL WAR!

THE CITY'S JUMPING, CRIME
RUNNING OUT OF CONTROL.

SAME OLD SONG.

NO TIME TO STOP, NO
TIME TO THINK—

BREAK 'EM UP!

RUN 'EM IN!

TAKE 'EM OUT!

BLOW 'EM DOWN!

BAG 'EM UP!

CART 'EM OFF!

JUSTICE.

SET IT TO THE TUNE
OF "RAWHIDE."

THAT'S THE SONG
OF THE JUDGES.

TUNE IN—
OR DROP OUT.



JUST
TELL US WHAT
YOU SAW,
CITIZEN.

CAN'T REMEMBER

THEY GOT YOU IN
THE THROAT, NOT THE
BRAIN. THINK! YOU
MUST REMEMBER!

PLEASE,
HE'S STILL
VERY WEAK.

AND FOUR
JUDGES ARE
VERY DEAD.

HE NEEDS
REST. PERHAPS
IN A FEW
DAYS.

I'LL
DECIDE WHEN
HE NEEDS
REST!

WHAT AM I
ARGUING WITH
A ROBOT FOR?
GET IT OUTTA HERE,
PENDER!

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH A LOT, BEENY...
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE
BOtherED WITH ALL THESE
QUESTIONS...

BUT THERE'S A GANG
OF PSYCHOPATHS OUT
THERE WHO SEEM TO
THINK IT'S THEIR GRUD-
GIVEN RIGHT TO MURDER
A JUDGE OR TWO—



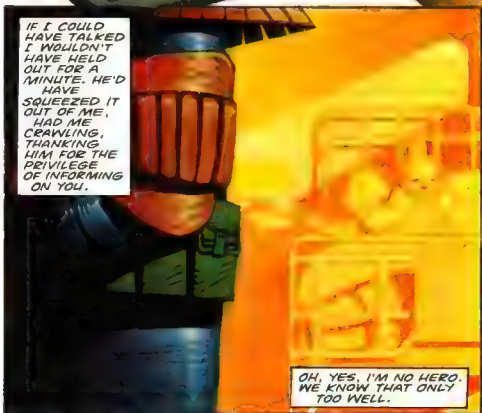
I LIED FOR YOU, AMI.

HARD TO IMAGINE — ME, SCARED LITTLE BENNY BEENY, LYING TO THE JUDGES...

BUT WHY KID MYSELF? IT WAS NO GREAT ACT OF COURAGE.



LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE BEGINNING. WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON NEVUS STREET?



THREE MAYBE FOUR
HAPPENED SO FAST CAN'T BE SURE
SHOOTING. JUDGE'S FALLING. TOBAC COME AT ME WITH GUN
DONT REMEMBER
BIG LOTS OF MUSCLES TANK TOP UNSHAVEN
NO
CAN'T REMEMBER
IM TRYING

BUT I LEFT MY THROAT
ON NEVUS STREET AND
HE COULDN'T GET TO ME.
SO I LIED. IT WAS DARK,
IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST...

... MY MEMORY SO HAZY, MY
HAND DRAGGING SLOWLY OVER
THE KEYBOARD, STRETCHING
EACH WORD, EACH LETTER
INTO AN ETERNITY...

AND JUDGE DREDD IS
NOT A PATIENT MAN.

12:07

HE STOPPED ON NEVUS STREET TO
LOOK FOR A PUBLIC FACILITY. THE FIRST
THING HE NOTICED WAS WHEN THE
SHOOTING STARTED. THERE WERE
THREE, POSSIBLY FOUR TERRORISTS,
HE CAN'T BE SURE.

THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM WAS
MUSCULAR, AGE 20-30 APPROXIMATE,
UNSHAVEN, TANK TOP. ONE OF THEM
WAS A WOMAN - TALL, DARK HAIR,
THAT'S ALL HE REMEMBERS. HE
WOULDN'T RECOGNISE ANY OF
THEM AGAIN.

NOT MUCH
HELP, ARE YOU,
CITIZEN?

YEAH, I KNOW,
YOU'RE SORRY.
SO AM I.

THAT'S
ALL FOR
NOW. YOU
REMEMBER
ANYTHING
ELSE - THE
SLIGHTEST
DETAIL - I
WANT TO
KNOW
ABOUT IT.

HE'S
RESTING.

WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK ONLY
A FOOL STOPS ON
NEVUS LOOKING
FOR A PF.

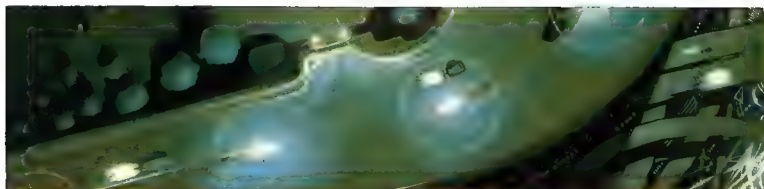
HIS SLAX WERE
HEAVILY SOILED.

SO WOULD YOURS
BE IF YOU'D JUST
HAD YOUR THROAT
SHOT OUT.

PROBABLY DOESN'T
WANT TO ADMIT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR A SLABWALKER.
WE CAN PULL HIM FOR
CONSORTING.

NO, LET IT GO.
CREEP'S ALREADY
LOST A CAREER
ANYWAY.

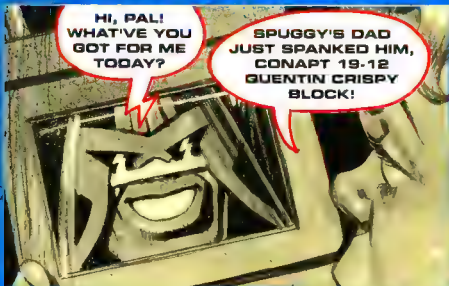
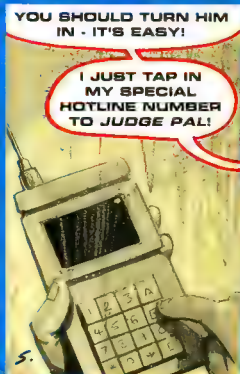
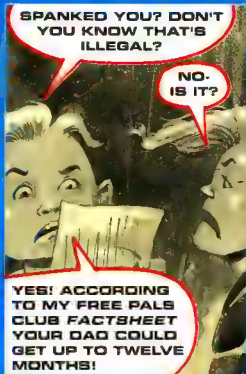
YOU'RE
ALL HEART.



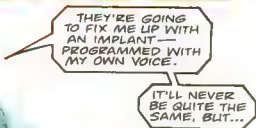
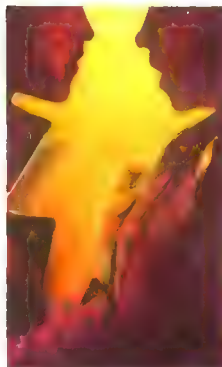
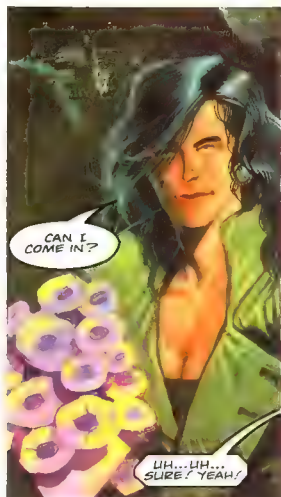


TO BE CONTINUED.

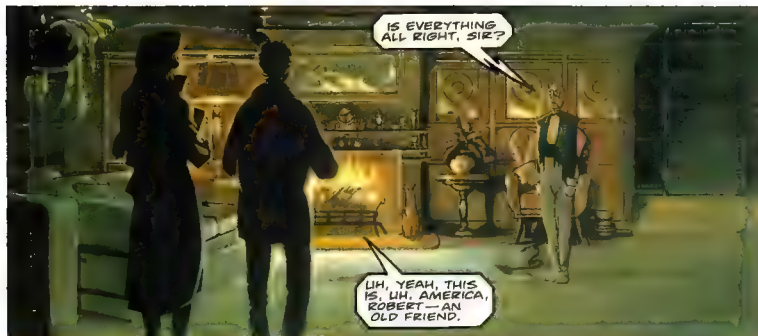
That's What Pals Are For!

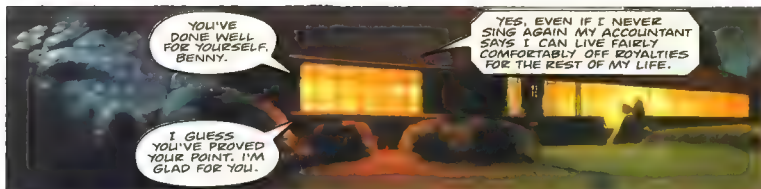


For full details write to:
JUDGE PAL, Pals Club HQ,
Grand Hall of Justice.



AMERICA
★★★ PART FIVE





YOU'VE
DONE WELL
FOR YOURSELF,
BENNY.

YES, EVEN IF I NEVER
SING AGAIN MY ACCOUNTANT
SAYS I CAN LIVE FAIRLY
COMFORTABLY OFF ROYALTIES
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

I GUESS
YOU'VE PROVED
YOUR POINT. I'M
GLAD FOR YOU.

I REFRAINED FROM TELLING HER THAT
SHE COULD HAVE BEEN PART OF
EVERYTHING — COULD STILL BE IF
SHE'D WANTED TO. I KNEW IT WAS
A WASTE OF TIME.

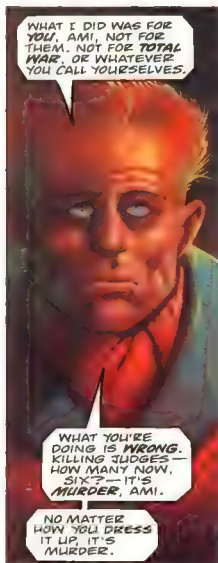
THANKS — FOR NOT
INFORMING ON US.
YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT
TO, CONSIDERING
WHAT HAPPENED.

HOW DO
YOU KNOW I
DIDN'T?

MY PICTURE WOULD HAVE
BEEN ON EVERY NEWSCAST. I
WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW — I'D
BE DEAD OR IN A CUBE.



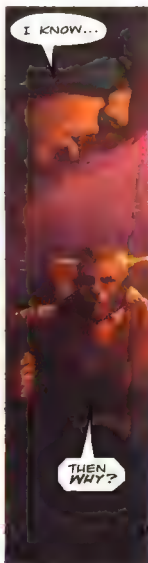
DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ROBERT. HE
WON'T REPEAT
ANYTHING HE
HEARS IN THIS
HOUSE.



WHAT I DID WAS FOR
YOU, AMI, NOT FOR
THEM. NOT FOR TOTAL
WAR, OR WHATEVER
YOU CALL YOURSELVES.

WHAT YOU'RE
DOING IS **WRONG**.
KILLING JUDGES —
HOW MANY NOW,
SINCE IT'S
MURDER, AMI.

NO MATTER
HOW YOU DRESS
IT UP, IT'S
MURDER.



I KNOW...

THEN
WHY?

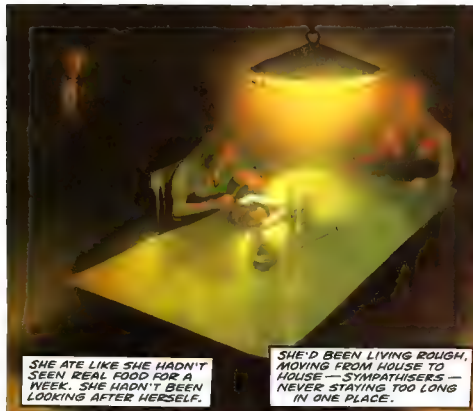


THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY,
BENNY.

PLEASE, I
DON'T WANT
TO TALK ABOUT
IT NOW...
MAYBE
LATER.

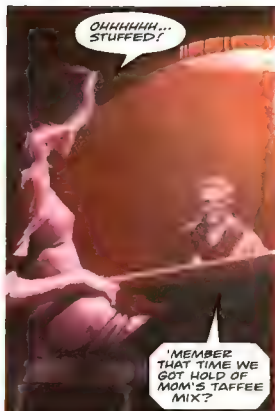


I'M JUST
SO HAPPY TO
SEE YOU. LET'S
NOT SPOIL
THINGS...



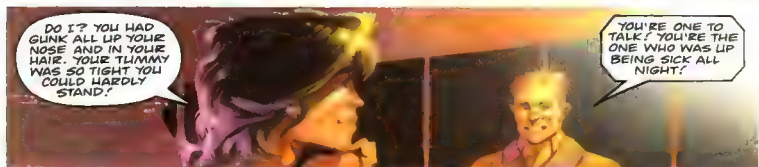
SHE ATE LIKE SHE HADN'T SEEN REAL FOOD FOR A WEEK. SHE HADN'T BEEN LOOKING AFTER HERSELF.

SHE'D BEEN LIVING ROUGH, MOVING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE — SYMPATHISERS — NEVER STAYING TOO LONG IN ONE PLACE.



OHHHHHH... STUFFED!

'MEMBER THAT TIME WE GOT HOLD OF MOM'S TAFFEE MIX?



DO I? YOU HAD GUNK ALL UP YOUR NOSE AND IN YOUR HAIR. YOUR TUMMY WAS SO TIGHT YOU COULD HARDLY STAND!

YOU'RE ONE TO TALK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS UP BEING SICK ALL NIGHT!



WE TALKED LONG INTO THE NIGHT, FOR A FEW HOURS IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, AS IF THE REAL WORLD HAD NEVER INTRUDED ON OUR LIVES.



BUT IN THE END THERE WAS NO KEEPING IT OUT...

THE JUDGES WILL GET YOU. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU? THEY ALWAYS DO.

YES.



WHY DON'T YOU STOP?

I CAN'T.

OF COURSE YOU CAN. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IDENTIFIED. JUST QUIT—WALK AWAY. I'LL HELP YOU.

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE COULD EVER NEED HERE. LIVE WITH ME. WE COULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER, I KNOW IT.

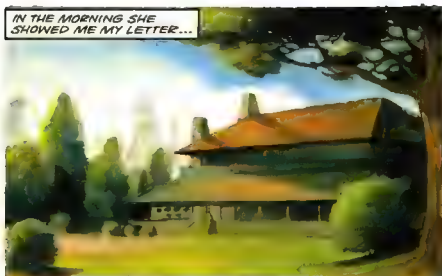


DAMN! I PROMISED MYSELF I WASN'T GOING TO SAY THAT...

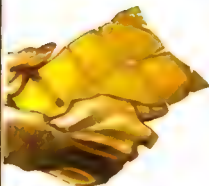
OH, HELL, AMI, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU.



IN THE MORNING SHE
SHOWED ME MY LETTER...



I ALWAYS KEPT IT,
EVEN IN THE DARKEST
DAYS IT MEANT SOMETHING
—TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE
CARED...



I NEED
YOUR HELP
NOW.

SURE.
ANYTHING. LIKE I
SAID LAST NIGHT—
JUST NAME IT.



A HUNDRED THOUSAND CRED.
IT HAS TO BE IN UNTRACEABLE CREDIT
TRANSFER NOTES, DENOMINATIONS
OF A THOUSAND. I NEED IT BY
THURSDAY.

WH-WHAT
FOR?

BETTER
THAT YOU DON'T
KNOW.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING
SHE COULD HAVE WANTED
THAT MONEY FOR... TOTAL WAR.

SO THAT'S
WHAT THIS WAS
ALL ABOUT? GRUD?
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN!



THAT'S A
HORRIBLE
THING TO
SAY!

WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT HAPPENED
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU,
BENNY—NO OTHER REASON.
IF YOU THINK DIFFERENT
THEN YOU DON'T KNOW
ME VERY WELL.



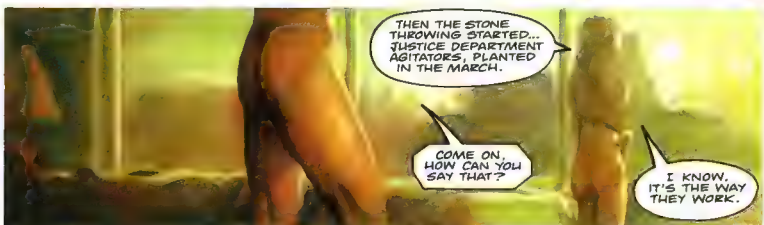
THAT'S THE
TROUBLE, I DON'T
KNOW YOU. I DON'T
THINK I KNOW YOU
AT ALL ANYMORE.

THEN MAYBE
WE'D BETTER GET
RE-ACQUAINTED...



SHE TOLD ME SHE'D BEEN ON
THE BIG DEMOCRATIC MARCH,
HER AND DOOD. SHE WAS
FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT.

THEY WERE SIXTEEN MILLION
STRONG, MARCHING ON THE
GRAND HALL—A HUGE TIDAL
WAVE OF PEACEFUL PROTEST.
THEY FELT NOTHING COULD
STOP THEM.



THEN THE STONE
THROWING STARTED...
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
AGITATORS, PLANTED
IN THE MARCH.

COME ON,
HOW CAN YOU
SAY THAT?

I KNOW.
IT'S THE WAY
THEY WORK.



IT GAVE THE
JUDGES ALL THE
EXCUSE THEY
NEEDED--

NO
VIOLENCE!
NO
VIOLENCE!



DOOD!

LEAVE
HIM
ALONE--!





DOOD DIED ON THE WAY TO HOSPITAL—
BRAIN HAEMORRHAGE.
I NEARLY LOST THE
BABY.

I WAS SENT TO
A REHAB UNIT FOR
"RE-EDUCATION" AS
THEY CALLED IT.



HE WAS
A LITTLE BOY,
YOU KNOW...WE
WERE GOING TO
CALL HIM TONY.
AFTER MY DAD.



I'D BEEN IN
REHAB TWO MONTHS
WHEN THEY CAME
FOR HIM...

GENETIC
ABNORMALITY,
I'M AFRAID.
ROUTINE
AMNIOCENTESIS
PICKED IT UP.



THERE'S
NOTHING TO
BE ASHAMED
OF IT
HAPPENS.

JUST
COME
WITH
US.

WHAT—?
N-NO! YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS!



NOT MY
BABY—!



I...DIDN'T
KNOW, I'M
SORRY...

THEY DID IT
DELIBERATELY!

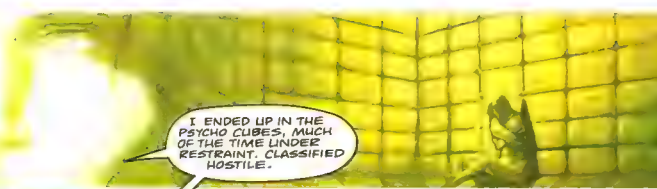
SURELY
NOT—



OH YES!
YOU DON'T
KNOW
THEM!



AND EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T
WHAT **RIGHT** HAVE THEY GOT
TO MURDER MY BABY? WHAT
RIGHT HAVE THEY GOT TO
DECIDE WHO LIVES AND
WHO DIES?



I ENDED UP IN THE PSYCHO CUBES, MUCH OF THE TIME UNDER RESTRAINT, CLASSIFIED HOSTILE.



BUT IT GAVE ME TIME TO THINK. GRADUALLY I BEGAN TO CALM DOWN, PLAY ALONG WITH THEM. I KNEW I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE —



— TO FIGHT THEM, BENNY?

IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND OTHERS WHO FELT THE SAME WAY. THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH HAD CHANGED A LOT OF PEOPLE.



MAYBE THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. MAYBE ONE DAY PEACEFUL PROTEST WILL WIN. BUT I JUST DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

OH, AMERICA. WERE YOU USING ME EVEN THEN? YOU KNEW JUST THE RIGHT WORDS TO TWIST ME WITH — NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN...

NO! I WON'T BELIEVE IT OF HER!

I PROMISE YOU NO ONE WILL BE HURT BY THIS MONEY, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO IT, I'LL UNDERSTAND.

I WON'T GET YOU INVOLVED. IF YOU SAY NO I'LL WALK OUT OF HERE AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.

N-No...



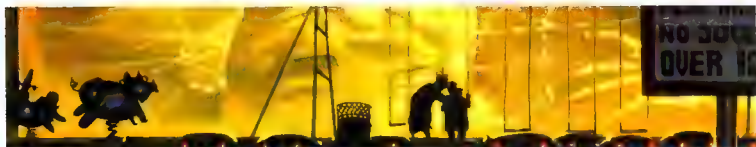
THURSDAY, YOU SAID...?

TO BE CONTINUED.

WE ARRANGED TO MEET AT A NORTH SECTOR HOV-IN. IT WAS SAFER, SHE SAID, IF SHE DIDN'T COME TO THE HOUSE AGAIN.

AMERICA

★★★ PART SIX



WE SAT FOR A WHILE, GENTLY SWINGING, WATCHING THE ACTORS MOUTH THEIR SOUNDLESS WORDS. SHE HELD MY HAND. I FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF CONTENTMENT.

IF ONLY IT COULD HAVE STAYED LIKE THAT — IF WE COULD HAVE WALKED AWAY, TOGETHER, TURNED OUR BACKS ON THE TRAGEDY THAT HAD BEEN SO CAREFULLY LAID OUT BEFORE US.

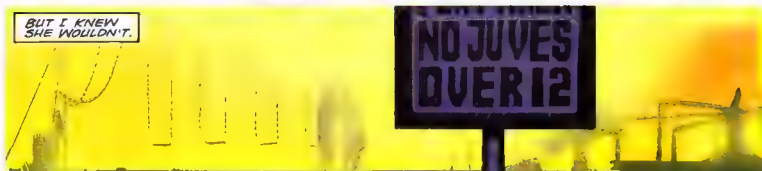
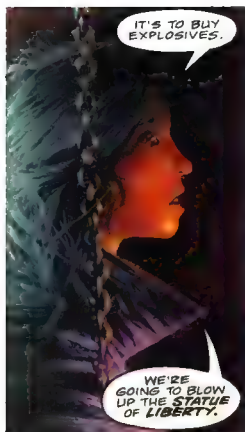
BUT LIFE DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.

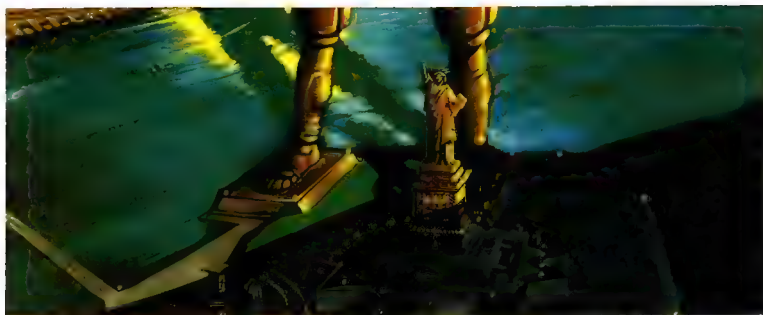
DID YOU BRING THE MONEY?

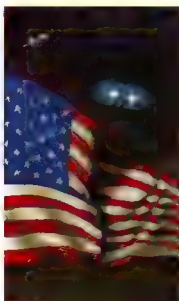
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS?

I TOLD YOU, BETTER YOU DON'T KNOW.

I'VE GOT TO KNOW, AMI. I ... HAVE TO BE SURE NO ONE'S GOING TO BE HURT. I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU UNLESS YOU TELL ME.

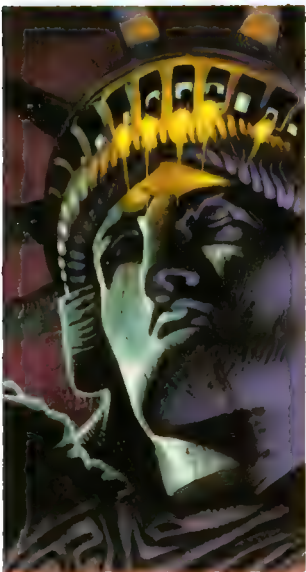


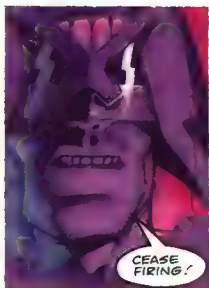
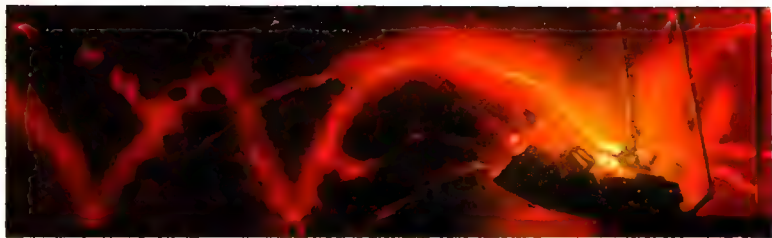










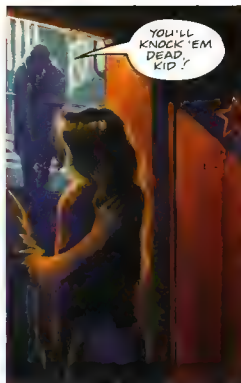


CEASE
FIRING!

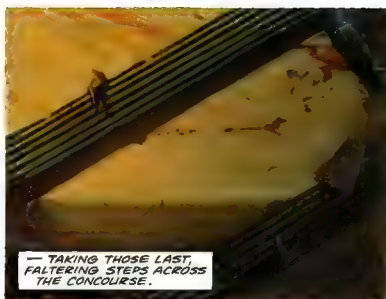
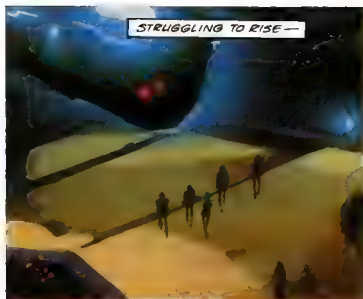


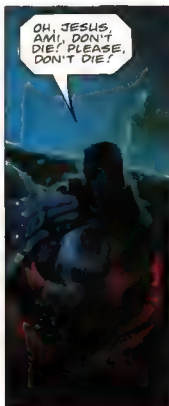
AMI!

TO BE CONCLUDED - NEXT MONTH.



AMERICA
★★★  PART SEVEN







YOU SAID YOU
WOULDN'T **HURT** HER!

SPARE YOUR TEARS
FOR SOMEONE WHO
DESERVES THEM, BEENY.
SHE WAS A JUDGE
KILLER.

BUT YOU FOLLOWED HER
FROM THE MOV-IN! YOU KNEW
THEM ALL! YOU COULD HAVE
PICKED THEM UP ANY TIME!
WHY **THIS**?

A LITTLE
DEMONSTRATION—
TO ENCOURAGE
THE OTHERS.

YOU'RE
NOT THE ONLY
ONE IN SHOW
BUSINESS.



DAMN
YOU!



DAMN
YOU..!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THOSE OF YOU WITH MEMORIES STRETCHING BACK OVER A YEAR —

OKAY, I REALISE IT AIN'T MANY, BUT THERE MUST BE A FEW IN TONIGHT!



SOME OF YOU DIMWITS MAY VAGUELY REMEMBER THE TRAGIC SHOOTING THAT STRUCK DOWN ONE OF THIS CITY'S WITTIEST, WACKIEST TALENTS.

THAT NIGHT THEY SAID HE WOULD NEVER SING AGAIN. WE AT JERALDO'S TALK OF THE MEES ARE PROUD THAT HE IS HERE TONIGHT TO PROVE THEM WRONG —

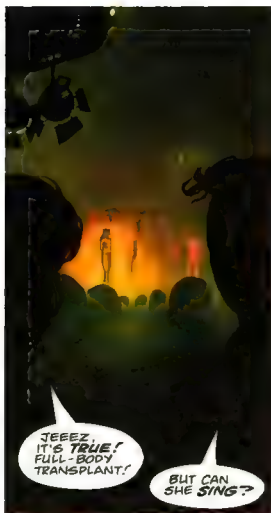
—MAYBE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU REMEMBER, BUT STILL EVERY INCH A STAR.



SO WON'T YOU PLEASE PUT YOUR MITTS TOGETHER TO WELCOME BACK —

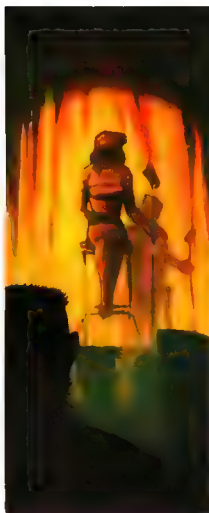


BENNNNETTTT BEENY!



JEEZ,
IT'S TRUE!
FULL-BODY
TRANSPLANT!

BUT CAN
SHE *SING*?



A LUMP OF THE GETAWAY
VEHICLE WAS LODGED IN
AMI'S SKULL. SHE WAS
DECLARED BRAIN DEAD
BEFORE SHE REACHED
HOSPITAL.



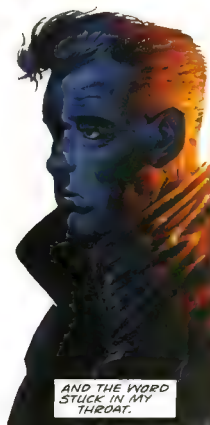
WE NEED
TO KNOW NEXT
OF KIN.



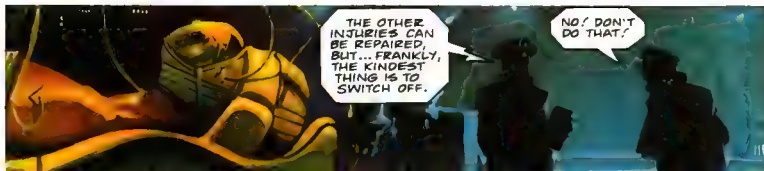
NOBODY...
THERE'S NOBODY.
ONLY ME.

AND YOU
ARE?

I WAS...
HER FRIEND.



AND THE WORD
STUCK IN MY
THROAT.



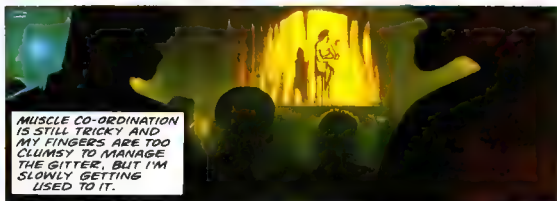
THE OTHER INJURIES CAN BE REPAIRED, BUT... FRANKLY, THE KINDEST THING IS TO SWITCH OFF.

NO! DON'T DO THAT!

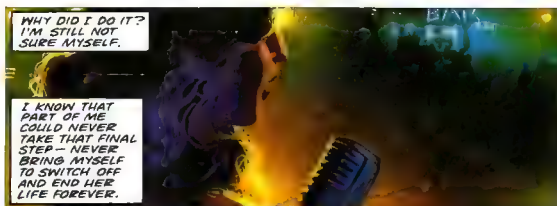


I HAD AMI MADE OVER TO MY CUSTODY, WHEN YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH, ALMOST ANYTHING CAN BE ARRANGED.

I KEPT HER ON LIFE SUPPORT FOR THREE MONTHS BEFORE I MADE THE DECISION.



MUSCLE CO-ORDINATION IS STILL TRICKY AND MY FINGERS ARE TOO CLUMSY TO MANAGE THE GITTER, BUT I'M SLOWLY GETTING USED TO IT.



WHY DID I DO IT? I'M STILL NOT SURE MYSELF.

I KNOW THAT PART OF ME COULD NEVER TAKE THAT FINAL STEP - NEVER BRING MYSELF TO SWITCH OFF AND END HER LIFE FOREVER.



I'M NOT HERE TO SING ANY FUNNY LITTLE NUMBERS.

YOU CAN LAUGH ABOUT THINGS FOR ONLY SO LONG.



AND I KNOW THAT I DID IT TO PUNISH MYSELF, BECAUSE NOT A DAY PASSES WHEN I DON'T SEE HER FACE IN THE MIRROR AND REMEMBER WHAT I DID.

SHE'S ALL AROUND ME, EVERY MOMENT - THE TOUCH, THE SMELL OF HER.

I HAD A FRIEND, HER NAME WAS AMERICA.

THIS IS HER SONG.

BUT I LIKE TO THINK THAT I DID
IT FOR AMI, TOO. SO THAT AT LEAST
PART OF HER — AT LEAST HER
DREAM COULD CARRY ON.

BECAUSE SHE WAS RIGHT. YOU
CAN'T IGNORE WHAT'S GOING
ON. YOU CAN'T BURY YOUR HEAD
IN THE SAND AND FORGET
WHAT THE JUDGES ARE
DOING TO US.

YOU'VE GOT TO
KEEP FIGHTING.

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP
LOOKING FOR AMERICA.

THE END.



FREEDOM — POWER TO THE
PEOPLE — DEMOCRACY — THE
GREAT AMERICAN DREAM.

DON'T KID YOURSELF.

WE TRIED IT BEFORE. BELIEVE
ME, IT DOESN'T WORK. YOU
CAN'T TRUST THE PEOPLE.

SO DREAM ON, CREEP. BUT
JUST REMEMBER — THAT'S
ALL IT IS, A DREAM...

AMERICA IS DEAD.

THIS IS THE REAL WORLD.

£1.50 No. 12 September 1991
MONTHLY - A 2000 AD PRODUCTION

EP
ELEVEN

JUDGE DREDD

T H E M E G A Z I N E



9 770960 181002
YoungStar
0.9
5

YOUNG
DEATH
THE FINAL CHAPTER

MEGA-CITY ONE'S MILLION-SELLING BLOCKBUSTER

YOUNG DEATH

the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND

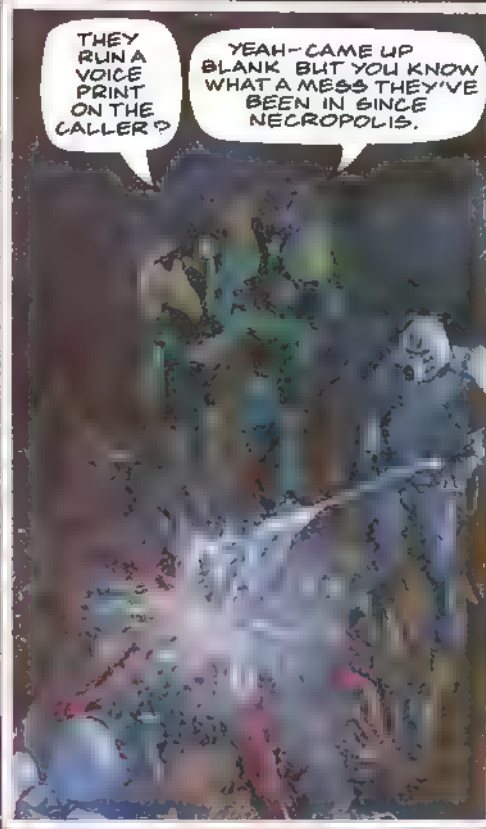
Compiled from the tapes and notes of the late Brian Skatell

NOMINATED
FOR THE
HACKER PRIZE!

SOON TO BE A MAJOR TRI-D EPIC
STARRING PEAT WATERMON

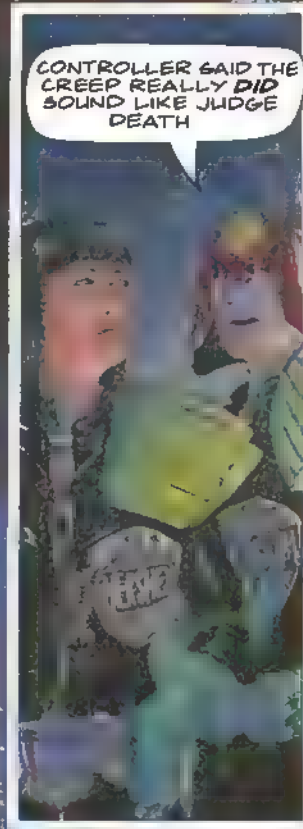


THE CALL WAS LOGGED
AT 0118 HOURS - PAY
BOOTH ON CHOOCH CALLER
CLAIMED HE WAS **JUDGE
DEATH** - SAID WE'D FIND
SOMETHING INTERESTING
IN THIS CHEM PIT.



THEY
RUN A
VOICE
PRINT
ON THE
CALLER?

YEAH - CAME UP
BLANK BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT A MESS THEY'VE
BEEN IN SINCE
NECROPOLIS.



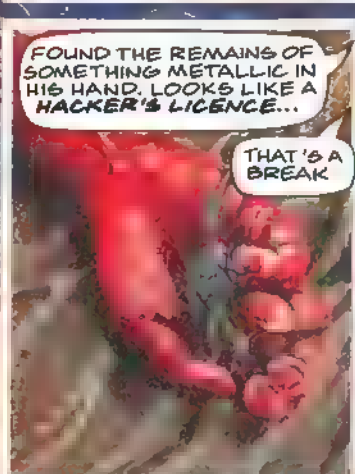
CONTROLLER SAID THE
CREEP REALLY **DID**
SOUND LIKE **JUDGE
DEATH**



STIFF'S MALE, MID-THIRTIES,
PROBABLY WHITE - HARD TO
TELL. THE WAY RECORDS ARE,
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY
TO PUT A NAME TO THIS ONE.

NO ID ON HIM?

MOST OF IT WAS
BURNT BEYOND
RECOGNITION ONE
THING, THOUGH -



FOUND THE REMAINS OF
SOMETHING METALLIC IN
HIS HAND. LOOKS LIKE A
HACKER'S LICENCE...

THAT'S A
BREAK



'KAY, STAY WITH IT.
ID ON THE VICTIM AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE

THERE'S JUST A
CHANCE THIS COULD
BE FOR **REAL...**

THE WORLD SHOULD
KNOW YOUR STORY
Gleaned together Brian Skuter
will help you tell all
Call Mega City 9 0 941 72

IT WAS A TYPICAL CITYBLOCK, MUCH
LIKE A THOUSAND OTHERS IN THE CITY.
SOLID, RESPECTABLE—SOMEHOW WARM
AND WELCOMING AS IT BASKED IN THE
GLOW OF THE SETTING SUN

AND YET, AS I STOOD
BENEATH ITS VAST
BULK, IT WAS HARD
TO SUPPRESS A
SHIVER OF
APPREHENSION.

CERTAINLY THERE WAS NOTHING
TO SUGGEST THAT ANYTHING...
UNTOWARD MIGHT EXIST WITHIN.

1736
20:10



IT COULD HAVE BEEN A HOAX,
OF COURSE. IN MY LINE THAT
HAPPENS A LOT BUT THERE
HAD BEEN A QUALITY IN THAT
VOICE THAT HAD SENT ARROWS
OF ICE SHOOTING INTO ME...

I CAN ONLY
DESCRIBE IT
AS...EVIL



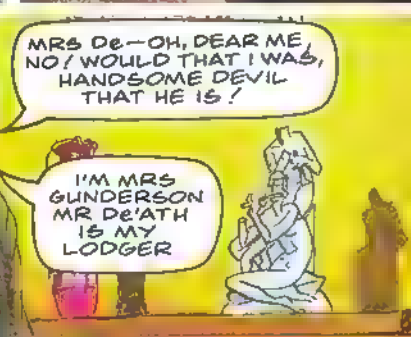
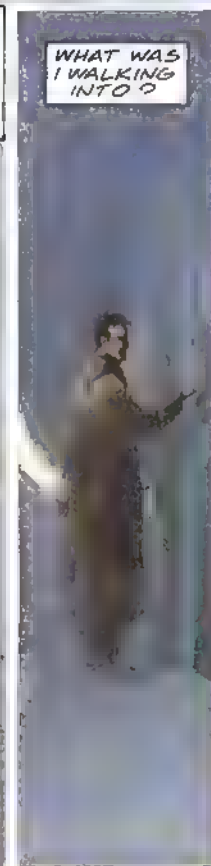
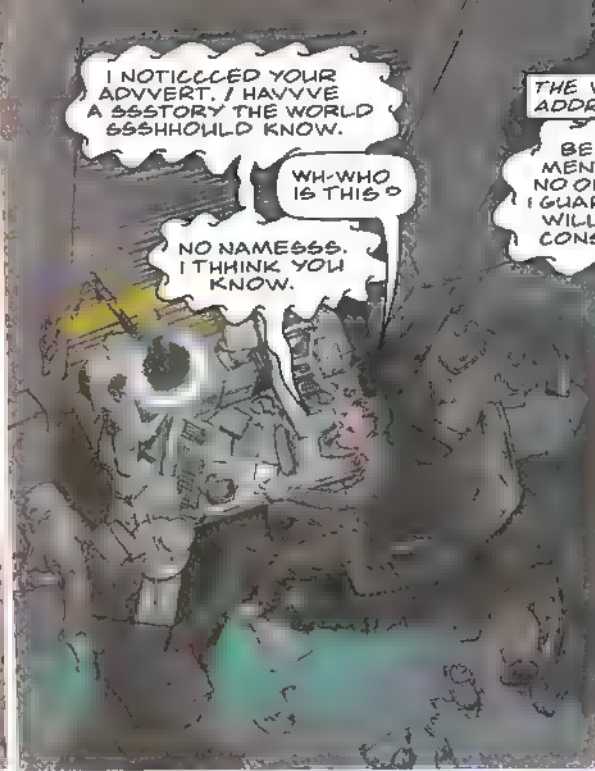
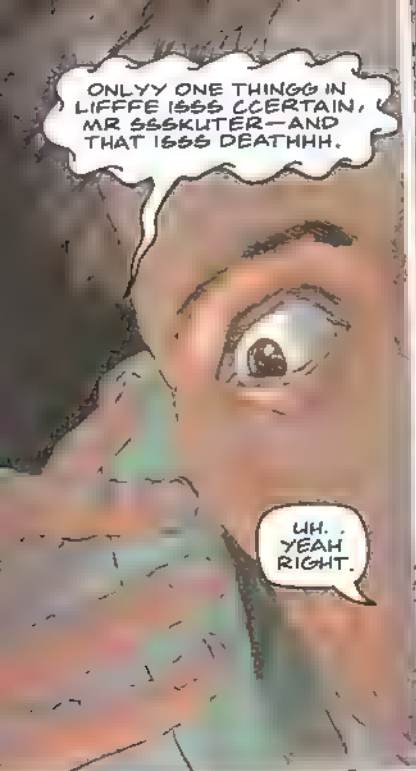
PEEP PEEP HEY,
BRI! ANSWER THE
PEEP PEEP PHONE,
WILL YA? CAN'T YA
HEAR ME *PEEP PEEP*
PEEPIN'?

ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT, I'M
COMING!



BRIAN
SKUTER!
SPEAK
TO ME!







THE LANDLADY WAS A TRIFLE SHORTSIGHTED ADMITTEDLY- BUT SURELY IT WAS INCONCEIVABLE THAT SHE COULD FAIL TO NOTICE THE PRESENCE OF A MALEVOLENT ALIEN BEING WITHIN HER WALLS



I WAS IN THE PRESENCE
OF EVIL... PURE,
UNADULTERATED EVIL

GREETINGSSSSS.
MR SSSSKUTER.

PLEASSSSSE
...TAKE A
SSSSSEAT.



NEXT: NECROPOLIS!

YOUNG DEATH

the BOYHOOD of a SUPERHERO 2

COME CLOSSER. DON'T
BE AFFRAID. I WON'T
HURT YOU. I HAVVVE GROWN
SSSICK OF KILLINGGG.
THESE DAYSSSS...I
WOULDN'T HURT A FLY.

"PSYCHO"
RIGHT O?

SSSOME
MIGHT SSSAAY
THAT, MR
SSSKUTER.

NO, I MEAN, THE OLD
2-D FLIK. THAT'S
LIKE WHAT NORMAN
BATES SAID, IN
"PSYCHO". YOU A
HITCHCOCK FAN?

HITCHHHCOCK...
ISSSS THAT A
DISSSEASSSE?

NO, HE'S A--
OH! I SEE!

HA HA.
VERY
DROLL.

SO, YOU'VE
GOT A STORY
TO TELL--

SILLY
ME! HA HA!
OF COURSE
YOU DO!

I'LL BE TAKING NOTES,
BUT I'D LIKE TO RECORD
THIS INTERVIEW AS
WELL, SO IF YOU DON'T
MIND, FIRST WE'LL DO
A SOUND CHECK.

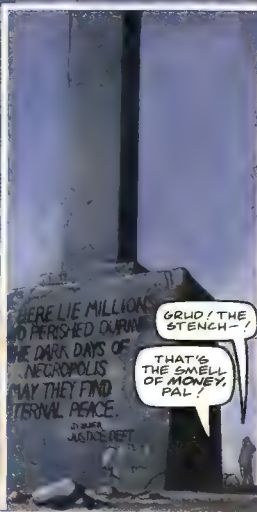
COULD YOU...
HISS INTO
THIS?

I HAVVVE CUT YOU
A LOT OF SSSLACK
ALREADY, MR SSSKUTER.
I WARN' YOU, DO NOT
ABUSSSSSE MY
TOLERANCCE.

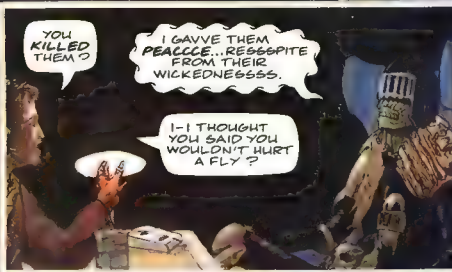
FINE! COMING
THROUGH LOLID
AND PROUD!



AS HE SPOKE I NOTICED
A CERTAIN SADNESS IN
HIS VOICE, AS IF THE
PAIN OF DEFEAT HAD
NOT LEFT HIM UNSCAR-
RED. DID JUDGE DEATH,
KILLER OF MILLIONS,
HAVE A HUMAN SIDE?







YOU
KILLED
THEM?

I GAVVE THEM
PEACE...RESSPITE
FROM THEIR
WICKEDNESSSS.

I-I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
WOULDN'T HURT
A FLY?



THEY WEREN'T
FLIESSSS.



I SEE. SO...YOU HID THERE
AMONG THE CORPSES.
MUST'VE BEEN, UH...PRETTY
DISGUSTING, ALL DECOMPOSING
LIKE THAT..?

ON THE
CONTRARY, IT
WASS MOSSST
COMFORTABLE.



ASSLEEP WITH THE PURE
AND THE PURGGGGED...FOR
MONTHSSS IT WASSS MY
REFUGGGG, A SSSSAFE
COMFORTING COCCOON...

HIDDEN FROM THE PRYING
EYESSS OF THE MEGA-CITY,
THE PROBING TENDRILSSS
OF CURSSSED PSSSI-
DIVISION—

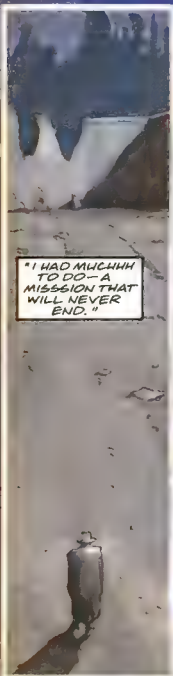
"-- FOR WHICHHH OF THEM WOULD
READILY ALLOW THEIR MINDSSSS
TO DELVE AMONG SSUCHHH
DIVINE SSSSLAUGHTER ?"



BUT PERHAPS
BESSST THAT I
DID WAKE THENNN,
FOR I HAD
LINGERED LONGGG
ENOUGH.



"I HAD MUCHHH
TO DO-- A
MISSION THAT
WILL NEVER
END."



1cM. Keever
Box room, suit, small doll

24K MRS DOOBLE
Lge E-hab Twp Sharing

91K GOLDFRAB Bedshare Don ONLY

91F Mo. Aunt
2 single B nabs 1.0 empes

133b Mrs Gunderson
Own room, lge lux-apt.
Suit, business gent.
Privacy guaranteed.

NEXT ISSUE: HOME SWEET HOME!

YOUNG DEATH

the REVENGE of SUPREMACY



YES?



I'VE COME ABOUT THE ROOM.

OH...YES...DO COME IN—

MY GOODNESS, YOU'RE A TALL ONE!



...AND I WON'T BE DISSTURBED, YOU 6SSAYY?

NO, I KNOW HOW MY GENTLEMEN VALUE THEIR PRIVACY. YOU'LL DO ALL YOUR OWN CLEANING, OF COURSE—

PROBABLY A GOOD THING. MY EYES AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE, MR—



GOODNESS ME! I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE EVEN ASKED YOUR NAME—?



CALL ME DE'ATHHHH...

JAY DE'ATHHHH.



WELL, COME ALONG INTO THE DINING ROOM, MR DE'ATH. I'M JUST SERVING UP SOME LATE SUPPER.

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY. I DO NOT REQUIRE SUSTENANCE.



OH, SENSELESSNESS! IF YOU DON'T EAT YOU'LL SHRIVEL AWAY TO NOTHING! YOU JUST COME WITH ME!

GOODNESS, YOU'RE LIKE A LUMP OF ICE! IS IT COLD OUTSIDE?



OH DEAR! THE FURNITURE WILL KEEP MOVING ITSELF AROUND--!

THANK!

CRASH!!



ALLOWWW ME...



MR PEEL - THIS IS OUR NEW LODGER.

SAY HELLO TO MR DE'ATH.

HOLY GEEEEEZ--!



NOW YOU JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN BESIDE MR PEEL AND I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT.



YOU KNOW, YOU'VE GOT A VERY INTERESTING VOICE, MR DE'ATH. MORE OF A WHISPER, REALLY.

I ALWAYS SAY I CAN TELL WHAT SOMEONE LOOKS LIKE JUST BY THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICE.

ISSE THAT SESSO, MRSSS GUNDERSSON?



I'D SAY YOU'RE TALL - A LITTLE ON THE THIN SIDE, PERHAPS... BUT VERY, VERY HANDSOME!

OH DEAR, YES! TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME! I BET YOU GET ALL THE GIRLS' HEARTS AFLUTTER WHEN YOU PASS BY!

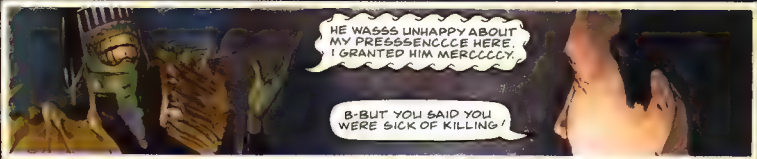
GRUD! I-I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!



AM I RIGHT, MR DE'ATH? DEAR ME, YES! THE KIND OF LOOKS THE GIRLS COULD EASILY DIE FOR!

AND THE BOYSSE, MRSSS GUNDERSSON - AND THE BOYS!





HE WASSS UNHAPPY ABOUT
MY PRESSSENCCCE HERE.
I GRANTED HIM MERCCCCY.

B-BUT YOU SAID YOU
WERE SICK OF KILLING!



SICK OF
KILLINGGG
AND NOT
BEINGGG
APRECCCCI-
ATED FOR
IT!

YEAH, WELL
-ULP!- I'M
NOT REALLY
HONESTLY
ALL THAT
SURE I CAN
CONTINUE
THIS
INTERVIEW.



I mean, I-I'm
committing
a serious
crime if I
even fail to
tell the
judges what
I've seen.



Not that I'd
want to, of
course, but
you-you know
how it is...

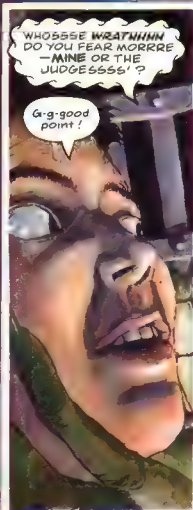


SSSSIT DOWN,
MR SSSSKUTER!



I DON'T
THINK YOU
QUITE
UNDER-
SSSTAND
YOUR PO-
SITTITION

Uh, yeah,
well, I can see
there might be
a-ulp-slight
conflict of
interest..



WHOSSE WRATHNNNN
DO YOU FEAR MORRRRRE
-MINE OR THE
JUDGESSSS?!

G-g-good
point!



CRAP!
CRAP!



RAISED VOICES, MR
DE'ATH? I DO HOPE
THERE'S NO TROUBLE?

JUSSEST A MINOR
ALTERCATTION, MRSSS
GUNDERSSSSON. BUT I
THHHINK MR SSSSKUTER
ISS COMINGGG ROUND TO
MY WAY OF THINKINGGG.
ISSSS THAT NOT SSSSO?

uh.



GOOD, GOOD!

OH, BY THE WAY,
WHAT DAY DID MR
PEEL TELL YOU
HE'D BE BACK?



HE DID NOT
SSSPECIFFY



OH DEAR. I SEE.
ONLY...THE RENT IS
DUE TOMORROW AND..
YOURS TOO, OF COURSE,
MR De'ATH.

YESSSS, MRSSSS
GUNDERSSSON.

I'M SURE YOU
WON'T FORGET
NOW, WILL YOU?

NNNO, MRSSS
GUNDERSSSON.



GOOD. FINE.
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT.
DO CARRY
ON, BOYS.
TOODLE-
BYE!

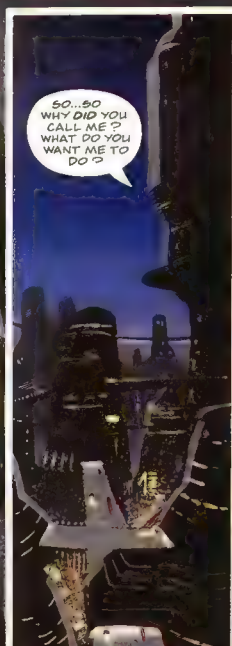
OW! OH
DEAR!



UNDERSSSTAND
THISSS, MR SSSKUTER!
I HAVVVE BROUGHT YOU
HERE TO DO MY BIDDINGGGG,
NOT YOURSSS!

YOU WILL DO
EXXACTLY ASSS I
INSSTRUCT OR YOU
WILL DIE. IT ISSS
ASSS SSSSIMPLE
ASSS THHAT!

P-put that way
it w-would be-
ulp-churlish
to refuse..!



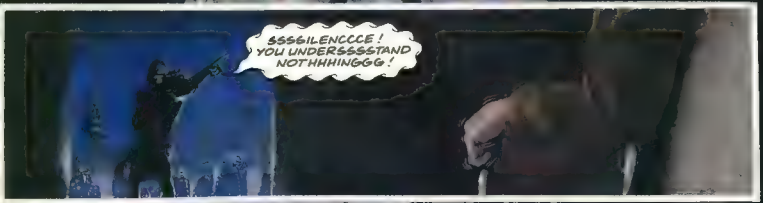
SO...SO
WHY DID YOU
CALL ME?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO
DO?



I CAMME TO THIS CCCITY
ON AN ACT OF MERCCCY
MR SSSKUTER. TO BRINGGG
JUSSTICE TO THE GUILTY
- DEATHHH TO THE LIVVING...
RELIEFF FROM THE BURDEN
OF THEIR MISSEERABLE
LIVESSS...

..FOR ALL CRIME
1666 COMITTTED BY
THE LIVVING -
THEREFORE ALL
LIEFFE MUSSST
BE A CRIME.

I-I DON'T THINK
IT NECESSARILY
FOLLOWS...



SSSSILENCCCE!
YOU UNDERSSSTAND
NOTHHHINGGG!



YOU ARE LIKE THE RESST
OF THEM! UNGRATEFFUL
RABBLE! TIME AND AGAIN
THEY HAVE SSSPLURNED
MY GENEROSITY, TURNED
AWAY MY HELPINGG HAND!
WELL, NO MORE!

I INTEND TO LEAVE
THISS CITY, MR SSSKUTER.
TO TAKE MYSSSELF WHERE
MY TALENTSSS WILL BE
MORE... APPRECCCIATED

BUT BEFFORE I GO THE PEOPLE
MUSSST BE GIVEN ONE LASSST
CHANCE TO REALISSSE THE
FOLLY OF THEIR WAYSSS... TO
UNDERSSSTAND WHY THEY MUSSST
COME TO LOVVE DEATHHHH, ASSS
I DO.



TO DO THAT THEY MUSSST
KNOW ME - MUSSST KNOW
WHAT HASS MADE ME
WHAT I AM

THE WORLD SSSHOULD
KNOWWW MY SSSSTORY,
MR SSSKUTER. YOU
WILL TELL IT.



AN "ORIGINS".
OH WOW.

Ulp!

NEXT: LITTLE BOY DEATH
(AND HIS PET WOOFIE!)

WE'VE GOT A
NAME - SKUTER.
BRIAN SKUTER

GUY HAD A CARBON FIBRE
RENAL REPLACEMENT--A
MICHELIN 494 ONLY THREE
OF THEM WERE EVER
IMPORTED. WE TRACED
HIM FROM THAT.

BRIAN
URWIN SKUTER,
APARTMENT 192,
ANDREZ
CONAPTS.

DEATH OCCURRED ABOUT AN
HOUR BEFORE HE WAS DUMPED
IN THE CHEM PIT.

THEN IT WAS
MURDER ?

NOT NECESSARILY THERE'S
NO SIGN OF A BLOW, NO
MARKS ON THE BODY THAT
WE CAN DETECT. DEATH
BEARS ALL THE SIGNS OF
A SUDDEN, MASSIVE
HEART ATTACK.

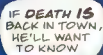
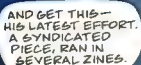


THAT WOULDN'T EXCLUDE
JUDGE DEATH AS THE
CAUSE. YOU FIND ANY
TRACES ?



NEGATIVE, BUT I WOULDN'T
EXPECT TO. THE BODY HAS
BEEN BADLY EATEN AWAY.

**YOUNG
DEATH**
the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 4



BEFORE WE, UH,
GET STARTED,
JUST A, UH, FEW
MINOR
DETAILS.

NAME?

YOU KNOW MY NAME.

SURE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T
ALWAYS BEEN JUDGE
DEATH, HAVE YOU? I
MEAN, YOU WEREN'T
BORN THAT WAY. YOU
MUST HAVE A REAL
NAME

ISSS THISSSS
NECESSARY?

THE READERS ARE GOING
TO WANT TO KNOW. C'MON,
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
IT'S JUST A NAME.

SSSIDNEY

SSSIDNEY.?

SSSIDNEY

IS THAT THREE
"S"s OR FOUR?

ASSS YOU
LIKE

UH-HUH...AND
WOULD THAT BE
SSSIDNEY, UH,
DEATH?

THAT HARDLY
MATTERSSS, MR
SSSKUTER.
LET'SSSSS SSSSTICK
WITH SSSIDNEY,
SSHHHALL WE?

UH, RIGHT. I GUESS WE CAN
GO WITH THAT. AGE?

AGELESSSSS

CAN YOU GIVE
ME SOMETHING
APPROXIMATE?

YOU ARE
BEGINNINGSS
TO TRY MY
PATIENCESSS,
MR SSSSKUTER!

OKAY, OKAY! I
GUESS WE CAN
SKIP THE REST!



JEEZ / YOU SURE
ARE A HARD GUY
TO INTERVIEW /

LET'SSSSS
GET SSSSTARTED,
SSHHHALL WE ?



UH, RIGHT. WELL,
SSSIDNEY, TELL ME—
HOW DID IT ALL
BEGIN ? TAKE ME
RIGHT BACK TO
THE START.



I WASSS BORN ..ON A WORLD MUCHHH LIKE THISSS.
NOT SSSO ADVANCCED, PERHAPSSS, BUT IN MANY
WAYSSSS SSSIMILAR. I HAD ALL THE THINGSSS EVERY
NORMAL YOUNGGG BOY HASSS —

YESSSS, I TOO WASSS A BOY ONCC — THOUGH OF
COURSSSS I WASSS FAR FROM NORMAL. EVEN THEN...



I HAD A CCCYCLE
TOYSSSS — EVEN
A DOG...



SEE THE
PRETTY BALL,
WOOFIE ?

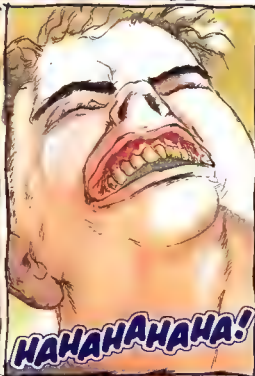


READY, BOY ?

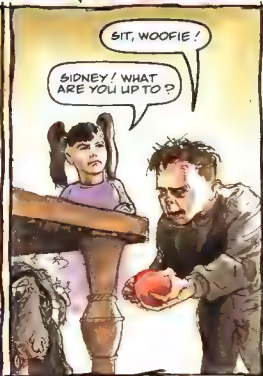


CATCH !

KLUNK!

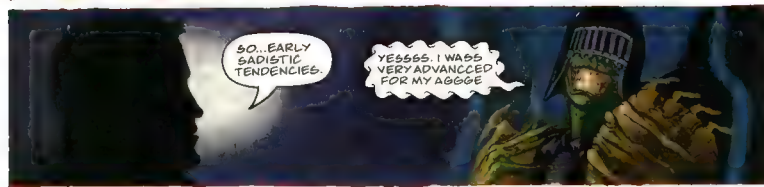
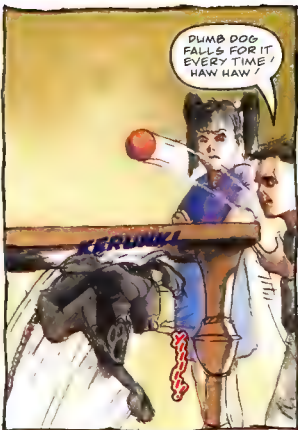


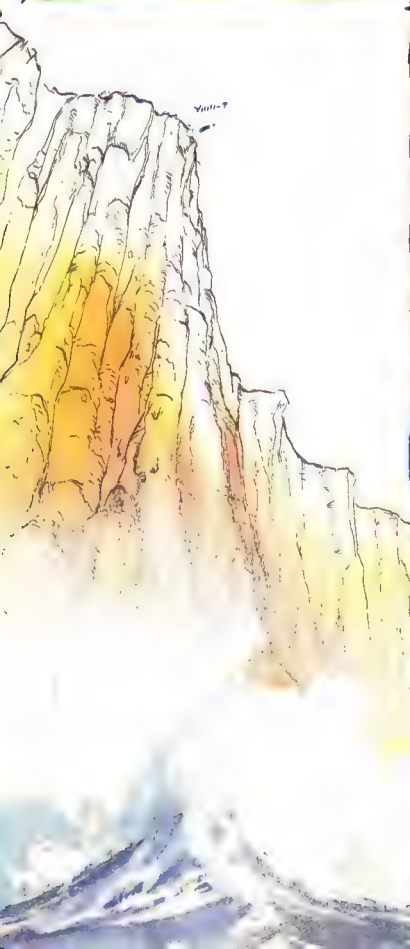
HAHAHAHAHA!



SIT, WOOFIE !

SIDNEY / WHAT
ARE YOU UP TO ?





NEXT ISSUE: FOLLOWING
FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS!

AS THE DARK JUDGE TALKED
I FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO
QUELL THE GROWING SUSPICION
THAT THIS WAS ALL A
DREAM—THAT I WOULD WAKE
AND FIND MYSELF SAFE AND
WELL, BACK IN MY OLD FAMIL-
IAR APARTMENT AGAIN...

YOUNG DEATH

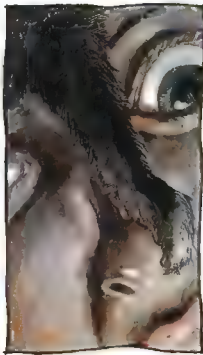
the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 5

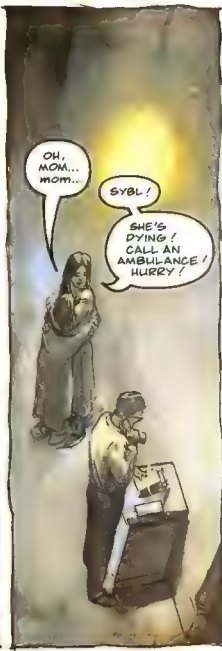
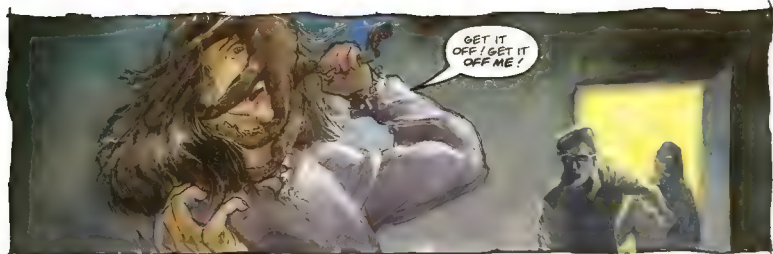
COULD I REALLY BE CALMLY SITTING
THERE, LISTENING TO THE MOST EVIL
BEING IN HISTORY RECOUNTING TALES
OF HIS BOYHOOD...

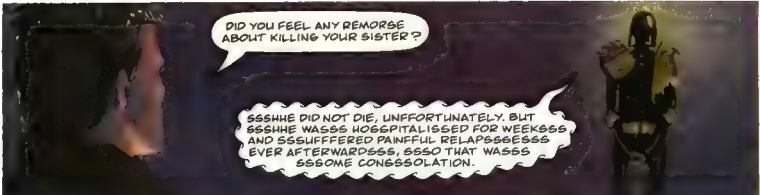
SO...
YOU KILLED
YOUR DOG.
WAS WOOFIE
YOUR FIRST
KILLING?

ON ANY SSSERIOUSSS LEVEL,
YESSSS, I'D TORTURED MY SSSHARE
OF SSSMALL ANIMALSS AND
INSSSECTSSS, OF COURSSSE...

I GOT MY OWN
BACK ON SSSISSSS
ASS WELL...

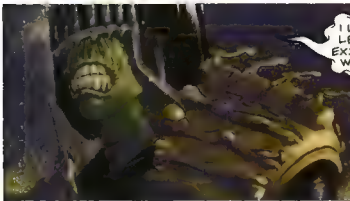






DID YOU FEEL ANY REMORSE
ABOUT KILLING YOUR SISTER?

SSSHHE DID NOT DIE, UNFORTUNATELY. BUT
SSSHHE WASSS HOSPITALISSSED FOR WEEKSSS
AND SSSUFFERED PAINFFUL RELAPSSSSSSSS
EVER AFTERWARDSSS, SSSO THAT WASSS
SSSOME CONSSOLATION.



I LEARNED TWO VALHABLE
LESSSSSSSS FROM THAT
EXXPERIENCE. THE FFIRSSST
WASSS ABOUT DEATHHHH...

SSSO FINAL, SSSO
CCCERTAIN... SSSO
CORRECTIVVV...

ONCE HE WASSS GONE,
WOOFFIE WASSS NEVVVER
A BAD DOG AGAIN. HE NEVVVER
GOT ME INTO TROUBLE.

IN FFACCT, ONCE
HE WASSS GONE,
I QUITE LIKED
WOOFFIE.



I SEE WHERE
YOU'RE LEADING--
THE "ALL LIFE IS A
CRIME" BIT.

EXXACTLY. ONLY
THE LIVVVING
HAVE THE POWER
TO OFFEND.

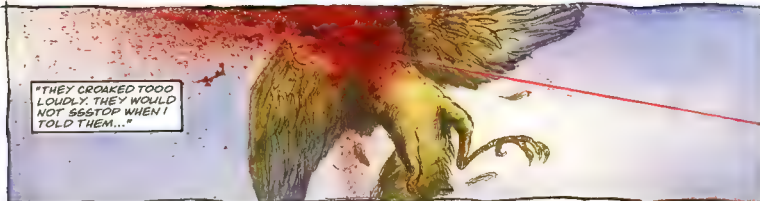
AND THE
SECOND
LESSON?

DON'T GET
CAUGHT.

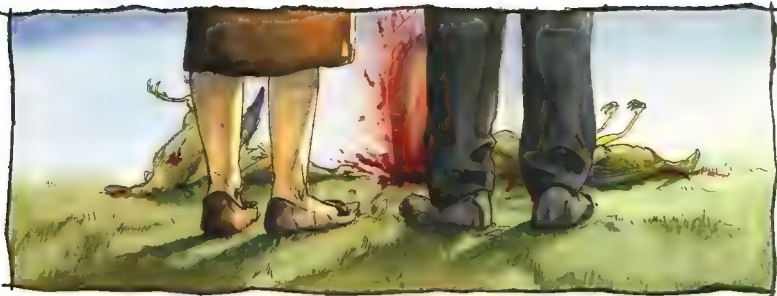


OTHHHER PEOPLE WERE NOT ASSS
ENLIGHTENED ASSS I. I NEVER GOT
PUNISSHHHED FOR WOOFFIE--MY
MOTHER COULDN'T PROVE I'D
KILLED HIM. BUT I WASSS PUNISSHHHED
FOR SSSSSSSSS...

I WASSS CONFINED
TO MY ROOM. I
SSSPENT THE TIME
SSHHHOOTING
BIRDSSS.



"THEY CROAKED TOO
LOUDLY. THEY WOULD
NOT SSSSTOP WHEN I
TOLD THEM..."





WHEN HE REMEMBERED HIS FATHER I NOTICED AGAIN THAT SAD, WISTFUL QUALITY IN HIS VOICE, IN THE SET OF HIS FEATURES. ONCE MORE I WAS BEING PERMITTED A BRIEF, TANTALISING GLIMPSE OF THE SENSITIVE CREATURE THAT STILL LURKED BEHIND THE MASK OF DEATH...





NOW WE'LL JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE INJECTION...



THERE WE ARE...



NOW YOU'LL START TO FEEL A...STRANGE, TINGLING SENSATION. GRADUALLY YOU'LL BEGIN TO NOTICE THAT YOU CAN NO LONGER SPEAK OR MAKE ANY SOUND WHATSOEVER. WHEN YOU TRY TO MOVE YOU'LL FIND THAT YOUR MUSCLES NO LONGER RESPOND.



THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE JUST PARALYSED YOU, YOU LITTLE LUMP OF EXCREMENT!



LOOK AT HIM, SON! DRESS OF THE EARTH!

WHAT GIVES HIM THE RIGHT TO THINK HE CAN INFLICT HIS ODIOUS PRESENCE ON ME? HOW DARE HE COME MAKING MY LIFE A MISERY WITH HIS GARLIC BREATH AND HIS ROTTEN TEETH!

DON'T LET HIM UPSET YOU, DAD.



YES, YEB, MUST REMEMBER MY PROFESSIONAL MANNER. COURTESY- COURTESY AT ALL TIMES...

DAD GAS



TOOTHACHE, WAS IT, SIR? AND WHICH ONE'S GIVING YOU THE TROUBLE, HMMM?

NEVER MIND. WE'LL TRY THEM ALL. WE'LL GET TO IT IN TIME.

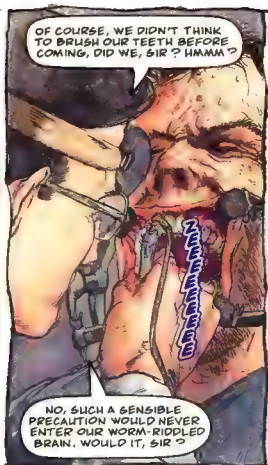
NEXT ISSUE: WORMS, WORMS, WORMS!

YOUNG DEATH

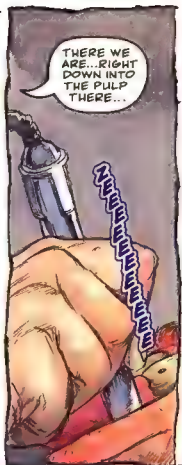
the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFRIEND 6



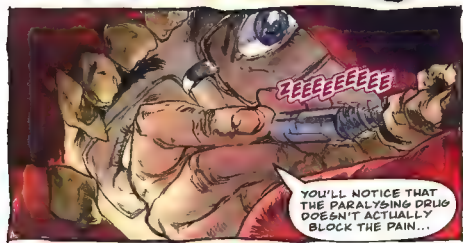
AND WHAT HAVE WE BEEN
EATING TODAY, THEN ?
GARLIC ? ROTTEN EGGS ?
DOG MESS ?



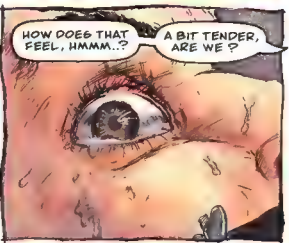
NO, SUCH A SENSIBLE
PRECAUTION WOULD NEVER
ENTER OUR WORM-RIDDLED
BRAIN. WOULD IT, SIR ?



THERE WE
ARE...RIGHT
DOWN INTO
THE PULP
THERE...



YOU'LL NOTICE THAT
THE PARALYSING DRUG
DOESN'T ACTUALLY
BLOCK THE PAIN...



HOW DOES THAT
FEEL, HMMM..?

A BIT TENDER,
ARE WE ?

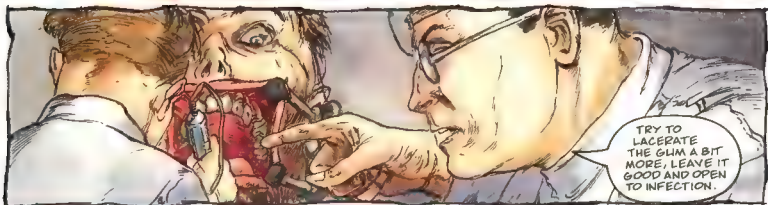
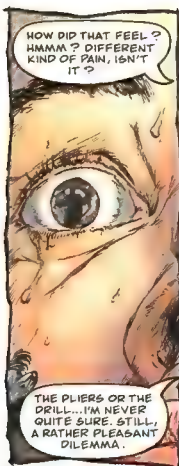


MIND YOU, IT TAKES ALL TYPES, DOESN'T
IT ? I HAD A WOMAN THE OTHER DAY
WHINGING ABOUT HER DENTURES. THEY
KEPT FALLING OUT, SHE SAID.



I DRILLED HER
NEW SOCKETS
THEN AND THERE
AND BANGED
THEM IN WITH A
HAMMER. THAT
STOPPED HER
WHINGING.







SURELY YOU
AND YOUR FATHER
COULDN'T GET AWAY
WITH TREATING
PATIENTS LIKE THAT
FOR LONG ?

ON THE
CONTRARY.



PEOPLE \$\$\$UFFER FROM A DEEEP-ROOTED
DREAD OF DENTISSTSS, ABSS OF \$\$\$ERPENT\$\$\$
AND CREEPING THINGSSSS. NONE WERE IN A FIT
\$\$STATE TO COMPLAIN WHEN THEY LEFT - FEWW
COMPLAINED AFTERWARDSS

PERHAPSS THEY
F\$\$\$EARED THAT IFF
THEY MADE A FUSS\$
THEN \$\$\$OMEHOW
MY FFATHEREE
WOULD COME FFOR
THEM AGAIN



YOU HAVE NICCE
WHITE TEETHHH.
MR \$\$\$KUTER I
COULD \$\$\$TILL DO
A NICCE JJJOB
ON YOU.

I-IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL,
UH, PASS ON THAT ONE...
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY,
I KNOW...



IN THE END, ABSS
ISSS THE NATURE
OF THINGSSSS, MERE
TORTURE DID NOT
\$\$\$UFFERICCE MY
FFATHHIER TOOK TO
DESSSPATCHHNGG
HISSS PATIENTSS
WHENEVER
POSSIBLE...

...HE WHO \$\$\$HOWED ME
THE INHERENT CORRUPTION
OF LIFFE... AND THE TRUE
FORGIVNGG NATURE OF
DEATHHHH...

I \$\$\$HALL ALWAYSSS BE GRATEFFUL TO
HIM. ABSS I \$\$\$AY, MY PHILOSOPHHY
OF LIFFE AND DEATHHH WASS DEVELOPINGG
IT WASS HE WHO HELPED ME PUT IT INTO
WORDSS...

HEAVE HO,
SIDNEY!



THANK YOU, MADAM,
DON'T CALL AGAIN.



IF THOSE TEETH
GIVE YOU ANYMORE
TROUBLE YOU JUST
LET ME KNOW, SIR.



PEOPLE!

THEIR BRAINS ARE
FULL OF WORMS.
DID YOU KNOW
THAT, SIDNEY?

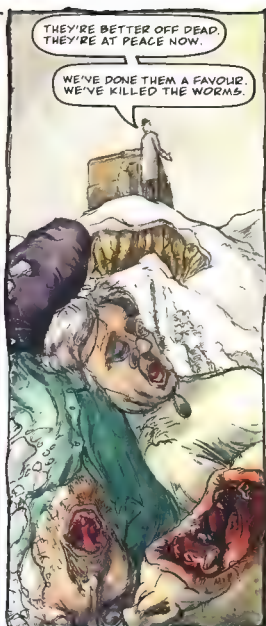
NO,
DAD.



LITTLE WRIGGLING WORMS -
BRAINS LIKE RIFE, WRITHING
PUSTULES, JUST WAITING TO
BURST, TO SPREW THEIR FOUL
NESS OVER US

EVEN
MUM AND
SIS?

ALL OF
THEM.
WORMS



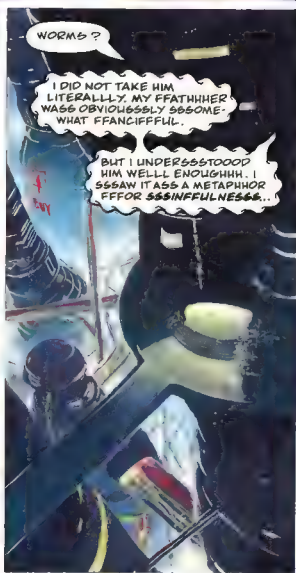
THEY'RE BETTER OFF DEAD.
THEY'RE AT PEACE NOW.

WE'VE DONE THEM A FAVOR.
WE'VE KILLED THE WORMS.



ONLY THE
DEAD ARE TRULY
WITHOUT WORMS.
REMEMBER THAT,
SIDNEY.

YES,
DAD.



WORMS?

I DID NOT TAKE HIM
LITERALLY. MY FFATHHHH
WASS OBVIOUSLY SSSOME-
WHAT FFANCIFFUL.

BUT I UNDERSSSTOOD
HIM WELL ENOUGH. I
SSSAW IT ASS A METAPHOR
FFOR SSSINFULNESS.



ONLY THE DEAD ARE TRULY WITHOUT
SSIN. IT ISSS A TRUTHHH EVEN YOU
CANNOT DENY, MR SSSKUTER.

Well, no, I guess not.
We all do bad things...

LIFE IS, BY ITSSS VERY NATURE,
SSSINFULL. ONLY DEATHHH CAN
RELIEVE ITS BURDEN. ONLY IN
DEATHHH CAN MAN'SS TROUBLED
SSSOUL FIND PEACCCCE.





YOUNG DEATH

the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 7

SO... YOU EXECUTED
YOUR OWN FATHER

YESSS A
CHERISHED
MEMORY.

I WASS AN IMMEDIATE
SSUCCESS AT LAW SSSCHOOL.
ASS WE CALLED IT. MY GRASSOP
OF MATTERSS PHILOSSOPHICAL
WAS GROWINGGG FASTT. I WASS
ABLE TO ENGAGE MY TUTORSS
IN LONGG DISCUSSIONSS,
IMPRESSINGG MANY WITH
THE SIMPLE LOGIC OF MY
ARGUMENT.

A FEWW,
HOWEVER,
THOUGHT ME
SSSICK.

YOU DON'T SAY.

THEY WERE LIKE YOU,
MR SSSKUTER - MINDSS
LOCKED IN THE PASST,
IN THE OLD THINKINGGG.
THE "WETSSS", I CALLED
THEM.

THEY REGARDED ME ASS
AN EXCCRESCENCE
WHICHHH MUSSST BE
REMOVED.

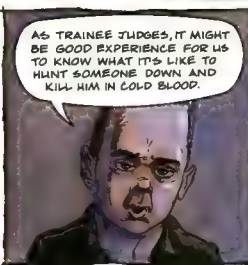
THEYY UNDERSSSTIMATED
THEIR ENEMY!

HOWW WELL I REMEMBER
THE DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'SSS
TRAGIC SSSLICIDE IN
THE FIFTH YEAR TORTURE
LAB...

... AND THE FFIRE IN THE SSENIOR
TUTORSSS' QUARTERSSS WHICHH
CLAIMED FFOUR LIVESSS

"I SSUCCEEDED IN IMPLICATINGG
A FELLOWW TRAINEE IN THAT ONE.
HE HAD BEEN IRRITATINGGG ME
WITH HIS HELPFUL ATTITUDE AND
CHHHEERFUL DISSPOSITION."

MORGY DID
IT, SIR! CHECK
HIS LOCKER!



"HOW WE ENJOYED IT!
WHAT BLOODTHIRSTY
YOUNG SAVAGES WE
WERE!"



"AHH! THE TRUE
WISDOM OF
YOUTH!"



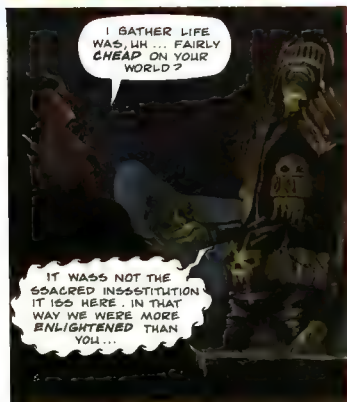
WHERE ARE THEY NOW,
MY OLD SCHOOL CHUMS?
DEAD... ALL DEAD.
PURGED OF THEIR SINNS.

MANY OF THEM BY
MY OWN GOOD HANDS...



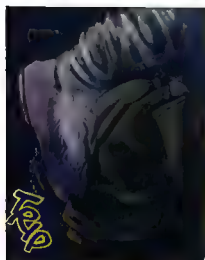
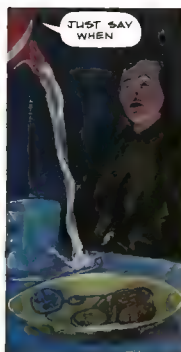
I GATHER LIFE
WAS, UH... FAIRLY
CHEAP ON YOUR
WORLD?

IT WAS NOT THE
SACRED INSTITUTION
IT IS HERE. IN THAT
WAY WE WERE MORE
ENLIGHTENED THAN
YOU...

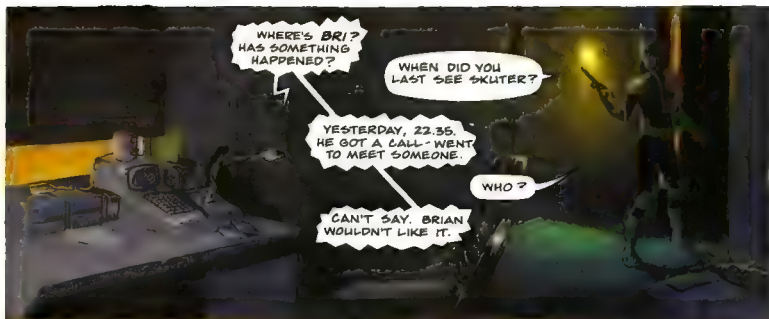


I THOUGHT I'D BRING YOU
A CLIP OF SOMETHING ANYWAY,
MR SKUTER. YOU MUST BE PARCHED
WITH ALL THAT TALKING.









WHERE'S BRI?
HAS SOMETHING
HAPPENED?

WHEN DID YOU
LAST SEE SKUTER?

YESTERDAY, 22.35.
HE GOT A CALL - WENT
TO MEET SOMEONE.

WHO?

CAN'T SAY. BRIAN
WOULDN'T LIKE IT.



BRIAN IS DEAD.

NO!

WHO DID HE
MEET YESTERDAY?
WHO MADE THE
CALL?

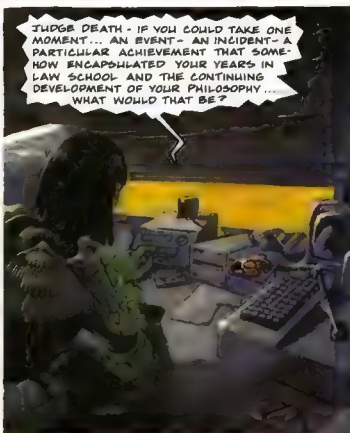
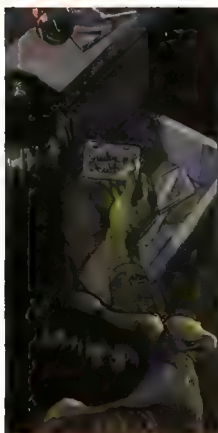


JUDGE DEATH



THAT'S WHAT BRI SAID, ANYWAY.
HE MET HIM BEFORE.

SEE FOR
YOURSELF. ALL
HIS NOTES AND
TAPES ARE IN
THE DRAWER.



JUDGE DEATH - IF YOU COULD TAKE ONE
MOMENT... AN EVENT - AN INCIDENT - A
PARTICULAR ACHIEVEMENT THAT SOME-
HOW ENCAPSULATED YOUR YEARS IN
LAW SCHOOL AND THE CONTINUING
DEVELOPMENT OF YOUR PHILOSOPHY...
WHAT WOULD THAT BE?



I'M GLAD YOU AOSKED
ME THAT, BRIAN...

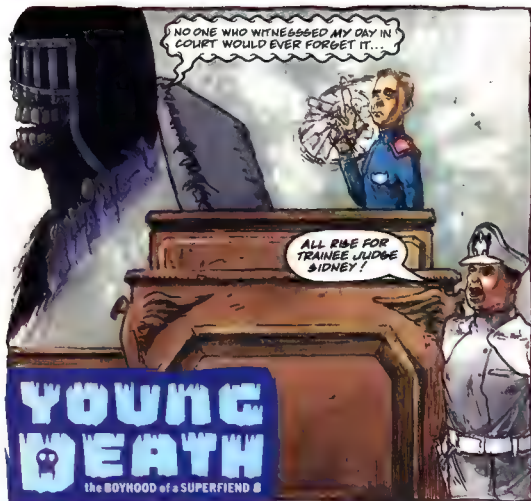
NEXT: SIDNEY GOES TO COURT!



THE HIGH POINT OF MY LAWW
SSSCHOOOL DAYSSSS - MY
CROWNINGSSS MOMENT -
CAME IN MY SIXTHHH YEAR...



IT WAS THE CUSSSTOM TO ALLOW
EACHH TRAINEE JJUDGE THEIR
DAY IN COURT - PRESSIDING OVER
PETTY OFFENCES AND CIVIL
MATTERSSS, FOR THE MOST PART.



NO ONE WHO WITNESSED MY DAY IN
COURT WOULD EVER FORGET IT...

ALL RISE FOR
TRAINEE JUDGE
SIDNEY!

**YOUNG
DEATH**
the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND



FIRST
CASE!



THE DEFENDANT IS
CHARGED WITH LOITERING
IN A NO-LOITER ZONE.

HOW DO YOU
PLEAD?

GUILTY, YOUR
HONOUR.



I SEE FROM YOUR RECORD YOU HAVE THIRTY FOUR PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU, CITIZEN ?

I'M WILLIN' TO PAY ME FINE LIKE A MAN, YOUR HONOUR



NO, NO, A FINE WON'T DO. YOU'LL JUST GO OUT AND LOITER AGAIN, WON'T YOU ? NO, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR A MORE PERMANENT SOLUTION.

I THINK I'LL SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH. HOW DOES THAT SOUND ?



HA HA. STOP KIDDIN' AROUND, YOUR HONOUR.



BADOW!

NEXT CASE!



YOU KILLED HIM ? JUST LIKE THAT ? COULD YOU GET AWAY WITH THAT ?

OH YESSSS... OUR JUDGESSSS HAD ABSOLUTE POWER. A FINE WOULD HAVE BEEN NORMAL, BUT ASS PRESSIDINGSS JUDGE NO ONE COULD OVER-RULE MY DECISION - THAT WASSS THE BEAUTY OF IT !



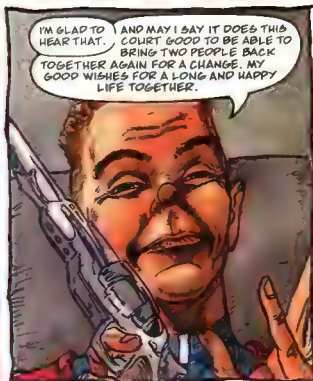
TWENTY SEVEEN CASSSESS CAME BEFFORE ME THAT DAY. I PESSSPATCHED THEM ALL.

SSOME SSSAW WHAT I WASSS UP TO AND TRIED TO CHANGGGE THEIR PLEASSS TO INNOCENT, BUT I WASSS HAVVINGG NONE OF IT !

BADOW!!

AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU.

NEXT !





MY DAY IN COURT CAUSED A FLOOD OF COMPLAINTS

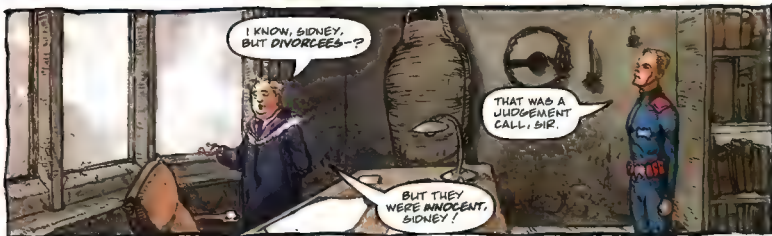
I CAN IMAGINE



"THE PRINCIPAL CALLED ME IN THE NEXT DAY HE FELT MY ACTIONS HAD BEEN EXCESSIVE .."

ONE OF THEM, SIDNEY - TWO OR THREE, MAYBE! YOU WERE GUNNING DOWN EVERYONE!

AS PRESIDING JUDGE THAT WAS MY RIGHT, SIR.



I KNOW, SIDNEY, BUT DIVORCEES--?

THAT WAS A JUDGEMENT CALL, SIR.

BUT THEY WERE INNOCENT, SIDNEY!



NOBODY'S INNOCENT, SIR. ONLY THE DEAD.

I BELIEVE MY SENTENCING WAS ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE. IF YOU CHECK OUR OWN STATISTICS YOU'LL SEE THAT 87 PER CENT OF CONVICTED PERPETRATORS WILL COMMIT ANOTHER OFFENCE - AND THESE ARE JUST THE ONES WE KNOW ABOUT.



HOW MANY OF THE PEOPLE I SENTENCED WILL RE-OFFEND?

WHY, NONE, BUT--

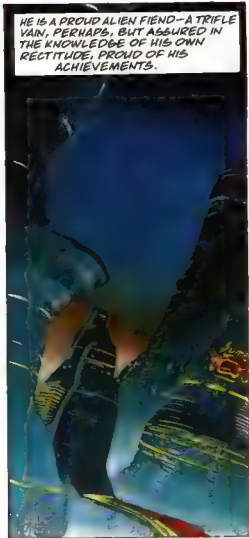
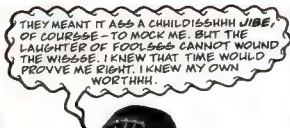
EXACTLY! EVEN YOU HAVE GOT TO ADMIT THOSE ARE GOOD FIGURES, SIR.



THEY ARE TOTALLY REHABILITATED. NOT ONE OF THEM WILL EVER COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME, AS FAR AS THEY ARE CONCERNED, I HAVE CURED THE CRIME PROBLEM.

YES, I SEE THAT, BUT--

NO, YOU DON'T SEE, SIR! WE'RE NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE IN A MINOR COURT. THERE'S A BROADER ISSUE AT STAKE.



rectitude, proud of his achievements.

In any other world, possessed of a different set of goals, a different moral code, who can say what pinnacles Judge Death would have reached?

Yet there was something more - another quality that set him above the level of a mere high achiever. That vision and strength of purpose that makes men into leaders.

I GRADUATED FROM
LAWN SSSCHOOL
WITH FULL HONOURS
I NOW HAD A LICENCE
TO KILL.

IF THAT'S NOT
THE REAL MCCOY
IT'S A PRETTY
GOOD
IMITATION!

YOU SAY SKUTER
GOT ANOTHER CALL
FROM THIS GEEK?

HE SOUNDED REAL
ANGRY - TOLD BEI
HE BETTER GET
OVER THERE PRONTO
OR ALL WOULD GO
ILL WITH HIM -
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
CREEE-PO!

I GOT THE
ADDRESS IF
YOU WANT IT

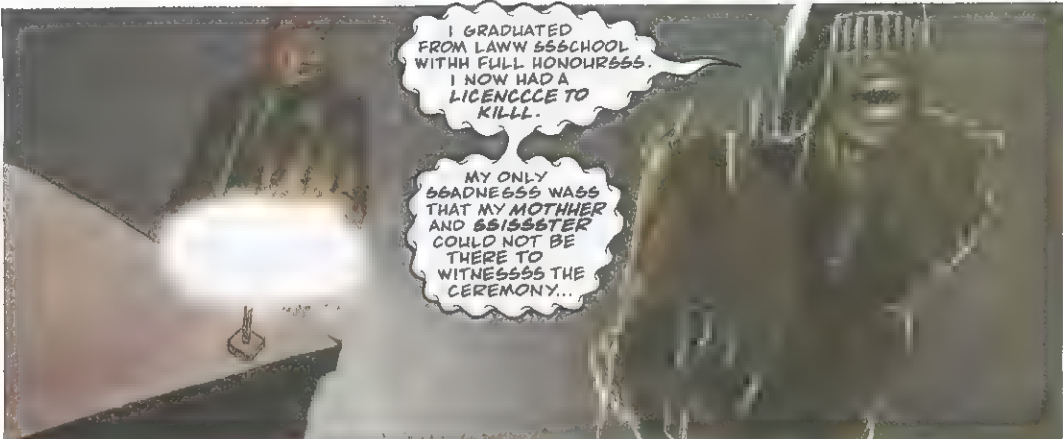
CONTROL, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK
SKUTER'S KILLER COULD BE JUDGE
DEATH. BETTER CALL IN ANDERSON,
JUST IN CASE.

GET UNITS TO APARTMENT
133b, SYLVIA PLATH BLOCK.

APARTMENT
REGISTERED IN THE
NAME ANDERSON.

INTERVIEW LODGER -
A MR JAY DEATH...

NEXT HAPPY FAMILIES!



I GRADUATED
FROM LAWN SSSCHOOL
WITH FULL HONOURSSS.
I NOW HAD A
LICENCCE TO
KILLL.

MY ONLY
SSADNESSS WASS
THAT MY MOTHER
AND SSSISTER
COULD NOT BE
THERE TO
WITNESSSS THE
CEREMONY...



THEYY HAD MOVVED AWAY
SSOME YEARSSS BEFFORE,
LEAVINGG NO FORWARDINGG
ADDRESSSSS, HOPINGG TO HIDE
THEMSSELVESSS FROM ME.

BUT
IFFOUND
THEM ..OHhh
YESSSS...

**YOUNG
DEATH**
the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 9

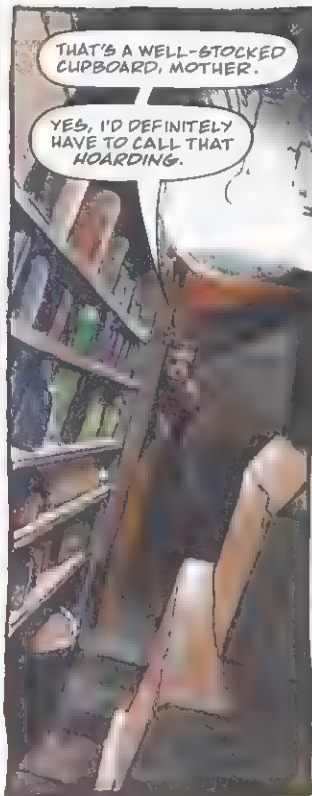




WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
HAMM...DIRTY WHEEL CHAIR
MARKS ON THE FLOOR?

CLEAR BREACH OF
HYGIENE REGS,
I'M AFRAID.

I ALWAYS KNEW THIS
WOULD HAPPEN! I
ALWAYS KNEW HE'D
COME FOR US!



THAT'S A WELL-STOCKED
CUPBOARD, MOTHER.

YES, I'D DEFINITELY
HAVE TO CALL THAT
HOARDING.



THESE ARE SERIOUS CRIMES.
IT'LL HAVE TO BE THE DEATH
PENALTY RIGHT ENOUGH.

WHO WANTS IT
FIRST?



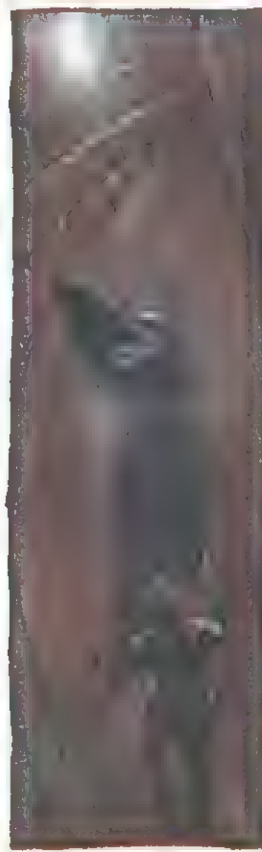
HOW THEY RAN! MOTHER
PUSSHHINGGG SSSSSS, HER
DEAR OLD LEGSS PUMPINGGG
LIKE PISTONSSS—

AND I AFFTER THEM, MY
YOUNGG HEART RACCINGGG,
FILLED WITH THE JOY
OF THE CHASSSE

AHHH! THESSSE SSWEET
REMEMBERED FAMILY
MOMENTSSS!



YOU CAN RUN BUT
YOU CAN'T HIDE!





I'M COMING TO
GET YOU!

OPEN THE DOOR,
MOTHER!

IT'S YOUR
LITTLE
BOYEE--!

CRASH!



DID YOU HURT
YOURSELF,
MOTHER?

WH-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
WHY DO YOU HATE US SO?

DON'T WORRY.
YOUR PAIN WILL
SOON BE OVER.

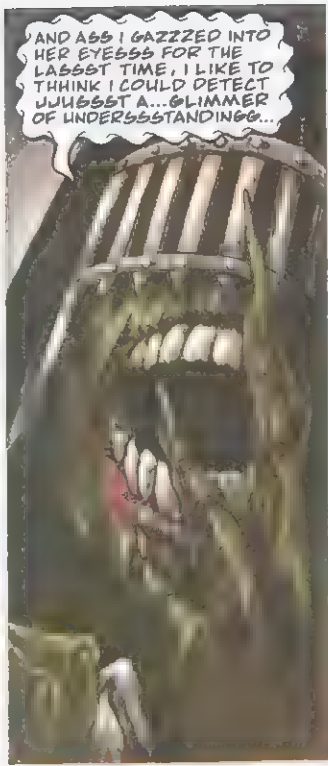


YOU'RE WRONG, MOTHER ! I
DON'T HATE YOU - I LOVE YOU !

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD,
MOTHER ! YOU'LL THANK
ME IN THE END !



AND I BENT...AND I
LIFTED HER
TENDERLY IN MY
TWO STRONGEST
ARMS...



AND AS I GAZED INTO
HER EYES FOR THE
LAST TIME, I LIKE TO
THINK I COULD DETECT
JUST A...GLIMMER
OF UNDERSTANDING...



YOU'RE MAD,
SIDNEY ! STARK
STARES MAD !

YOU'RE
BEGINNING
TO BORE ME,
MOTHER.



NEXT - LOVE AND DEATH!



SO...YOU MURDERED YOUR MOTHER AND SISTER—

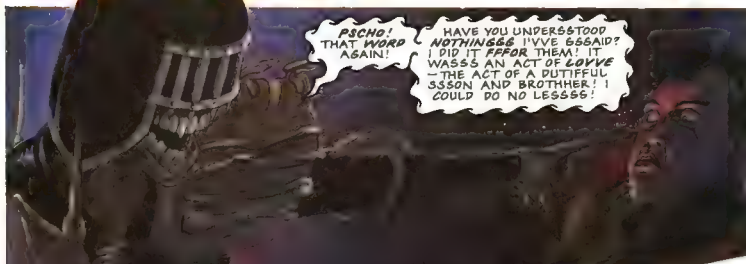
GRANTED THEM **MERCCEY**, MR **SSSKUTER**—
ACCORDING TO THE **LAWW**.



MINOR **CHHARGEGGGG**, I'LL ADMIT—BUT QUITE **SSSUFFICIENT** FFOR MY **PURPOSSSE**.

INCLUDING YOUR DAD AND WOOFIE, THAT MEANS YOU WIPED OUT THE WHOLE FAMILY.

BUT ROUGH ON THEM HAVING A **PSYCHO** ON THE TEAM.



PSCHO! THAT WORD AGAIN!

HAVE YOU UNDERSTOOD **NOTHINGGG** I'VE **SSSAID**? I DID IT FFOR THEM! IT WASSS AN ACT OF **LOVVE**—THE ACT OF A PUTIFFUL **SSSON** AND BROTHER! I COULD DO NO **LESSGG**!



YOU HAVE A **SSSARCASSSTIC** TONE AT TIMES THAT I FIND **INCREASSINGGLY** **IRRITATINGGG**, MR **SSSKUTER**

BY NOW MY BELIEFF IN THE INHERENT CORRUPTION OF LIFE HAD HARDENED INTO **ABSSSOLUTE** CONVICTION. I COULD **SSSE** THE FFUTURE LAID OUT BEFORE ME—MY **GOAL** WASSS CLEAR...



OF COURSE. SILLY ME. HOW COULD I MISS THAT.



HAVVVE A CARE. YOU ARE NOT OUT OF HERE YET.

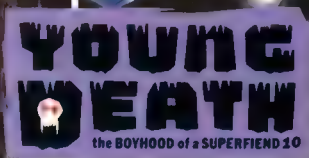


I MUSSST **DEBSTRY** THE **WORLD**—EVVERY **LIVVINGG** THHINGGG! I MUSSST RETURN THE WORLD TO A **SSSTATE** OF **PERFECT INNOCENCCCE**!

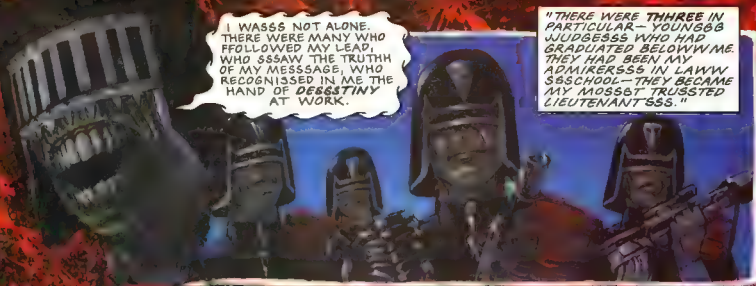
QUITE AN AMBITION.



SORRY! NO OFFENCE!



YOUNG DEATH
the **BOYHOOD** of a **SUPERFIEND 10**



I WASSS NOT ALONE.
THERE WERE MANY WHO
FFOLLOWED MY LEAD,
WHO SSSAW THE TRUTHH
OF MY MESSAGE, WHO
RECOGNISSED IN ME THE
HAND OF DEESTINY
AT WORK.

"THERE WERE THHREE IN
PARTICULAR—YOUNGSS
JUDGESSS WHO HAD
GRADUATED BELOWW/ME.
THEY HAD BEEN MY
ADMIRERSSS IN LAWW
SSSCHOOL—THEY BECAME
MY MESSST TRUSTED
LIEUTENANTSSS."



"AHHH, WHAT HEADY
DAYSSS THEY WERE!
WHAT TIMESSS WE
HAD, JUDGINGSS THE
PEOPLE TO OUR YOUNG
HEARTSSS CONTENT!"



"IT WASSS SSTILL
NECESSARY TO OFFER
SSOME PALTRY
JUSSSTIFICATION FOR
OUR ACTIVITIESSS—
LIFFE IT'SSELF HAD
NOT YET BEEN
DECLARED ILLEGAL."

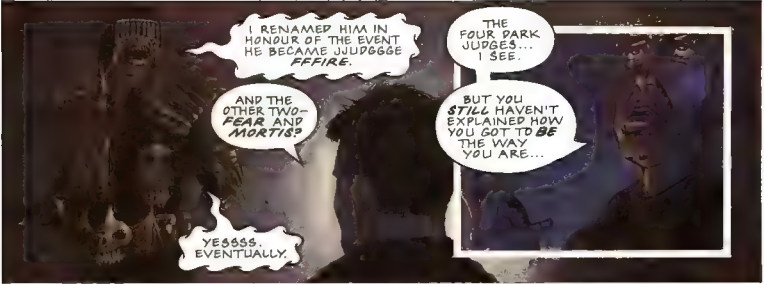


"BUT A CRIME COULD
ALWAYSSS BE FOUND.
THAT ISS THE NATURE
OF LIFFE. ALL ARE
GUILTY."



"HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE
DAY ONE OF MY YOUNG BUCKSS
SSSENTENCCED AN ENTIRE
SSSCHOOL TO DEATHH—
BREACHHH OF NOISSSE REGSSS
AT PLAYTIME! OVER EIGHTEEN
HUNDRED YOUNGSS SSSINNESS
ROASSSTED TO A CRISSSP."

"IT WASS RATHER A
LARGE COMPREHENSSSIVE,
I RECALL..."



I RENAMED HIM IN
HONOUR OF THE EVENT
HE BECAME JUDGE
FFIRE.

AND THE
OTHER TWO-
FEAR AND
MORTIS?

YESSSS.
EVENTUALLY.

THE
FOUR DARK
JUDGES...
I SEE.

BUT YOU
STILL HAVEN'T
EXPLAINED HOW
YOU GOT TO BE
THE WAY
YOU ARE...



I MEAN, YOU'RE
NOT REALLY ALIVE,
ARE YOU? YOU'RE
ALWAYS COMING OUT
WITH THAT "YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT DOES NOT
LIVE" STUFF.

I WASSS
COMING
TO THAT.



IT WASSS A STROKE
OF GOOD FFORTUNE.
YOU SSEE, I FFELL
IN LOVVE

YOU?
YOU'RE
KIDDING
ME.

TWO?

QUITE
THE LITTLE
ROMEO,
WEREN'T
YOU?

YOU ARE ON YOUR
LASSST WARNINGSS,
MR SSSKUTER.

SORRY!
SORRY!

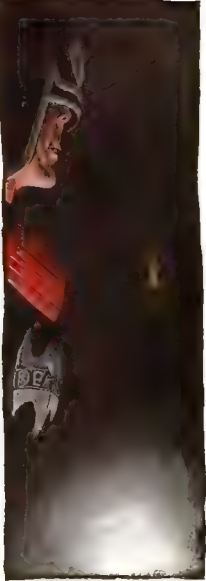
TWO OF THE MOOSSST
RAVISSSHINGSS
CREATURESSS YOU
CAN IMAGINE..!



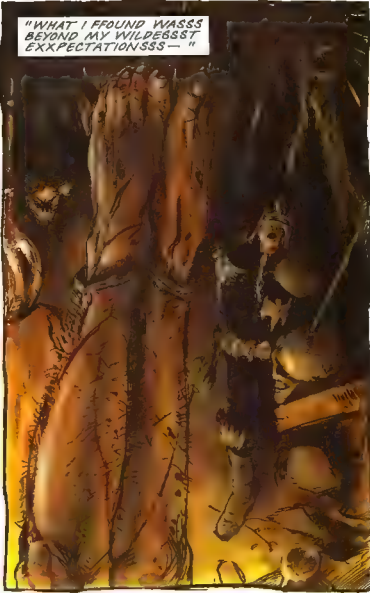
FFOR YEARSSS A
SSECTION OF THE TOWN
HAD HAD A FEARFUL
REPUTATION. PEOPLE
DISSAPPEARED AND WERE
NEVER Sseen AGAIN.
THERE WERE RUMOURSSS
OF DEMONSSS WHICH
DWELT IN CAVVE
SYSTEASSS DEEP
BELOW GROUND...



"I DECIDED TO
INVESSSTIGATE..



"WHAT I FFOUND WASSS
BEYOND MY WILDESSST
EXXPECTATIONSSS—"



"A TEMPLE... A TEMPLE
DEVVOTED TO DEATHHH
IN ALL IT'S
WONDROUSSS FORMSSS"





A JUDGE,
GISTTER...



I THINK
HE'S COME
TO KILL
US...

YESSS



HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE



"PHHOBIA AND NAUSSSEA
WERE THEIR NAMESS
THEY WERE DEATHHH
CULTISSTSSS AND
DEVOTEESS OF THE DARK
ARTSSS. THEY DERIVED
THEIR POWER FFROM
HUMAN SSACRIFICCE."

"IT WASSS LOVVVE AT
FFIRSSST SSIGHT!"

YOU SEEM
SUCH PRECIOUS
CREATURES...

IT WOULD
BE A SHAME
TO HURT YOU...
JUST YET.



WHO CAN EXPLAIN
LOVVVE? IT SSSTRIKESS
WHEN WE LEASSST
EXPECT!

ALL I
KNOW ISSS,
ASS I BEHELD
THEM THERE,
A PICTURE OF
DEMENTED
LOVELINESSS-

- ASS I GAZZZED
UPON THE DIVINE
MADNESSS IN
THEIR EYESSS-

- I FELT A
SSSTIRRINGG
IN MY BREAEST
AND IN MY
LOINSSS SSUCHH
ASS I HAD
NEVER FFELT
BEFORE...

FFROM THAT
MOMENT I WASSS
THEIRSSSS!

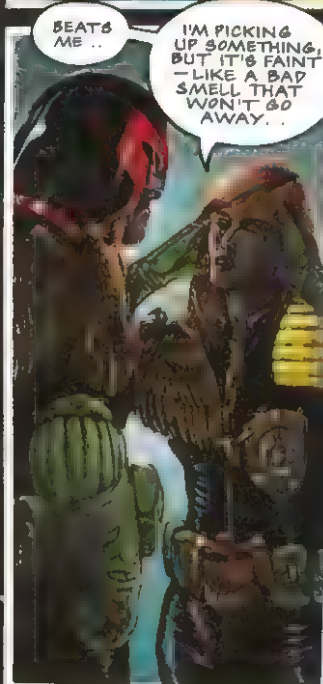
NEXT: THE DEATH OF DEATH!

YOUNG DEATH

the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 11



WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
ANDERSON?



BEATS
ME...

I'M PICKING
UP SOMETHING,
BUT IT'S FAINT
—LIKE A BAD
SMELL THAT
WON'T GO
AWAY...



BUT...
HELL! IF
DEATH WAS
IN TOWN I'M
SURE I'D HAVE
SENSED IT
LONG BEFORE
THIS...

WE
SHALL
SEE.

H-WAGONS
IN POSITION
HOLDING OFF
AT FIVE ZERO-
ZERO



MOVE
IN!

PHOBIA AND NAUSEA, THE SISTERS OF DEATH—THOSE ETHERAL DEMONS WHO WROUGHT SUCH APPALLING CARNAGE UPON OUR CITY... IT CAME AS A SHOCK TO REALISE THAT THEY TOO HAD ONCE BEEN HUMAN.

I FELL TOTALLY UNDER THE SSSISSTERSSS' SSSPELL. I WOULD BRING THEM VICTIMSSS AND WE—

I WILL NOT GO INTO DETAIL. SS SOME OF THE THINGSSS WE DID MADE EVEN ME FFEEL QUEASSSY.

BUT I WASSS YOUNGGG THEN. SSSOME ACTSSS OF UNSSPEAKABLE DEPRAYVVITY ARE AN... ACQUIRED TASSSTE.



IT WASSS THEY WHO REMINDED ME OF THE FUNDAMENTAL FLAWWW IN MY ARGUMENT.

I'D RECOGNISSED THE PROBLEM A LONGG TIME BEFFORE. I'D WRESSSTLED WITH IT MANY TIMESSS—TO NO AVAIL.

YOU GOT SOMETHING WRONG—?

YOU SSSSEE, MR SSSKUTER, I TOO WASSS ALIVVE — TOO WASSS A SSSINNER—PERHAPSS THE GREATESST SSSINNER OF ALL! WHAT RIGHT HAD I TO SSSTAND IN JJUDGEMENT OVER OTHERSSS?

IT WASSS THE SSSISSTERSSS WHO PROVIDED THE SSSOLUTION.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE. IT'S THE ONLY WAY

ONLY THEN CAN YOU BE PURE TO JUDGE.





AN INTERESTING
EXPERIENCE, GIRLS, BUT
RATHER TOO FINAL
FOR MY LIKING.

IT WOULDN'T BE
PERMANENT...

WE CAN
RESURRECT
YOU - BRING
YOU BACK AS
LIVING DEAD.

LIVING
DEATH. HUH. ?
SOUNDS GOOD
TO ME'

WE'LL DO
A REALLY NICE
JOB ON YOU,
SIDDEYKINS.

TAKE THESE POISONS.
TAKE THEM DAILY. THEY'LL
GRADUALLY PREPARE YOUR BODY -
ROT THE PLANT ON THE STALK.

WE TAKE
POISONS
OURSELVES.
REE -

PHOBIA'S MORE
ADVANCED THAN ME.
SHE'S ALREADY HALFWAY
TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

SOON
I'LL HARDLY
BE HERE
AT ALL.

INTERESTING.

I TOOK THE POISSONSSS ASS
INSTRUCTED... AND SLOWLY, DAY BY
DAY, MY FLESHHHH DECAYED

AFFTER THIRTY DAYSSS I
BECAME TOO WEAK TO SSSTAND.
THE SSISSTERSSS TENDED ME
TIRELESSLY, ANOINTINGSS MY
BODY WITH FOUL - SSMELLING
UNGUENTSSS AND CORROSIVE
FLUIDSSS.

DONE TO
A TURN!

"MY THREE TRUSTED
LIEUTENANTS WERE
INVITED TO WITNESS
MY DEMISE"

THE HOUR HAS
COME TO SEPARATE
THIS MORTAL
LIFE!

I'M PRESENT

PURGED
OF MY
ESSENCE
AND YET
UNDEAD!

WELL DONE,
THAT MAN!

LET
THE DEAD
FLUIDS
FLOW!

LET THE
BODY
RIPEN!



ENTER
NOW!



FILL THIS
SOULLESS
CARCASS!



ARISE,
JUDGE
DEATH!

"THEY HAD PREPARED NEW ROBES
OF OFFICE, IN KEEPING WITH MY
ELEVATED STATUS -"

EXCELLENT!





IT WORKSSSS!



YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOESSS NOT
LIVVVE!

PRETTY FINE
JOB YOU DID THERE,
LADIES! RECKON
YOU COULD DO
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT FOR US?



IT
WOULD BE
A PLEASURE,
BOYS!

NEXT: THE FINAL CHAPTER!



SO IT WAS
THE SISTERS
OF DEATH
WHO TURNED
YOU INTO A
ZOMBIE.

I DO
NOT LIKE
THAT TERM,
MR SSSKUTER

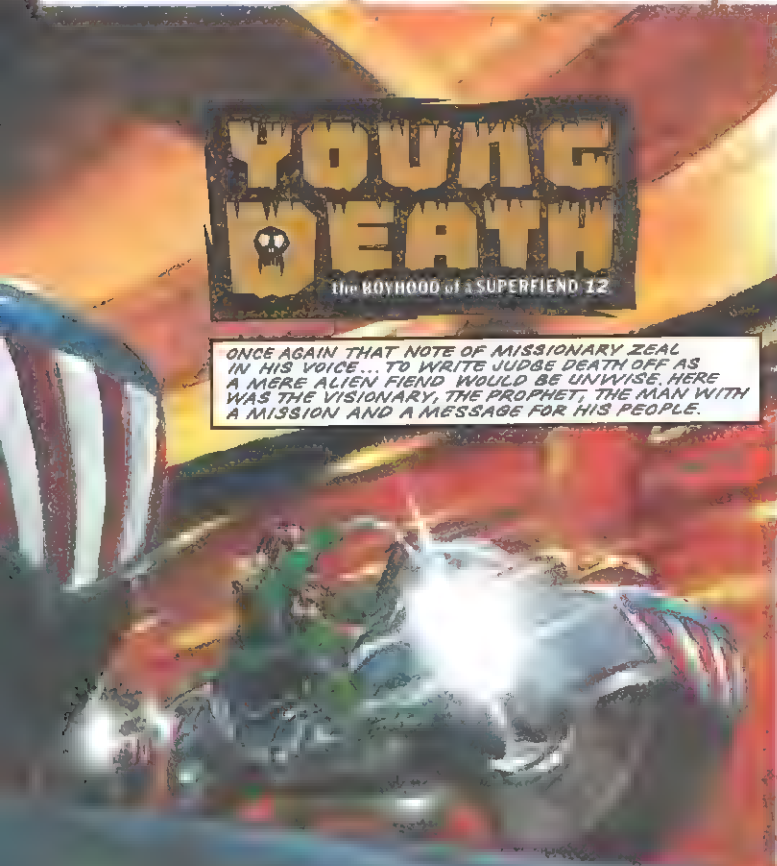


IT SSSUGGESTS
MINDLESS SUBSSERVIANCCE
TO ANOTHER'S WILL. I CAN
ASSURE YOU, I WAS NEVVER
ANYONE'S FOOL.

THOUGH I DO CONFESS
I HAD BECOME SSSOMEWHAT
DISSTRACTED OF LATE...



IT CAN HAPPEN TO THE
MOST FAR-SIGHTED
OF US - WE BECOME BOGGED
DOWN IN THE PRACTICAL,
DAY-TO-DAY ASPECTS,
LOSSE SIGHT OF THE
BROADER PERSPECTIVE..



YOUNG DEATH

the BOYHOOD of a SUPERFIEND 12

ONCE AGAIN THAT NOTE OF MISSIONARY ZEAL
IN HIS VOICE... TO WRITE JUDGE DEATH OFF AS
A MERE ALIEN FIEND WOULD BE UNWISE. HERE
WAS THE VISIONARY, THE PROPHET, THE MAN WITH
A MISSION AND A MESSAGE FOR HIS PEOPLE.



DARE I SAY IT - IN HIS
OWN, TWISTED TERMS,
A MESSIAH



NOW I WASS
FILLED WITH
NEWW ENERGY.
I COULD SSEE
SSUDDENLY THAT
DESSSTINY WASS
WITHIN MY
GRASSSP- FFOR
WHO COULD
SSSTAND AGAINST
ME NOW?



WITH MY FAITHHHFFUL
LIEUTENANTSSS I PAID A
CALL ON OUR CHHIEFF
JJUDGE...

AHH,
DEATH.
YES... I'VE
BEEN MEANING
TO HAVE A
WORD WITH
YOU.



IT'S ALL
THIS KILLING...
KILLING, KILLING,
KILLING!

THE PEOPLE
ARE GUILTYYY.
THEY MUSSST
BE JJUDGEED.

YES, YES,
GRANTED, BUT
CAN'T YOU
OCCASIONALLY
JUST ARREST
SOMEONE?

THAT'S
A TERRIBLE
HISS YOU'RE
DEVELOPING, BY
THE WAY.



CORPSES, CORPSES,
EVERYWHERE YOU GO-
YOU AND THOSE BULLY
BOYS OF YOURS! AND IT'S
NOT JUST YOU- **EVERY**
BODY'S AT IT NOW!

I JUST
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH YOU, DEATH.
YOU ACT LIKE YOU
WOULDN'T BE
SATISFIED TILL
THE WHOLE
WORLD'S
DEAD!

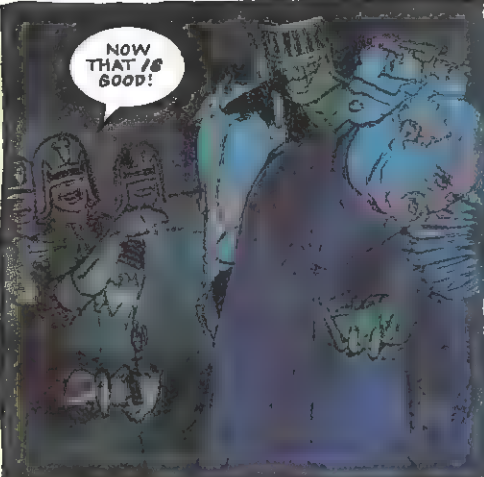


YESSS,
SSSIR!

THE CRIME
ISSS LIFFF,
SSSSIR -



THE SSSENTENCE
ISSSS DEATHHH!



NOW
THAT IS
GOOD!



MY FFIRSSST
ACT ASS CHHIEFF
JJUDGE WASSS TO
DECLARE LIIFFFE
OFFFICIIALLY
ILLLEBAL.

YOU
TOOK
OVER?

NATURALLY.



THERE WERE A FFEWW
OBJJECTORSSS, OF COURSE—
SSSTILL A FFEWW WETSSS
AROUND— BUT THEY WERE
SSSOON WEEDED OUT.

THE SS/SSSTERSSS
WORKED THEIR SSORCCERY
UPON MY LIEUTENANTSSS...
AND THE RESST— ASS THEY
SSSAY— ISS HISSSTORY.

"WE SSSENT OUT OUR JJUDGESSS
TO EVERY QUARTER TO JJUDGE
THE PEOPLE— AND WHEN THEY
HAD FFINISSHHED WE IN TURN
JJUDGEED THEM.

"WE DESSSTROYED EVERY
LIVINGS THINGS! WE
CREATED PARADISSSE,
MR SSSKUTER— A WORLD
TRULY FFIT FFOR THE
INNOCENT!"



"THAT MAY SSEEEM HARSHHH, BUT BELIEVVE ME, IT VASSS NECESSSARY."



GET BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT. LOCK THE DOOR.

"COMPARE OUR SSSSTATISSSTICSSS—"



ON DEADWORLD THERE ISSS NO ROBBERY—NO MURDER—NO ARSSSON—NO LITTERINGGG—NO NOISSY PARTIESSS TO DISSTURB THE NEIGHBOURSSS

NO NEIGHBOURSSS.



NO EVIL LURKINGGG IN THE HEARTSSS OF MEN. NO CRIME, MR SSSKUTER.

YOU CANNOT ARGUE WITHHH SSSSTATISSSTICSSS. DEATHHH ISS THE SSSOLUTION. DEATHHHH CURESSS ALL.



THANK YOU FFOR COMINGGG, MR SSSKUTER

YOU MEAN— THAT'S IT? I... I CAN GO NOW?

YOU CAN GO NOWWW.



LET THE PEOPLE KNOW MY SSSSTORY. I WANT THEM TO UNDERSSSTAND... THERE ISSS AN ALTERNATIVE.



THEY HAVVE REJECTED ME THISSSS TIME, BUT SSSSOME DAY THEY WILL COME TO RECOGNISSSE THE TRUE WICKEDNESSS OF THEIR LIVESSS.

TELL THEM... WHEN THEY DO— WHEN THEY ARE READY TO RECCEIIVE MERCY— I WILL RETURN.

UH... RIGHT.

HIS BALEFUL GAZE NEVER LEFT ME AS I HASTILY PACKED. I COULDN'T ESCAPE THE TERRIBLE SUSPICION THAT HE WAS TOYING WITH ME, THAT I WOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE...

MR SSSKUTER—

MY BROTHERSSS...
THE PLACE WHERE THEY ARE
BEINGG HELD—ANY CHANCCCE
OF... SSSPRINGSSS
THEM?

I... I DON'T
THINK SO. IT'S
TRIPLE SECURITY
THEY'VE GOT SUCTION
TRAPS AND A TEAM
OF PSI JUDGES ON
PERMANENT DUTY,
JUST IN CASE
YOU SHOW.

I THOUGHT
ASS MUCHH.
THANK YOU.

OH... MR
SSSKUTER—

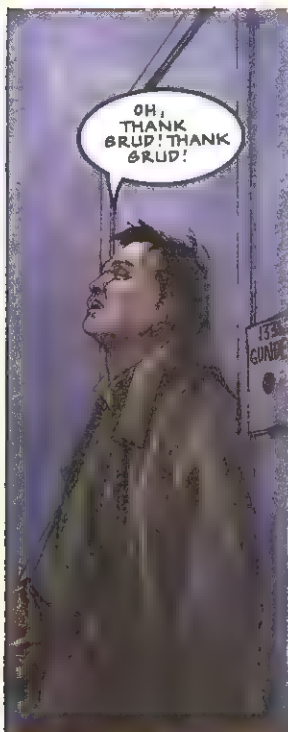
ONE FFINAL
THHINGSS...

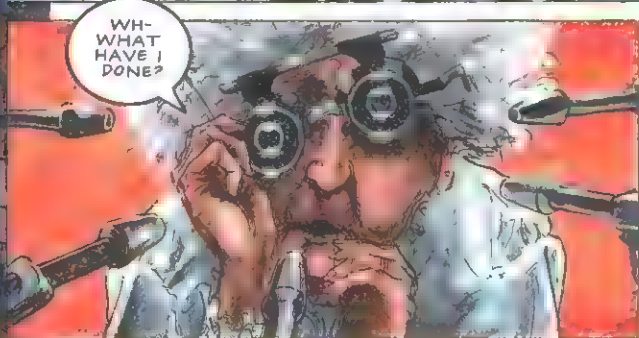
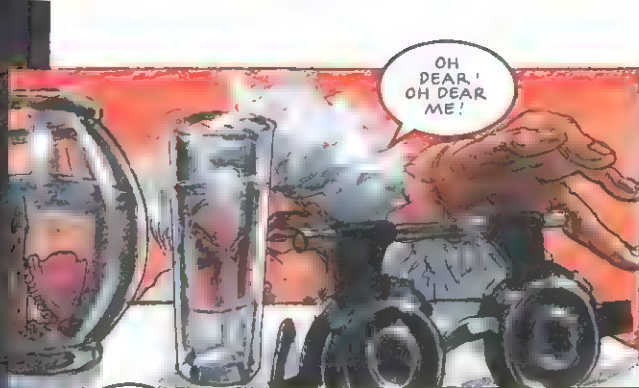
Y...YES...?

I'M A LITTLE SSSHORT
AT THE MOMENT. I WONDER
IF YOU COULD PERHAPSSS
SSEE YOUR WAY...

JUSSST ENOUGH TO
COVER THE RENT.

UH,
YEAH. I
GUESS...





MR
DO'ATH...
WELL, I
NEVER—!

I ALWAYS
FELT THERE WAS
SOME DEEP SECRET
HE WAS HIDING...
A BROKEN LOVE
AFFAIR, PERHAPS...

HE WAS A
VERY PRIVATE
PERSON, YOU SEE.
NO FRIENDS—
APART FROM
MR SKUTER...

I
DON'T
KNOW IF
YOU COULD
CALL HIM
A FRIEND,
REALLY...

I
BROUGHT
SKUTER'S
NOTES AND
TAPES
OVER.

YOU
WANT TO
GET A LOAD
OF THIS STUFF.
PLEASANT
BEDTIME
READING IT
AIN'T.

SKUTER
GOT A SECOND
CALL FROM DEATH
LAST NIGHT. HE
WAS ANGRY ABOUT
SOMETHING—
DON'T KNOW
WHAT.

THE
ANSWER'S
HERE ..

—GOING TO
RECORD THIS,
OKAY..?

YESSS.
GOOD IDEA,
MR
SSSKUTER.

NOW, UH,
WHAT WAS IT
YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME
ABOUT?

THISSS!

YOU'VE
SEEN IT-

UH...
WH-WHAT
DO YOU
THINK...

I AM APPALLED,
MR SSSKUTER!

JUDGE DEATH LIVES!

IS JUDGE DEATH
YOUR NEXT DOG
NEIGHBOUR?

How to know when you are a

TOP EXCUSES FOR
NOT PAYING
BLOCK TARIFF

FREE!!

PRODUCT

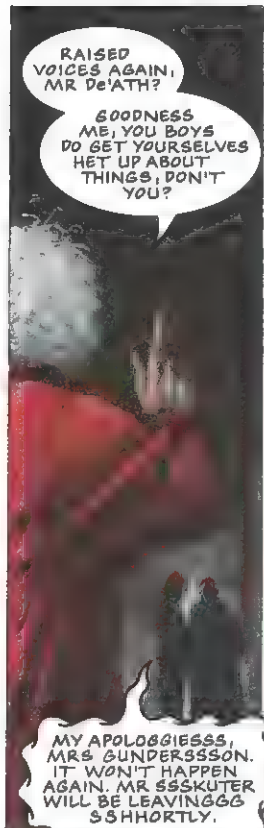
"ISS JUDGE
DEATHH YOUR NEXT
DOOR NEIGHBOUR"

AND HERE-LATER ON-
"20 THINGSSSS YOU
NEVER KNEW ABOUT
THE DARK DESSSTROYER!"

TRIVVIA,
MR SSSKUTER!

I GIVE YOU MY LIFFE
AND YOU GIVVE ME
TRIVVVVIA!

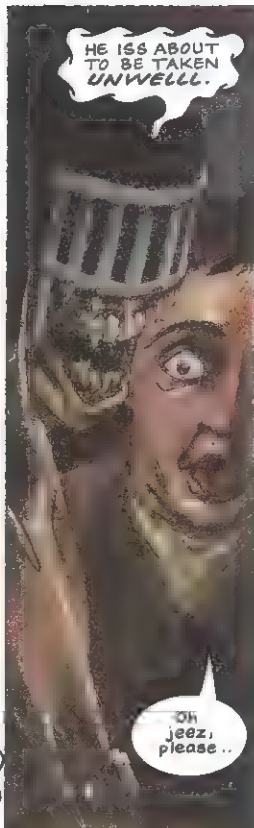
RAP
RAP



RAISED
VOICES AGAIN,
MR DE'ATH?

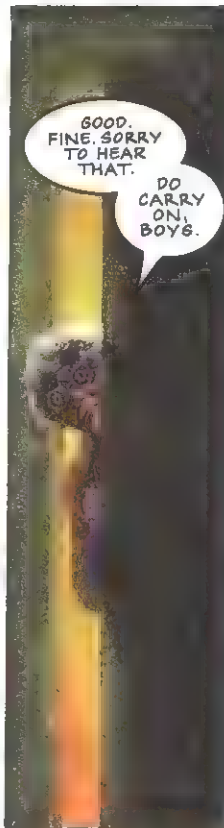
GOODNESS
ME, YOU BOYS
DO GET YOURSELVES
HET UP ABOUT
THINGS, DON'T
YOU?

MY APOLOGGIESSS,
MRS GUNDERSSON.
IT WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN. MR SSSKUTER
WILL BE LEAVINGGG
SSHORTLY.



HE ISS ABOUT
TO BE TAKEN
UNWELL.

Oh
jeez,
please ..



GOOD.
FINE. SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT.

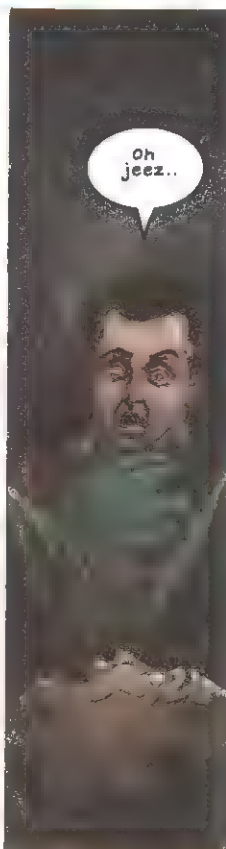
DO
CARRY
ON,
BOYS.



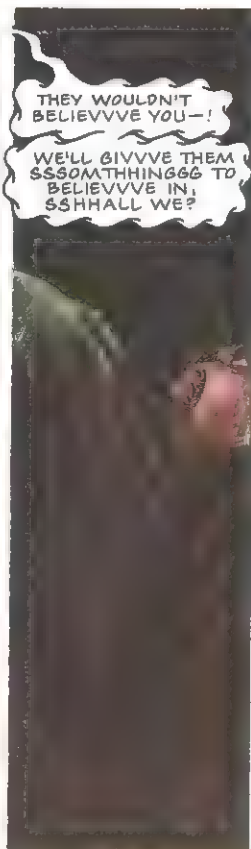
LOOK, IT
W-WASN'T MY
FAULT! HONEST!
I-I DID YOU A
REALLY NICE PIECE—
A PROPER IN-DEPTH
PROFILE—B-BUT
THEY WOULDN'T
BUY IT!



THEY
THOUGHT
I WAS MAKING
IT UP! THEY WOULDN'T
BELIEVE YOU WERE
HERE, IN THE CITY—
TH- THEY FIGURED PSI-
DIVISION WOULD
HAVE KNOWN
ABOUT IT—

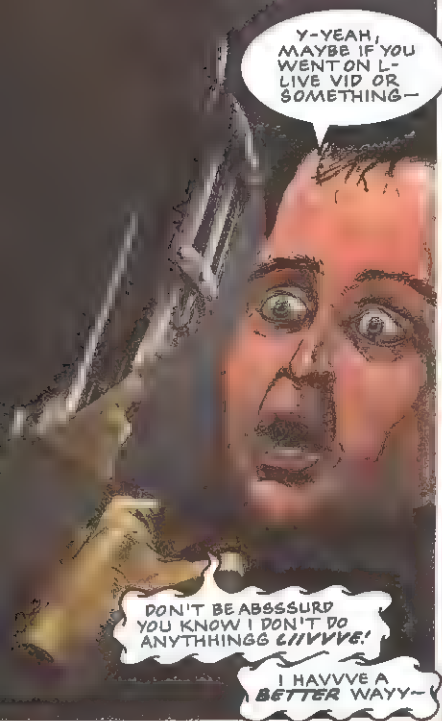


Oh
jeez..



THEY WOULDN'T
BELIEVVVE YOU—!

WE'LL GIVVVE THEM
SSSOMTHINGGG TO
BELIEVVVE IN,
SSHALL WE?



Y-YEAH,
MAYBE IF YOU
WENT ON L-
LIVE VID OR
SOMETHING--

DON'T BE ABSSSUD
YOU KNOW I DON'T DO
ANYTHINGG LIIVVE!

I HAVVVE A
BETTER WAY--



THE CRIME ISSS
LIFFFE,
MR SSSKUTER...

YOU KNOWW
THE RESSST!

Oh
sweet
grud--!

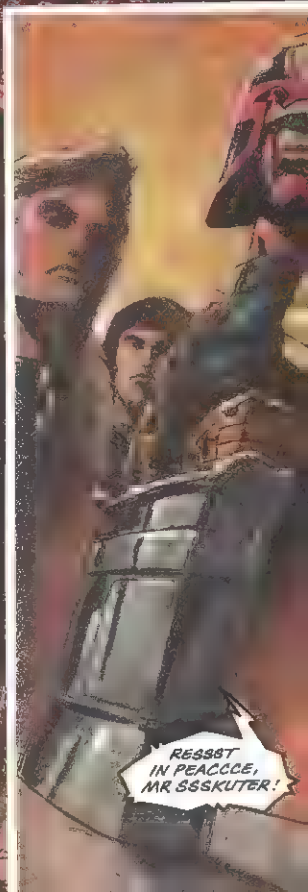


UNG GGGGG



HOWW DOES THAT
FFEEEL, HAMMMMA? ISSS
THAT TO YOUR TASSSTE?

CAN YOU FFEEEL THAT
FFORSSIVVENESSSS
SSSPREADINGGG
THROUGH YOU?



RESSST
IN PEACCCE,
MR SSSKUTER!



JUDGE THE MEGAZINE DROOD



NEW! Meet *AL's Baby*!
HE'S ONE MEAN MOTHER!

Mobsters meet maternity
wear in **AL'S BABY!**

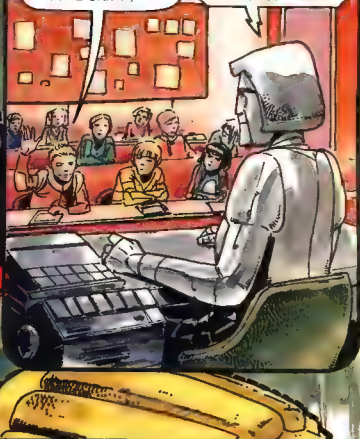


**STARTS
TODAY!**

HEY,
TEACH!

MALADY WILSON SAYS
GIRLS ARE BETTER THAN
BOYS BECAUSE GIRLS
CAN HAVE BABIES, AND
BOYS CAN'T!

I WOULDN'T SAY
BETTER, JOHNNY—
DIFFERENT. BUT YES,
THAT'S LARGELY
TRUE.

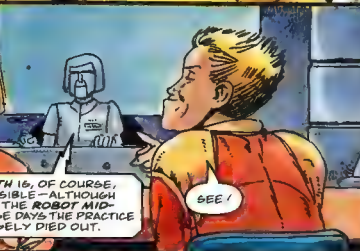


NAH!

I SAID
LARGELY,
MALADY.

MALE BIRTH IS, OF COURSE,
QUITE POSSIBLE—ALTHOUGH
THANKS TO THE **ROBOT MID-
WIFE** THESE DAYS THE PRACTICE
HAS LARGELY DIED OUT.

SEE!



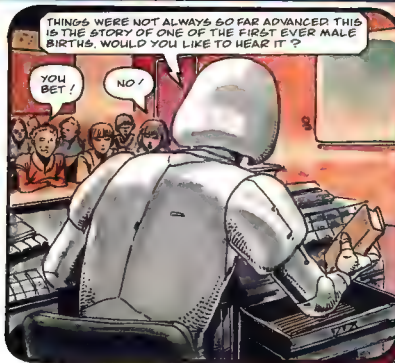
THINGS WERE NOT ALWAYS SO FAR ADVANCED THIS
IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THE FIRST EVER MALE
BIRTHS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR IT?

IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO, BEFORE MEGA-
CITY ONE WAS CREATED—WHEN THIS LAND
WAS STILL CALLED AMERICA...

YOU
BET!

NO!

IT
HAPPENED
FAR AWAY,
IN A CITY
CALLED
CHI-TOWN...





VINNIE'S
BAR

AL'S
baby

AS TOLD BY VINNIE
OF Vinnie's Bar and Grill
("Great Steaks and Cheap Booze")

AND A FEW OTHER NAMES I COULD MENTION.

OH GEEZ!

A waiter in a white shirt and black tuxedo jacket is running towards the left. He has a worried expression on his face. He is balancing a silver tray on his left hand, which holds a yellow box with a red star and a black pen. The background is a simple green and yellow wash.

TING!

CRASH!

NOW AL IS WIDELY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE A CHARACTER IT IS SMART TO STAY ON THE FRIENDLY SIDE OF - UNLESS YOU ARE PARTIAL TO A STAY IN CHI-TOWN GENERAL, OR AT VERY LEAST A SERIOUS HEADACHE

NOW AL IS WIDELY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE A CHARACTER IT IS SMART TO STAY ON THE FRIENDLY SIDE OF - UNLESS YOU ARE PARTIAL TO A STAY IN CHI-TOWN GENERAL, OR AT VERY LEAST A SERIOUS HEADACHE





HEY, EVERYBODY!
YOU AIN'T
HEARD NOTHIN',
SEE? AL AIN'T
MENTIONED
THIS OTHER
BABE—

THERE
AIN'T
NOOTHER
BABE,
SAL,



I'M HAVIN' THE
BABY—ME!

Y-YOU
MEAN—?

YEAH!



I'M PREGNANT!



AL TAKES OUT HIS
ICE MACHINE AND
LAYS IT ON THE
TABLE AND IT IS A
PRETTY SAFE BET
THAT THE FIRST
ONE TO BURST OUT
LAUGHING IS GOING
TO BE DOING IT
WITHOUT THE AID
OF A FACE.



I'M TELLIN' YA NOW
'COS YOU'RE GONNA
FIND OUT SOONER OR
LATER ANYWAYS, SO
LET'S JUST GET THIS
STRAIGHT FROM THE
START—

THERE AIN'T GONNA
BE NO WISCRACKS
AN' SNIGGERIN'
BEHIND MY BACK,
SEE? JUST CARRY
ON LIKE NOTHIN'S
CHANGED, AN' YOU'LL
ALL COME OUTTA
THIS IN ONE PIECE.

IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?



IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

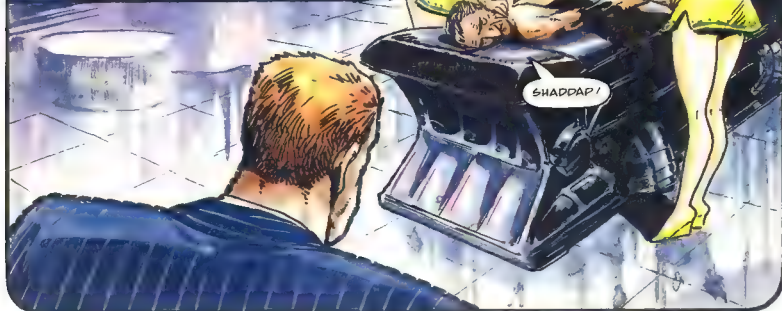
CRACK!

UH, GEE, AL, I,
UH... I GUESS
CONGRATS
ARE IN
ORDER!

NOW AL THE BEAST HAS DONE SOME STARTLING THINGS IN HIS TIME, BUT IT HAS TO BE SAID THEY ARE GENERALLY OF A MORE VIOLENT AND REPULSIVE NATURE. HOW THE TERROR OF CHI-TOWN HAS MANAGED TO GET HIMSELF UP THE SKID IS A PUZZLE TO ALL ASSEMBLED

THIS IS
HOW IT
COMES
ABOUT

THE
GODFATHER
SENT FOR
ME.



NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN IN THIS WHOLE WORLD AL THE BEAST IS AFRAID OF--AND THAT HAPPENS TO BE THE GODFATHER, DON LUIGI BARCOMA.

ME? HOW'VE I LET YA DOWN, GODFATHER?

AL EVEN HEARS THE NAME DON LUIGI, HE TURNS TO A CONSISTENCY NOT FAR REMOVED FROM THAT OF CHICKEN SOUP

IT IS A SAD SIGHT.

I DONE FOUR HITS LAST WEEK ALONE! I NEVER LET YA DOWN ON NO HIT!

YOUR HITS WERE GOOD, AL

AN' I PUT THE MUSCLE ON OLD MAN KOTCH JUUST LIKE YA WANTED. I BROKE HIS LEGS FOR YA, GODFATHER--HELL, I EVEN BROKE HIS DOG'S LEGS!

OH GEEZ! THAT WAS IT, WASN'T IT? THE DOG--YOU'RE MAD ABOUT THE DOG!

YOUR LEGBREAKING'S GOOD, AL.

THE DOG HAD IT COMIN'.

YOU SURE EAT GREAT, LOUEY!

SHADDAP!

THEN WHAT? WHAT'VE I DONE?

YOU MARRIED MY DAUGHTER, AL.

B-BUT YOU SAID I COULD!

I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS LETTIN' HER MARRY NO PANSY.

I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU, BRINGIN' YOU INTO THE FAMILY. YOU'RE NOT SHOWIN' ME PROPER RESPECT.

IF YOU HAD RESPECT YOU'D GIVE ME A GRANDCHILD.



HOW LONG YA BEEN MARRIED, AL? TWO YEARS? TWO YEARS, AN? I LISTEN-- AN OLD MAN LISTENS-- AN! WHAT DO I HEAR?

NOTHIN! THAT'S WHAT I HEAR, NOTHIN! NO PATTEN OF TINY FEET-- NO BAMBINO!

SHE'S MY ONLY KID, AL. I'M AN OLD MAN-- I COULD POP OFF ANY TIME.



I MEAN, LOOK AT ME. WHAT AM I HERE-- THE TENNIS PRO?

YOU'RE MY TENNIS PRO, LOUEY.

YOU'RE SO HUNKY!

SHADDAP!



I DON'T WANNA DIE WITHOUT KNOWIN' THE FAMILY BUSINESS IS GONNA STAY IN THE FAMILY, AN? I AIN'T GOT TIME TO WAIT-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN, AL?

B-BUT WHAT CAN I DO, GODFATHER? VELMA, SHE DON'T WANT NO KIDS. SHE SAYS IT'D GET IN THE WAY OF HER CAREER.



THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. SHE'S YOUR WIFE-- YOU HANDLE HER.

OR I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN.

AND THE GODFATHER LEAVES AL IN LITTLE DOUBT THAT IF HE DOES NOT PRODUCE THE REQUIRED OFFSPRING-- AND IN FAIRLY SHORT ORDER-- THEN THE ONLY BOOTIES AL IS LIKELY TO BE SEEING WILL BE OF THE CONCRETE VARIETY.



SEE, LOUEY, YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA TALK TA US LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF THE STAFF.

SHADDAP!

A FAIRLY SIMPLE MATTER, YOU MIGHT THINK, FOR A MAN OF AL'S FORCEFUL PERSONALITY-- BUT THAT IS BECAUSE YOU DO NOT KNOW HIS WIFE.

BECAUSE IF THERE IS ONE WOMAN IN THIS WHOLE WORLD THAT AL THE BEAST IS AFRAID OF THEN IT HAPPENS TO BE VELMA.

AND WITH GOOD REASON

NEXT ISH: VELMA!



Velvet Room

AL'S WIFE, VELMA, IS
THE SINGER AT THE
VELVET ROOM.

THOUGH TO CALL HER A SINGER
IS TO GROSSLY MISREPRESENT
HER TALENTS.

OHNN BABEEEE
BABEEEE
BABEEEE

VELMA
STINKS.

BABEEEE
BABEEEE
BABEEEE

AL'S
baby

2:VELMA!

IN FACT,
VELMA STINKS
SO BAD SHE
HAS ALMOST
ELEVATED
STINKING TO
AN ARTFORM.

IF VELMA HITS THE RIGHT NOTE THEN BELIEVE ME IT IS STRICTLY BY ACCIDENT. HER VOICE HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE SHRIEK OF A WOUNDED SCREECH OWL.

THIS I DO NOT KNOW, BEING A CHI-TOWN BOY ALL MY LIFE AND NEVER HAVING THE MISFORTUNE TO HEAR SAID ANIMAL, LEAVE ALONE WOUND ONE.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN RUMOUR VELMA ONLY GETS THE JOB WHEN HER DOTTING DADDY PUTS THE PREVIOUS MANAGER INTO EARLY RETIREMENT BENEATH THE NEW CHI-TOWN EXPRESSWAY.

♪ WON'T YOU BE MY BABEEEE ♪

BUT I HAVE HEARD VELMA ONLY AND THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH, I CAN ASSURE YOU.

♪ IF YOU WON'T BE MY BABEEE THEN I CAN'T BE YOUR BABEEEE ♪

MIND YOU, THIS BOZO HAS ONLY HIMSELF TO BLAME, FOR ANYBODY WITH A BRAIN KNOWS YOU DO NOT GO USING EXPRESSIONS LIKE "OVER MY DEAD BODY" IN THE PRESENCE OF DON LUIGI SARCOMA

♪ SO DON'T YOU TELL ME MAYBEEEE ♪

CLUB MOUSER

DIAM!

IN ANY CASE, VELMA IS SINGLEHANDEDLY TURNING ONE OF CHI-TOWN'S PREMIER NITESPOTS INTO A NO GO AREA. THESE DAYS THE CUSTOMERS HAVE TO BE GUSED IN BY DON LUIGI'S GOONS.

THEY CATER FOR TOUR PARTIES, MAINLY FROM IOWA

WHEEEEE DOGGIE!

♪ JUST SAY YOU'LL BE MY BABEEEE ♪

WHUT A PAIR O' LUNGS!

IN FACT, BUSINESS IS EVEN PICKING UP SINCE THEY NOTICED SOME OF THESE FARMBOYS ARE COMING BACK FOR MORE—

THOUGH IT MUST BE ADMITTED MOST OF THEM FIGURE IT FOR SOME KIND OF GLITZY 'HOO-CALLIN' EVENT—AND IN THAT THEY'RE NOT FAR WRONG

♪ BAAABEEEEIE I'EIEIEEEEEIE ♪

SOOOEEY!
SOOOEEY!
SOOOOEEEEYY!

YEEHAA!
CALL 'EM IN, GAL!

SO IT IS IN THE VELVET ROOM AL BESTARDI WAITS, GLOOMILY CONSIDERING HIS FUTURE AND STOKING UP ON COURAGE OF THE BOTTLED VARIETY.

AND HE NEEDS PLENTY OF IT VELMA'S TEMPER IS LEGENDARY

A CLARINET YOU CAN UNDERSTAND, BUT THIS GUY PLAYED THE TROMBONE. FOR VELMA, IT IS A NOTABLE MUSICAL FIRST.

YOU CAN TAKE THE PLUGS OUT—SHE'S STOPPED BINGIN'.

WHUUUU ?

VELMA'S COMIN'!
DITCH THE EARPLUGS!

AT THE VELVET ROOM THEY STILL TALK OF THE MUSICIAN RUSHED TO CHI-TOWN GENERAL FOR REMOVAL OF HIS INSTRUMENT FROM A DELICATE PART OF HIS ANATOMY

OH GEEZ—!

UH, HI, HONEY...!

DON'T YOU "HI HONEY" ME, AL BESTARDI! WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

I HAD BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.

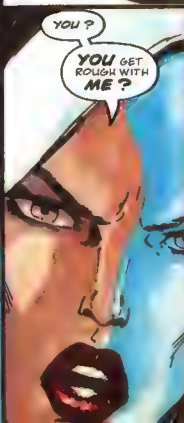
BUSINESS! OUT KILLING, NO DOUBT! TYPICAL OF YOU, AL! RATHER BE OUT KILLING THAN HOME WITH ME!

AN' WHAT'M I MEANT TO SAY TO YOUR FATHER, HUH? "HEY, SORRY, DON LUIGI, CAN'T MAKE THAT HIT TONIGHT—VELMA WANTS ME HOME"?

GIMME A BREAK, WILL YA?

C'MON, VELMA! I'M A HIT MAN—IT'S MY JOB!

YOU COULD PICK BETTER HOURS!





HEY! C'MON, VELMA-
GIMME MY GUN-

SURE, AL-



YOU WANT IT-
HERE IT IS!

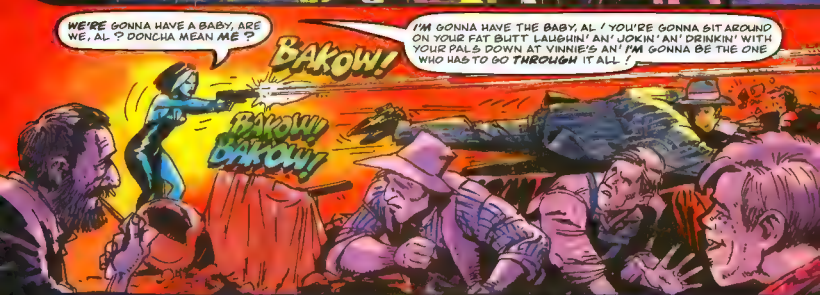
BAKOW!
BAKOW!

VELMA!
CUT IT OUT!



YOU'RE MAKIN'
ME MAD HERE!

I'LL
MAKE YA
MAD ALL
RIGHT!



WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BABY, ARE
WE, AL? DONCHA MEAN ME?

BAKOW!

I'M GONNA HAVE THE BABY, AL! YOU'RE GONNA SIT AROUND
ON YOUR FAT BUTT LAUGHIN' AN' JOKIN' AN' DRINKIN' WITH
YOUR PALS DOWN AT VINNIE'S AN' I'M GONNA BE THE ONE
WHO HAS TO GO THROUGH IT ALL!

BAKOW!
BAKOW!



AIN'T THAT THE
WAY IT WORKS?



YOU GOT ANOTHER
THINK COMIN', PAL!

BAKOW!
BAKOW!

V-VELMA-



YEEHAA! THAT'S
SOME WUMMAN!

VELMA—HONEY—YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND...WE
GOTTA HAVE A BABY!

YOUR FATHER, DON LUIGI—
HE SAYS IF WE DON'T THEN
WE'S GONNA FIT ME UP WIT'
A PAIR A' CONCRETE
OVERSHOES!



AHA! SO THAT'S IT! YOU DON'T CARE
ABOUT A BABY! ALL YOU CARE ABOUT
IS SAVING YOUR LOUSY SKIN!

MY SKIN'S IMPORTANT TO ME

SO I'VE GOTTA GET
PREGNANT, HUH, AL?



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

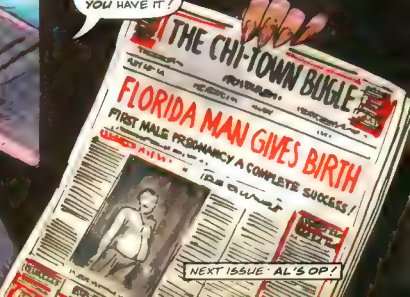
WHAT'RE
YOU
LAUGHIN'
ABOUT?
WHAT'S SO
FUNNY—?



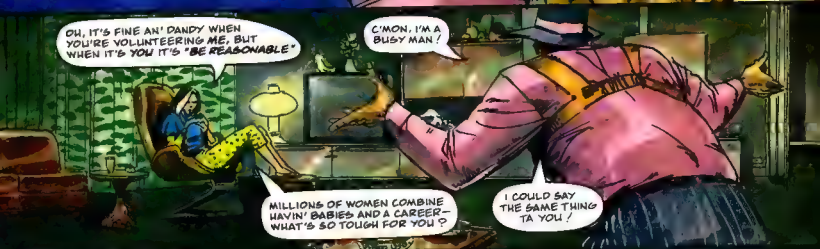
SO VELMA GETS THE DAY'S
SCANDAL SHEET FROM
BEHIND THE BAR—

THAT'S WHAT'S
FUNNY, AL—

YOU WANT A
BABY SO BAD,
YOU HAVE IT!



THE CHI-TOWN BUGLE
APR 10 - 14
FIRST MALE PREGNANCY A COMPLETE SUCCESS!
FLORIDA MAN GIVES BIRTH
NEXT ISSUE AL'S OP?



NOW AL THE BEAST IS NOTHING IF NOT RESOURCEFUL, ESPECIALLY WHEN HIS OWN SKIN IS HANGING ON THE LINE. HE TRIES ALL MANNER OF PLOYS TO WORM HIS WAY ROUND VELMA...

JUST TO THANK YOU FOR THE PLEASURE THAT YOU GIVE TO ME EACH DAY. FOR OUR HAPPY YEARS TOGETHER, LOVING IN OUR SPECIAL WAY.

Yore ever loving Al xxxx

To my Dearest Darling wife

IT WON'T WORK, AL

DING DONG!

COFFIN! COFFIN FOR MR BESTARD!

THE COFFIN WON'T WORK, AL.

AL BESTARD!
CRUELLY SLAIN BY
HIS OWN WIFE

DAMMIT! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', VELMA! YOU'RE PUTTIN' ME IN A BOX!



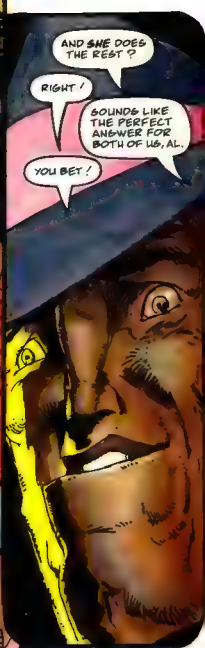
VELMA / VELMA,
HONEY! I GOT IT!
THE PERFECT
SOLUTION!



THIS IS MRS
PINOCCHET—SHE'S
GONNA BE OUR
SURROGATE!

SURROGATE?

YEAH! LIKE, WE
MAKE THE BABY
AN' THEN IT GETS
PUT INTO MRS P
HERE—



AND SHE DOES
THE REST?

RIGHT!

SOUNDS LIKE
THE PERFECT
ANSWER FOR
BOTH OF US, AL.

YOU BET!



NO DICE, AL

HUHHH?

BU-BU-BUT
WHY—?

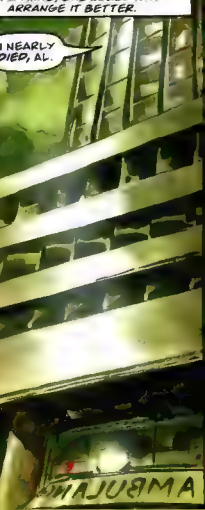


I THINK IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A
BABY IT SHOULD BE ONE OF US,
DON'T YOU, AL?

DAMMIT, VELMA! YOU DON'T
CARE ABOUT WHAT'S RIGHT
ANY MORE THAN I DO! YOU'RE
DOIN' THIS DELIBERATELY!
YOU JUST WANNA SEE ME
SUFFER!



THIS IS TRUE. VELMA HAS AL RIGHT WHERE
SHE WANTS HIM—NAMEDLY BY THE TENDER
BITS—AND VELMA BEING VELMA SHE IS
SQUEEZING FOR ALL SHE'S WORTH.



BUT THE REAL CLINCHER COMES
WHEN DON LUIGI HAS HIS HEART
ATTACK. IF VELMA COULD ARRANGE
SUCH A THING, SHE COULD NOT
ARRANGE IT BETTER.

I NEARLY
DIED, AL.

AND WHO CAN BLAME HER? A CHANCE TO
PUT THE BIG ONE OVER ON AL THE BEAST
DOES NOT PRESENT ITSELF EVERY DAY
OF THE WEEK



NOW, WHEN AL BESTARDI MARRIES INTO THE SARCOMA FAMILY HE FIGURES IT FOR A SMART CAREER MOVE. HE FIGURES IF HE PLAYS HIS CARDS RIGHT MAYBE IN A FEW YEARS OR SO THEY COULD BE CALLING HIM DON AL.

WHAT HE DOES NOT FIGURE ON IS HE IS GOING TO WIND UP CARRYING VELMA'S BABY.





PING!

Go on, Al! Do it! One squeeze of the trigger! That's all it takes!



PING!

Don't listen to him, Al! Killing yourself's not the answer!



What's so bad about havin' a baby anyway? You can do it! Go on—pick up the 'phone! Call that doc!

Don't be a sap! You'd never live it down!



The gun—that's your tool, Al! It's the only way out for a guy like you!

YEAH...

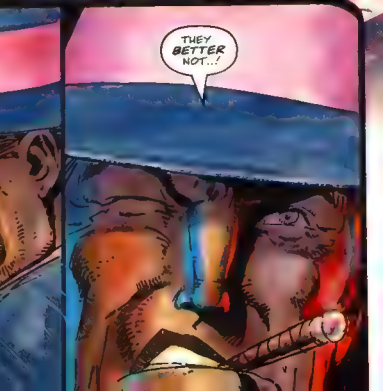
Nine months, Al! Nine months and it's over!



An' you can still be godfather! You have that bambino an' you'll be in solid with Don Luigi!

An' the rest of Chi-Town'll be laughin' at ya!

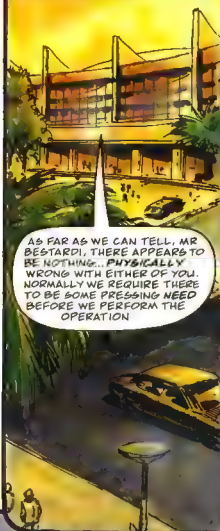
Oh yeah? And who's going to laugh at you, Al?



THEY BETTER NOT...



A FEW DAYS LATER AL AND VELMA ARE FLYING DOWN TO FLORIDA...



AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, MR BESTARDI, THERE APPEARS TO BE NOTHING... PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH EITHER OF YOU. NORMALLY WE REQUIRE THERE TO BE SOME PRESSING NEED BEFORE WE PERFORM THE OPERATION



NOW WHEN AL DOES NOT SHOW HIS UGLY MUG IN VINNIE'S BAR FOR SOME SEVERAL DAYS, NATURALLY THE RUMOUR BEGINS TO SPREAD THAT MAYBE SOMEONE IS PUTTING THE HIT ON HIM FOR A CHANGE

WHICH IS WHY EVERYONE IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISED TO SEE AL WALKING IN ALIVE, OR AT ANY RATE GIVING A VERY PASSABLE IMITATION OF THE CONDITION. AND EVEN MORE SURPRISED—NOT TO SAY FLOORED—WHEN IT IS LEARNED HE IS CARRYING VELMA'S CHILD.

VINNIE'S BAR

VINNIE'S

AND WHEN VELMA FINALLY SHOWS UP AT THE VELVET ROOM WITH A BIG SMILE ON HER KISSER AND WON'T SAY WHAT'S HAPPENED TO AL AND EVEN STARTS SINGING GOOD—OR AS NEAR TO GOOD AS SHE CAN GET—THEN THE RUMOUR WOULD SEEM TO BE CONFIRMED

IF YOU CHECK THE BOOKS YOU WILL FIND A LOT OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT ADVISED DURING PREGNANCY. ONE OF THE THINGS THE BOOKS DO NOT WARN YOU ABOUT IS BEING SHOT AT.

THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS OMISSION BECAUSE, TAKE MY WORD, BEING SHOT AT IS VERY MUCH TO BE AVOIDED—DURING PREGNANCY OR ANY OTHER TIME.

SO IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE THAT THE CITY'S OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS CRIME BARON, DON RATSO VERRUCA, SHOULD CHOOSE THIS MOMENT TO LAUNCH THE GREAT CHI-TOWN WAR OF 2014.

IT WON'T DO, AL.

YEAH?

YEAH!

THIS WILL HAVE TO GO!

HEY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WIT! YOU SAY? YOU GOT SOME OBJECTION?

GIMME!

UH-UH.

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, AL. SMOKIN' AIN'T ADVISED DURIN' PREGNANCY.

VINNIE'S







MY EAR!
HE GOT MY
STINKIN'
EAR!



NOBODY SHOOTS MUTT
MCCLUSKY'S EAR OFF AN' GETS
AWAY WIT' IT! YOU ARE DEAD,
BESTARD! DEAD!



C'MON, YA BUMS!
PLENTY MORE WHERE
THAT CAME FROM!
I'LL MURDA YA! I'LL
MOLLOCATE YA! I'LL
DISCUMBOBERATE
YA!

COOL
IT, AL!



COPS COMIN!
DITCH THE
HEATERS!



WHADDYA MEAN, COOL IT?
RATSO VERRUCA'B MONKEYS
JUST TRIED TA FIT US OUT FOR
WOODEN OVERCOATS, SAL!

BE THAT AS IT MAY, YA MUGST
GO GETTIN' YOURSELF UPSET
ABOUT IT. VIOLENT EXCITATIONS
ARE NOT ADVISABLE FOR A MAN
IN YOUR CONDITION.

NOW I WANCHA
TA TAKE A FEW
DEEP BREATHS,
SEE--



NOTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT, OFFICER— JUST A SLIGHT TOUCH OF MORNING SICKNESS.



IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SAL

MORNING SICKNESS CAN STRIKE ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT SOME EXPECTANT MOTHERS GET IT WORSE THAN OTHERS, OF COURSE

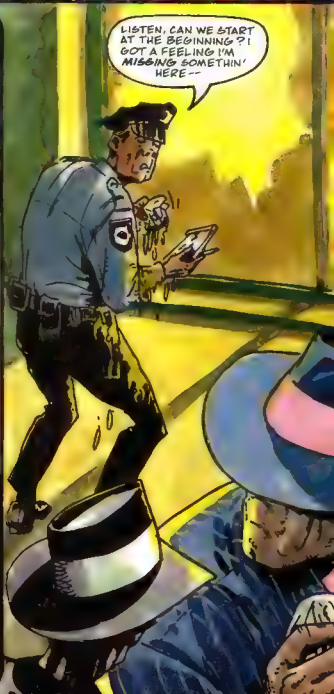


IT'S SMART TA CARRY SOME HANDY RECEPTACLE WIT' YA AT ALL TIMES, TA AVOID EMBARRASSMENT

HOW COME YOU KNOW ALL THIS STUFF?



DELIVERED THREE A' THE LITTLE TYKES MYSELF.



LISTEN, CAN WE START AT THE BEGINNING? I GOT A FEELING I'M MISSING SOMETHIN' HERE--

IT IS PERHAPS APPROPRIATE AT THIS POINT TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD OR TWO FOR THE INSTIGATOR OF THE NIGHT'S VIOLENCE, DON RATSO VERRUCA.

ONE GOOD WORD FOR DON RATSO IS "ROTTEN". ANOTHER GOOD WORD IS "CONNIVING". A THIRD GOOD WORD IS "EATEINK".

THIS IS ONE MORE WORD THAN PROMISED, BUT WITH A ROTTEN, CONNIVING, EATEINK LIKE DON RATSO VERRUCA, WHO'S COUNTING?



FOR YEARS THIS RATSO IS TRYING TO NIBBLE AWAY AT DON LUIGI SARCOMA'S SLICE OF THE CHI-TOWN CHEESECAKE, WHICH—CONSIDERING THE LARGE NUMBER OF CITIZENS DON LUIGI HAS TO PAY OFF OR ICE OR GENERALLY PUT THE MUSCLE ON JUST TO GET WHERE HE IS—IS MOST INCONSIDERATE, TO SAY THE LEAST.

NOW DON LUIGI HAS HIS HEART ATTACK, RATSO IS FIGURING IT IS TIME TO MAKE HIS BIG MOVE...AND THEN HE MAKES HIS BIG MISTAKE, BECAUSE BUMTICKER OR NO BUM TICKER, DON LUIGI SARCOMA IS NOBODY'S PUSHOVER.

AN OLD MAN IS SAD..

YA LOOK SO SAD WHEN YOU'RE SAD, LOUEY

SHADDAP!

VERRUCA CAN'T WAIT. HE THINKS I'M IN MY GRAVE ALREADY. HE THINKS HE'S GONNA MOVE IN ON ME.

HE AIN'T LEARNED! ALLTIMES I HADDA KICK HIS BUTT FOR HIM AN' HE STILL AIN'T LEARNED!

WELL I'LL SHOW HIM WHO'S THE ONE GETS BURIED! RATSO WANTS WAR, I'LL GIVE HIM WAR!

BOYS, I'M SAD..

GEE, LOUEY, LOOK AT YOUR NEEDLE JUMPIN'!

YA KNOW WHAT THE DOCKY-WOCKY SAID—

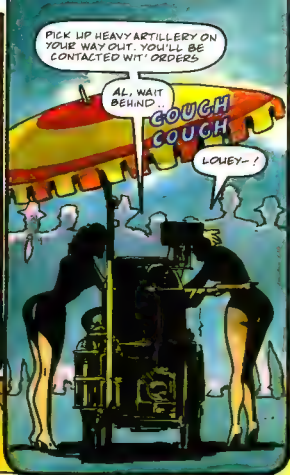
SHADDAP!



WE HIT HIM ' EVERY CLIP JOINT, EVERY CATHOUSE, EVERY GAMBLING DEN, EVERY IL-LICIT OPERATION WE'S GOT! WE HIT HIM AND WE KEEP ON HITTIN' TILL THE CREEP IS IN TH' PAST TENSE ' IS THAT UNDERSTOOD!

YES, BOSS!

WE'LL CREAM THE BUMS!



PICK UP HEAVY ARTILLERY ON YOUR WAY OUT. YOU'LL BE CONTACTED WIT' ORDERS

AL, WAIT BEHIND..

LOUEY-!



SEE WHAT WE TOLD YA, LOUEY! YA SHOULDN'T OUGHTA GO GETTIN' YOURSELF SO OVER-EXCITED!

SHADAP!!



THAT'S BEDDUN!

AL...

Y-YES, GODFATHER..?

AL...



VELMA TELLS ME THIS STRANGE STORY TODAY, AL. SHE TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE CARRYIN' HER BABY. SHE TELLS ME THAT MY NUMBER ONE ENFORCER HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TA GO AN' GET HISSELF PREGNANT.

TELL ME THIS ISN'T TRUE, AL. TELL ME THIS IS JUST SOME NIGHTMARE VELMA IS HAVING.

Bu-BUT I...I DID IT FOR YOU, GODFATHER.

I-I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED..!



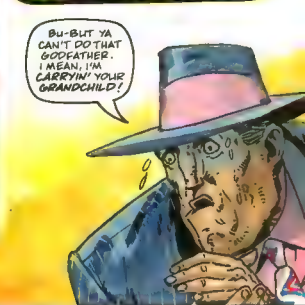
I'M CONFUSED, AL.

I MEAN, I WANT A GRANDKID, SURE, BUT I KINDA EXPECTED MY DAUGHTER WAS GONNA HAVE IT.

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS IN MY DAY, AL. YOU KNOW--THE WOMAN STAYS HOME AN' HAS BABIES, THE MAN GOES OUT AN' PUTS THE HIT ON PEOPLE?

BUT THIS...THIS I DON'T KNOW. IT AIN'T NATURAL, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

TIMES HAVE CHANGED, GODFATHER.



AL'S baby

PART FIVE

THE
GODFATHER
AIN'T PLEASED,
SAL



WASSAMADDA
WIT' HIM? HE
OUGHTA BE
OVER THE
MOON!

HE SAYS IT AIN'T NATURAL FOR
A HITMAN TA HAVE A BABY HE SAYS
IF I WASN'T CARRYIN' HIS GRANDKID
I'D ALREADY BE FITTED OUT WIT'
THE BOOTS.



I MADE THE WRONG DECISION, SAL
I'M GONNA BE A LAUGHIN' STOCK-
AN' FOR WHAT--?

I SHOULDA KNOWN BETTER!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT
FOR A GUY LIKE ME!

AL!
NO!



SWERVE

YOU TOO,
TOMATO
HEAD!

SCREEEE

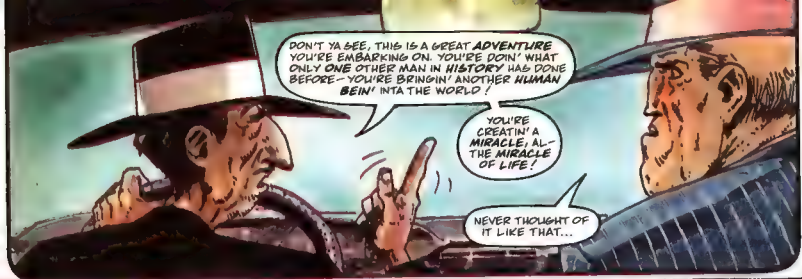
KNOX



DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! NEVER
LET ME HEAR YA TALKIN' LIKE
THAT! CHILDBIRTH IS THE
MOST WINNERFUL EXPERIENCE
A MAN CAN HAVE, AL!

YA
COULDA
FOOLED
ME

THERE YA GO
AGAIN! YA GOTTA
GET RID OF THAT
NEGATIVE
ATTITUDE!



DON'T YA SEE, THIS IS A GREAT ADVENTURE YOU'RE EMBARKING ON. YOU'RE DOIN' WHAT ONLY ONE OTHER MAN IN HISTORY HAS DONE BEFORE—YOU'RE BRINGIN' ANOTHER HUMAN BEIN' INTO THE WORLD!

YOU'RE CREATIN' A MIRACLE, AL—THE MIRACLE OF LIFE!

NEVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT...

THE REAL MIRACLE, OF COURSE, IS THAT IT IS AL WHO IS DOING IT, BECAUSE NORMALLY HE IS A GENTLEMAN WHO PREFER6 TO DEVOTE HIS TALENTS TO REMOVING HUMAN BEINGS FROM THE WORLD—AND WITH NO LITTLE SUCCESS

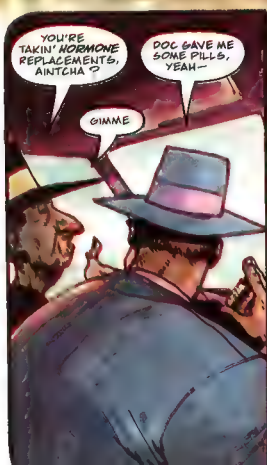
YA DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE WHOLE BUSINESS, DO YA, AL?

THAT'S NOT SMART. HAVIN' A BABY AIN'T SOMETHIN' YA CAN JUST TAKE AS IT COMES. YA GOTTA PLAN FOR IT, PREPARE YASELF...

JUST AS WELL YA GOT ME TA HELP YA. LESSEE...YOU'RE GONNA NEED A PROPER DIET AN' EXERCISE PROGRAMME—NO MORE LATE NIGHTS, AL. YOU'LL HAFTA SCHEDULE YOUR HITS TA FIT IN 'WIT' YOUR ROUTINE. BABY COMES FIRST, YA KNOW.

THEN THERE'S MATERNITY WEAR TA THINK OF. YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED A SUPPORT BRA--

SUPPORT BRA?



YOU'RE TAKIN' HORMONE REPLACEMENTS, AINCHA?

DOC GAVE ME SOME PILLS, YEAH—

GIMME

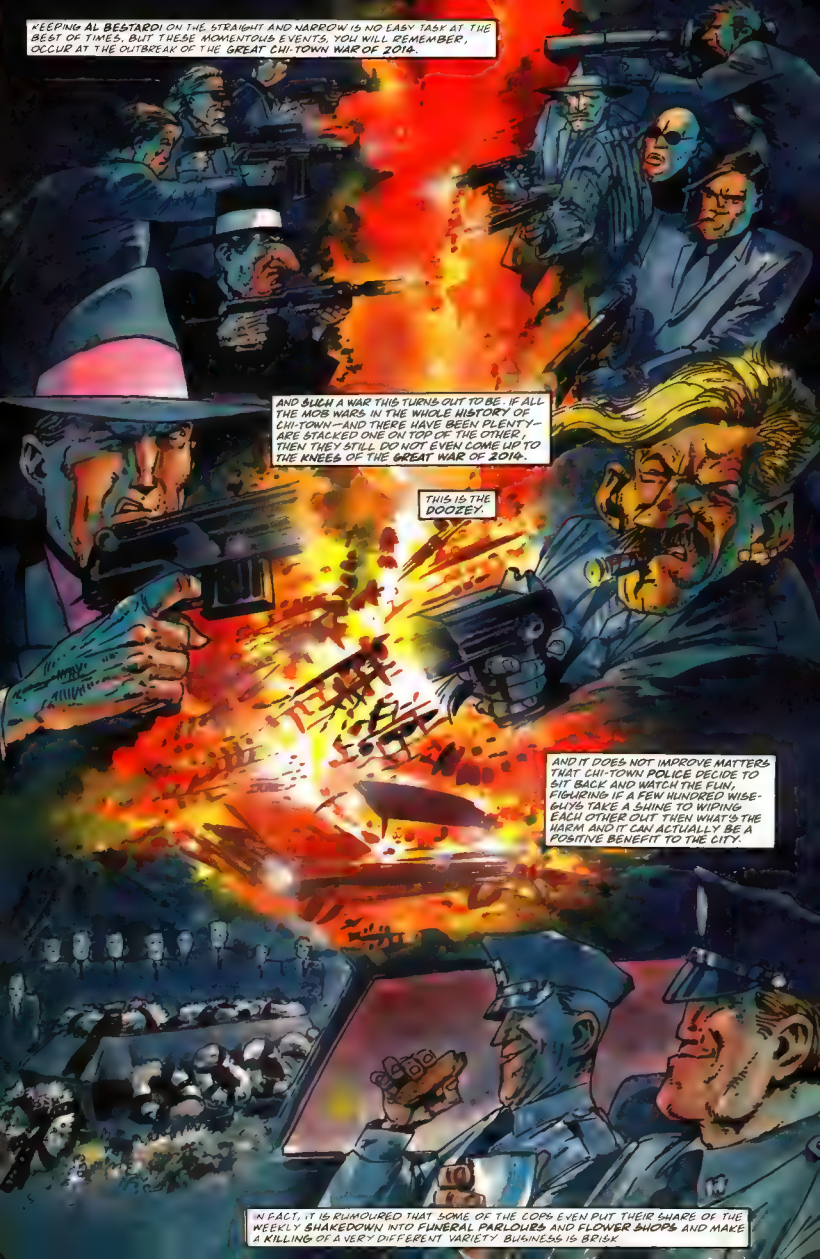


YEP, YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED THE BRA.



SHEESH!

DON'T WORRY, AL. OL' BALL'LL GET YA THROUGH IT!



KEEPING AL BESTARDI ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW IS NO EASY TASK AT THE BEST OF TIMES, BUT THESE MOMENTOUS EVENTS, YOU WILL REMEMBER, OCCUR AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT CHI-TOWN WAR OF 2014.

AND SUCH A WAR THIS TURNS OUT TO BE. IF ALL THE MOB WARS IN THE WHOLE HISTORY OF CHI-TOWN - AND THERE HAVE BEEN PLENTY - ARE STACKED ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER, THEN THEY STILL DO NOT EVEN COME UP TO THE KNEES OF THE GREAT WAR OF 2014.

THIS IS THE DOOZEY.

AND IT DOES NOT IMPROVE MATTERS THAT CHI-TOWN POLICE DECIDE TO SIT BACK AND WATCH THE FUN, FIGURING IF A FEW HUNDRED WISE-GUYS TAKE A SHINE TO WIPING EACH OTHER OUT THEN WHAT'S THE HARM AND IT CAN ACTUALLY BE A POSITIVE BENEFIT TO THE CITY.

IN FACT, IT IS RUMOURED THAT SOME OF THE COPS EVEN PUT THEIR SHARE OF THE WEEKLY SHAKEDOWN INTO FUNERAL PARLOURS AND FLOWER SHOPS AND MAKE A KILLING OF A VERY DIFFERENT VARIETY BUSINESS IS BRISK.

AND OF COURSE, AL BEING AL, HE IS RIGHT THERE IN THE THICK OF IT TO SAY THE LEAST. SAL HAS GOT HIS HANDS FULL

OKAY, AL... WHADDYA DO WHEN THE CONTRACTIONS START?

I TELL HIM THERE BETTER NOT BE NO MORE A' THIS WORKIN' TA CONTRACT, SEE? IF THAT DON'T WORK I BREAK THE CREEP'S LEGS-- THAT USUALLY GETS THE MESSAGE ACROSS!

LESSEE FIRST I GET HOLD OF THE UNION ORGANISER

WHY?

WHADDYA TALKIN' ABOUT, AL?

CONTRACT DISPUTES-- WHADDYA THINK I'M TALKIN' ABOUT?

WAAAAAAAAAAAA



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TA DEAL WIT' THE UNIONS, SAL

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! CONTRACTIONS! CONTRACTIONS! THAT'S HOW YA KNOW HE'S READY TA COME OUT!



WHO- THE UNION ORGANISER?

NO! THE BABY! THE BABY!



FOR THE LUVVA PETE, AL! YOU'RE NOT GIVIN' THIS MATTER YOUR FULL ATTENTION!



THROUGH IT ALL SAL STRUGGLED MANFULLY-

HOLD T!

WHADDYA DOIN', SAL?

KEEP N'A PERMANENT RECORD



THESE ARE PRECIOUS MOMENTS, AL- YOUR FIRST LITTLE OUTINGS TOGETHER YOU'LL LOOK BACK ON 'EM WIT' PLEASURE, BELIEVE ME.



THOUGH IF TRUTH BE TOLD, IF IMPENDING MOTHERHOOD BRINGS ABOUT ANY MELLOWING IN THE BEAST'S HEART - OR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST FLICKER OF INTEREST IN WHAT IS GOING ON INSIDE HIM - IT IS NOT OF SUCH A MAGNITUDE TO BE READILY DISCERNIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

THIS DOES NOT HAPPEN UNTIL THE DAY OF AL'S SCAN...

CHI-TOWN MATERNITY HOSPITAL

AL'S baby

PART 6

AL BESTARDI.
I'M HERE FOR A
SCAN TEST.

AH, YES,
BESTARDI...

WHERE
IS YOUR WIFE,
MR BESTARDI?

HOW SHOULD
I KNOW? SHOPPIN'.
PROBABLY. VELMA'S
ALWAYS SHOPPIN'.

YOUR WIFE
HAS TO BE HERE
FOR THE TEST,
MR BESTARDI..

NOBODY
SAID THAT
TA ME.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND. WE
WANT TO DO THE
SCAN TEST ON YOUR
WIFE.

WHAT DOES
VELMA NEED A
SCAN FOR? SHE
AIN'T HAVIN' NO
BABY!

ANYWAY, SHE AINT.
I'M HERE. SO LET'S
JUST GET ON WITH IT.
HUH? I'M A BUSY MAN.
I GOT BETTER THINGS
TO DO.

THEN WHY
ARE YOU WASTING
MY TIME, MR
BESTARDI?

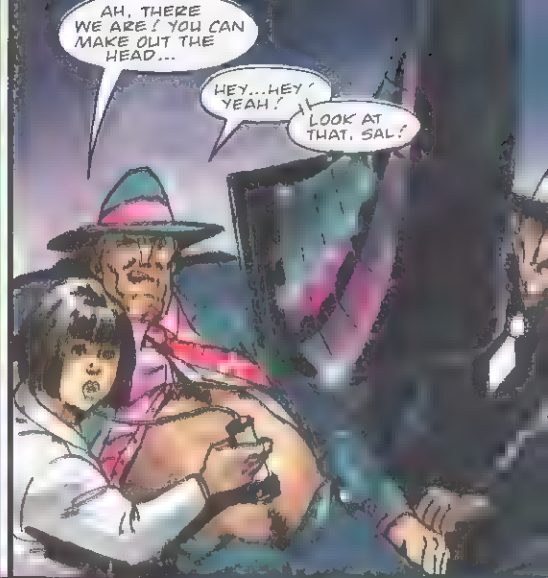
WHY ARE
YOU WASTING MY
TIME? YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, LADY!
I'M HAVIN THE
BABY—ME!

EASY
AL!





YOUR BABY
MAY BE A BIT MORE
DIFFICULT TO FIND
MR BESTARDI...BEING
IN A DIFFERENT
POSITION FROM
NORMAL...



AH, THERE
WE ARE! YOU CAN
MAKE OUT THE
HEAD...

HEY...HEY
YEAH!

LOOK AT
THAT, SAL!



SEE HIM
SQUIRMIN'
AROUND
THERE!

LITTLE ARMS
AN LEGS...A LITTLE
BUTTON MAN!

IT'S LIKE I BEEN
TELLIN' YA, AL. THIS AIN'T
JUST A HERNIA OPERATION
YA HAD. YA GOT YASELF A
REAL LIVE LITTLE PERSON
IN THERE!



YEAH...
YEAH!

THAT'S MUH
BOY!

I'M AFRAID
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE
TO DETERMINE SEX
AT THIS STAGE.



SURE IT
IS! SEE—

YA CAN JUST
MAKE IT OUT—HE'S
GOT HISSELF A LITTLE
TOMMY GUN!

NATURALLY IT DOES NOT TAKE LONG FOR NEWS OF AL'S IMPENDING HAPPY EVENT TO LEAK OUT TO THE OPPOSITION. AND, JUST AS NATURALLY THEY DO NOT BELIEVE A WORD OF IT...UNTIL A LITTLE ITEM APPEARS IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN OF THE CHI-TOWN BUGLE --

SEEN at Hospital:
Maternity hitman-
Well-known Al Bestardi,
about-town Al Bestardi,
in for a routine scan
test. Come again? Yes,
it's true! Al the Beast -
top legbreaker for the
Sarcoma Mob - has got
himself in the family
way in the real sense of
the word! Not content
with marrying into the
mob, now Al's even
carrying their babies!
Al becomes only the
second man to undergo
an artificial womb
implant, a dangerous
and difficult procedure

She's having a
Baby!

HOW
WONDERFUL!

THEN THE CARDS
START ARRIVING...

A brand new baby on the way
Oh, what a clever trick!
What a clever mum you are!
Oh, hurry, baby, quick!
We laughed til we was sick!

Rick's Family Co.

THAT RATSO! HE
WON'T BE LAUGHIN'
IF I GET MY HANDS
ON HIM! I'LL RIP HIS
STINKIN' LUNGS
OUT!

DING
DONG!

YEAH?

SPECIAL
DELIVERY,
MR BESTARDI!

SCRAM!





JEEZ—



THAT SCUMBAG
MCCLUSKY, IT'S
A DIRTY ROTTEN
TRICK TA PLAY
ON A PREGNANT
MAN! I'LL GET
HIM FOR THIS!



AL?
SOMETHIN'
WRONG—?



I-I
GOT A PAIN,
VELMA?

GET AN
AMBULANCE!

GET
SAL!

I COULDA LOST
THE BABY, SAL!

IT WAS TOUGH
AN' GO, I COULDA
LOST LITTLE AL.

I CAN'T EMPHASISE
ENOUGH, MR BESTARDI,
YOURS IS NOT A NORMAL
PREGNANCY. YOU MUST TRY
TO AVOID STRESSFUL
SITUATIONS

WE'RE INNA MIDDLE OF A
MOB WAR, DOC. WHAT'M I SUPPOSED
TA DO, TAKE A VACATION?

THAT
WOULD
BE HIGHLY
ADVISABLE.

WELL IT AIN'T
GONNA HAPPEN

AL'S
baby

PART SEVEN

LOOK, GET LOST, WILL
YA? YOU'RE BEGINNIN'
TA ANNOY ME!

YA GOTTA
EXCUSE AL. HE
AIN'T HIS USUAL
SWEET SELF.

MUTT MCCLUSKY'S GONNA PAY
FOR THIS! I'M GONNA RIP HIS OTHER
EAR OFF! I'M GONNA STRANGLE HIM!
I'M GONNA SQUEEZE HIS SCRAWNY
NECK TILL HIS HEAD EXPLODES
LIKE A BIG PIMPLE!

THERE YA GO,
GETTIN' YOURSELF ALL
WORKED UP AGAIN!

LOOK, THE DOC'S
RIGHT - YA GOTTA TAKE
IT A BIT EASIER, AL.

I WANT THE MUTT!



I'LL GET HIM FOR YA !

I GOTTA DO IT - ME !

OKAY, OKAY ! I'LL SET HIM
UP FOR YA ! I'LL GIVE HIM
TO YA ONNA PLATE ! JUST
TAKE IT EASY, WILL YA ?
LEAVE IT TA ME !

WHENEVER THE BOYS AT VINNIE'S GET ROUND TO
TALK ABOUT THE GREAT CHI-TOWN WAR OF
2014, ONE TALE YOU ARE GUARANTEED TO HEAR
IS AL THE BEAST'S REVENGE ON MUTT M'CLUSKY.

IN FACT, SUCH A GENERALLY UNPLEASANT CHARACTER
IS THIS MUTT THAT EVEN VERRUCA'S BOYS - OR
WHAT IS LEFT OF THEM - REMEMBER THE EVENT WITH
NO LITTLE PLEASURE. IT IS THE STUFF OF LEGENDS.

Moogie's
Country
Roadhouse
Hooley's



FOR IF EVER A PERSON CAN BE
SAID TO GET HIS JUST DESERTS, IT
IS THE AFOREMENTIONED MUTT...



EVENIN',
LADIES



THE GIRLS ARE
GOIN' IN NOW.

MIND YOU, TO CALL IT AL'S REVENGE IS
TO DENY CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE, FOR
IT IS SAL WHO ORGANISES THE WHOLE SCAM -



SINCE THE WAR BEGAN
VERRUCA'S APES TOOK THIS
PLACE OVER AS AN OUTTA
TOWN RETREAT.

IT'S A REAL HICK
JOINT. GOT NO SANITATION
- JUST A HOLE INNA
GROUND OUT BACK.



THIS BETTER
WORK, SAL.

STOP WORRYIN',
WILL YA ? IT'S
A CINCH !



HOW'S LINCIE SAL'S
LITTLE BOY, EH ?

DADDY'S GOING TO FIX THAT
NASTY MR MCCLUSKY TONIGHT !
HE WON'T BE SENDING YOU ANY
MORE BOMBS ! OH NO !



HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU IN HERE
BEFORE, DOLLS.

GUESS YOU HEARD THIS IS
WHERE THE MOB HANG OUT
- FIGURED YOU'D LIVE A
LITTLE DANGEROUS, HUM?



WHO'S THAT
HANDSOME-LOOKIN'
GEEK WITH THE
EARS?

HUM?
OH, THAT'S
MUTT.



LEAVE THAT
ONE WELL
ALONE, TOOTS.



THE GUY'S MEAN AS A
SNAKE - SLIT YOUR GIZZARD
JUST FOR A JOKE.

NO, LADIES, IF YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR DANGEROUS,
I'M AS DANGEROUS AS
YOU WANNA GET!



SHICK!

OH, UM...
HI, MUTT.

YOU WEREN'T SAYIN'
BAD THINGS ABOUT ME WERE
YOU, GEORGIE BOY?

ER... N-N-NO
MUTT! NO WAY,
MUTT!

I-I ONLY SAID GOOD
THINGS! WH-WHAT A T-
TERRIFIC GUY YOU WAS AN'-
AN' STUFF LIKE THAT--



I FIND OUT
DIFFERENT I'LL
CUT YOUR LIPS
OFF, GEORGIE.

TAKE A
HIKE!

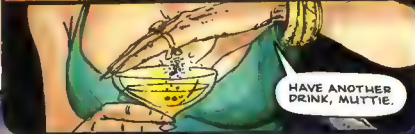
GIRLS...
YOUR PRINCE
IS HERE.

I COULD
JUST SQUIRM
AND SQUIRM!

OOOOH!

ONCE MUTT ESTABLISHES THAT THE GIRLS ARE
PAYING FOR IT, THE HOOTCH FLOWS FREE

AND MUTT IS THINKING HE IS MAKING A BIG IMPRESSION
WITH THESE TWO LOVELIES - WHICH FOR HIM IS A REAL
NOVELTY, HAVING A MUG ONLY A MOTHER BARRACUDA
COULD LOVE AND THE PERSONALITY TO GO WITH IT.



HAVE ANOTHER
DRINK, MUTTIE.

NOTHIN'S
HAPPENIN'.

GIVE
IT
TIME.

IT'S A LITTLE CONCOCTION I HAD THE
PROF MAKE UP. HE CALLS IT MOUNT VESUVIUS.
IT'LL WORK, DON'T WORRY.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YA DOIN'?

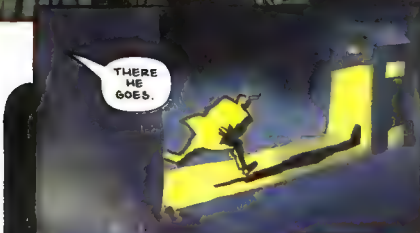
CLACK!

CLACK!

CLACKETTY

BABY'LL BE WERE
BEFORE YA KNOW IT, AL.
GOTTA GET KNITTIN'.









NATURALLY MUTT'S PROLONGED ABSENCE IS NOTED, BUT SUCH IS HIS REPUTATION THAT NO ONE IS IN ANY HURRY TO INTERRUPT HIM DURING BUSINESS HOURS, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT. SO IT IS A GOOD HOUR BEFORE HE IS DISCOVERED...

IT IS A MIRACLE HE DOES NOT DIE FROM ASPHYXIATION AT LEAST. INDEED THIS IS THE WHOLE IDEA.

SOMEBODY'S GONNA PAY FOR THIS!



HOWEVER, AS MUTT ENDS UP IN AN ISOLATION ROOM AT CHI-TOWN GENERAL SUFFERING FROM A DOZEN KNOWN DISEASES PLUS A FEW MORE THEY NEVER SEEN BEFORE (AT LEAST, NOT ON A MAN) IT IS GENERALLY FELT TO BE A JOB WELL DONE.



YOU ARE DEAD, BESTARD!

NEXT THOSE PRECIOUS MOMENTS!

THE GREAT CHI-TOWN
WAR RUMBLES ON, AND
AS EACH DAY PASSES
AL THE BEAST LOOKS
LESS AND LESS LIKE
DON LUIGI'S TOP HIT-
MAN AND MORE AND
MORE LIKE MOSY DICK.

IN FACT, GIVE THE WHALE AN ICE MACHINE AND YOU MIGHT
HAVE SOME TROUBLE TELLING THEM APART IN A LINE-UP

BRINGGGGGGG!

CABBY
CARE

AL'S
baby

PART EIGHT

HOLD
IT, AL!

CLICK!

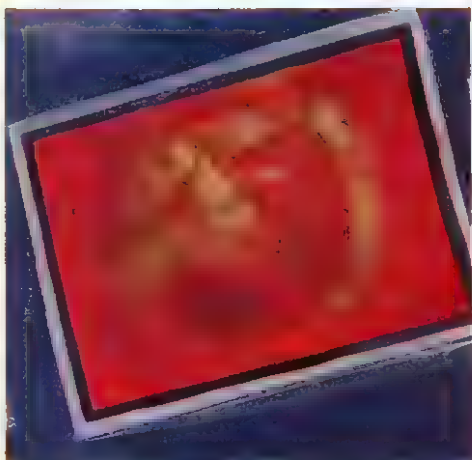
EACH LITTLE LANDMARK
ALONG THE ROAD TO MOTHERHOOD
IS FAITHFULLY RECORDED BY SAL -



Shopping for baby



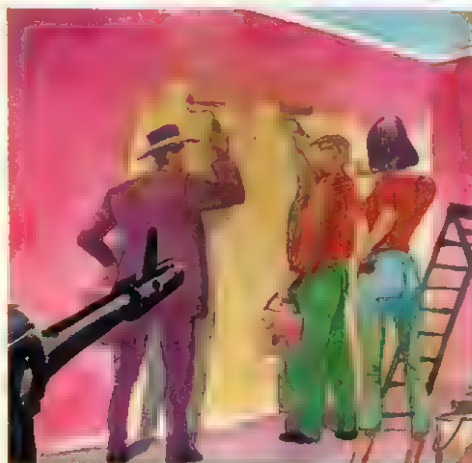
16 Weeks - Amniocentesis - Amniocentesis - It's a BOY!



Little Al - 16 weeks



20 weeks
'He's hitting' for two now!



Don Ratso's boys help decorate the nursery



Don Ratso's boys AFTER helping decorate the nursery



VELMA!
VELMA!
WAKE UP!



LOOKIT
THAT! HE'S
KICKIN'!

WONDERFUL.
HE TAKED AFTER
YOU, AL

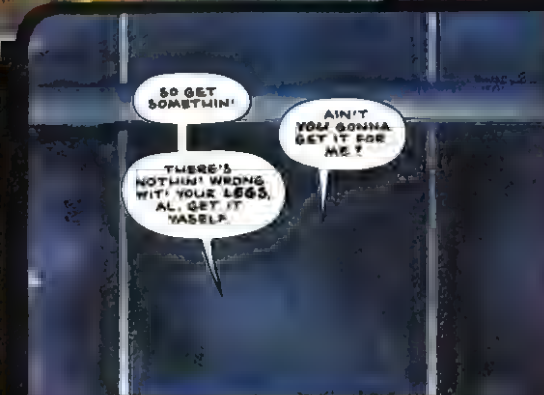
GO BACK
TA SLEEP,
WILL YA?



VELMA...

WHAT
IS IT NOW,
AL?

I'M
HUNGRY.



SO GET
SOMETHIN'!

AIN'T
YOU GONNA
GET IT FOR
ME?

THERE'S
NOTHIN' WRONG
WIT' YOUR LEGS,
AL. GET IT
YASELF.



OH, I LIKE THAT!
I'M THE ONE LEVIN' YOUR
BABY FOR YA - I'M THE ONE
MAKIN' ALLA SACRIFICES -
AN' YOU CAN'T EVEN BE
BOTHERED TA GET OFF YOUR
BUTT AN' GET ME SOMETHIN'
TA EAT!

YA DON'T
LOVE ME NO MORE,
THAT'S IT. AIN'T
IT, VELMA?



CLICK!

FOR
CRYIN' OUT LOUD,
AL, WADDYA
WANT?



I GOT THIS
SUDDEN URGE FOR ICE
CREAM AN' SPAGHETTI
SAUCE ..



Baby bump gone!



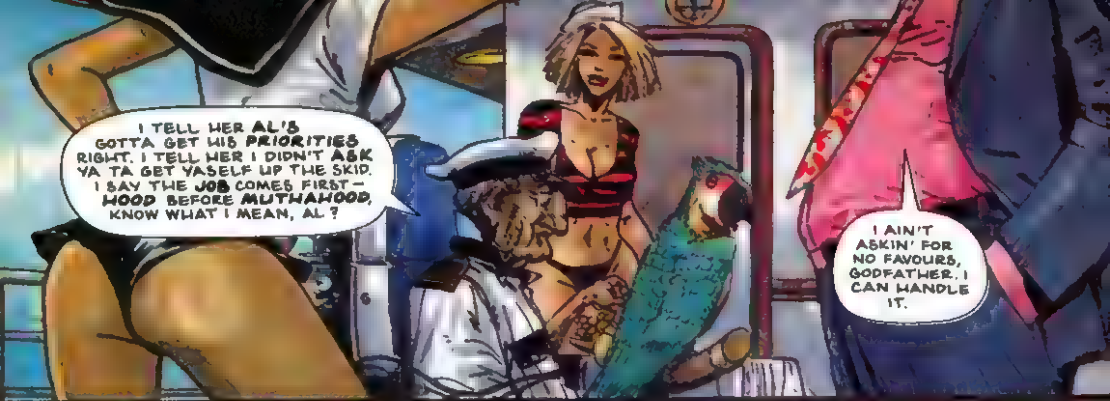
Gone fishin'



Well sat, who kiddies pal!







HEIST DON RATSO! WHO EVER HEARD OF SUCH A DUMB STUNT!



ZZZZ
ZZZZ

HE AIN'T UP TA THIS, VELMA!

DON'T THE GODFATHER CARE HE MIGHT LOSE THE BABY? I THOUGHT HE WANTED A GRANDKID?

HE DOES. HE JUST CAN'T ACCEPT THE IDEA THAT IT'S AL WHO'S CAREVIN' IT.

SO HE'S DOIN' HIS BEST TA MAKE SURE IT DON'T HAPPEN!

IF THIS IS INDEED DON LUIGI'S INTENTION HE OVERLOOKS ONE THING, AND THAT IS THAT THERE IS NO PIERCER CREATURE ON THIS PLANET THAN A MOTHER DEFENDING HER YOUNG - AND I DO NOT REFER TO AL

FOR JUST BECAUSE A WOMAN HAS THE SMARTS TO GET OUT OF DOING THE DONKEY WORK DOES NOT DISQUALIFY HER FROM HAVIN' THESE MOTHERLY FEELINGS.

AND WHEN THAT WOMAN IS VELMA BESTARDI, WHO IS A PRETTY FEARSOME PACKAGE TO START WITH, IT IS ADVISABLE TO STAND WELL BACK!

TO HELL WITH HIM!

CLICK!

HUH? WASSAT?

TAKE IT EASY, AL

I'M HANDLIN' THIS ONE!

NEXT: SNATCHIN' RATSO!



SO SARCOMA
BOMBS THE JOINT
— SO WHAT ?

LOOK, DON'T
SIMMER YOUR STINKIN'
TROUBLES, JOEY! JUST
GET IT FIXED AN'
GET IT OPEN!

WHADDYA MEAN,
THEY'LL BOMB IT AGAIN?
BOMB 'EM BACK, FOR
CHRISAKE!

OH, YOU AIN'T
GOT NO BOMBS...
WELL MAKE SOME,
DUMMY!

AL'S
baby

PART NINE



WASSAMADDA WIT' YOU,
JOEY? AIN'T I GOT ENOUGH
TROUBLE FROM SARCOMA WIT' OUT
MY OWN GUYS WANTIN' THEIR HANDS
HELLED ALL TIME? HAVE I GOTTA
DO EVERYTHIN' MYSELF?

ALL
CLEAR OUT
HERE.



ALL
CLEAR, BIG
GUY.



IZZAT WHATCHA
WANT, JOEY — YOU
WANT ME TA COME
DOWN AN' RUN THE
FREAKIN' BAR?

I COULDN'T SEE
OVER THE COUNTER...
IZZAT SOME KIND
OF JOKE, JOEY?

OH, IT
JUST SLIPPED
OUT...?



WELL YOU
JUST BLIPPED OUTTA
THIS FREAKIN' WORLD,
JOEY BOY! THAT'S
WHAT YOU DID! YOU
ARE DEAD!



RATSO'S IN
THE FRONT CAR.
THEY'RE MOVING
OFF NOW.

GET
READY

DON RATSO VERRUCA MAY BE A BIT ON THE SHORT SIDE - BUT THIS IS NOT TO SAY HE DOES NOT CRAM A LOT OF NASTY INTO A SMALL PACKAGE.

IT IS LIKE, BEING BORN THE RUNT OF THE LITTER, HE SPENDS THE REST OF HIS LIFE TRYING TO GET EVEN WITH THE WORLD - OR IN ANY CASE ANYONE OVER FOUR FOOT TWO.

THAT STINKIN' JOEY! STINKIN' COMEDIAN! I'LL CUT HIM DOWN TA SIZE!

WHEN YA BURY HIM I DON'T WANT NO PIECE LONGER'N THREE INCHES!

IN THE OLD DAYS SOME TRIED TO CALL HIM LITTLE NAPOLEON, WHO APPARENTLY IS SOME FRENCH BOZO WHO IS ALSO SHORT A FEW INCHES, BUT THE NAME DOES NOT STICK.

FOR ONE THING, RATSO DOES NOT KNOW A WORD OF FRENCH - UNLESS IT IS OF THE EXPLETIVE DELETED VARIETY, IN WHICH CASE HE IS A MAJOR LINGUIST

D'YA THINK IT'S SMART TA WASTE JOEY, BIG GUY?

I MEAN, SARCOMA'S BEEN HITTIN' US HARD - WE NEED EVERY MAN WE CAN GET RIGHT NOW.

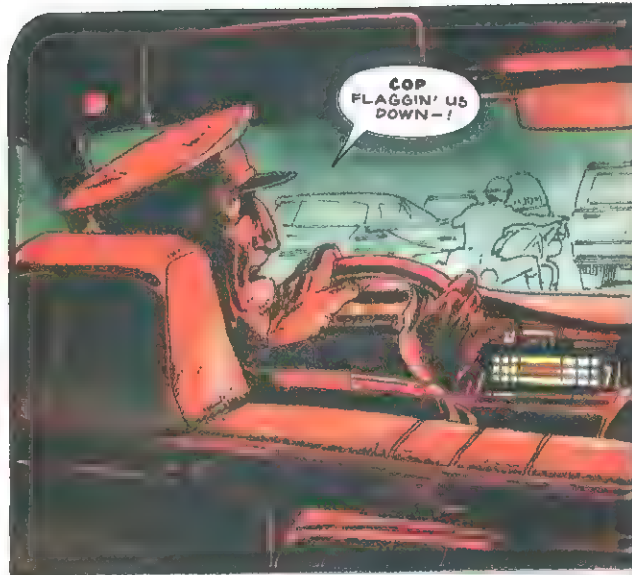
C'MON, IT WAS JUST A SLIP OF THE TONGUE -

BESIDES, AS NAMES GO, RATSO SUITS HIM JUST FINE...

OKAY, OKAY! YOU TOUCHED MY FREAKIN' HEART, MAX!

TELL JOEY HE'S OFF THE HOOK

THEN CUT HIS FREAKIN' TONGUE OUT, THAT'LL STOP IT SLIPPIN'!



COP
FLAGGIN' US
DOWN—!



ROLL DOWN
YOUR WINDOW
PLEASE, SIR

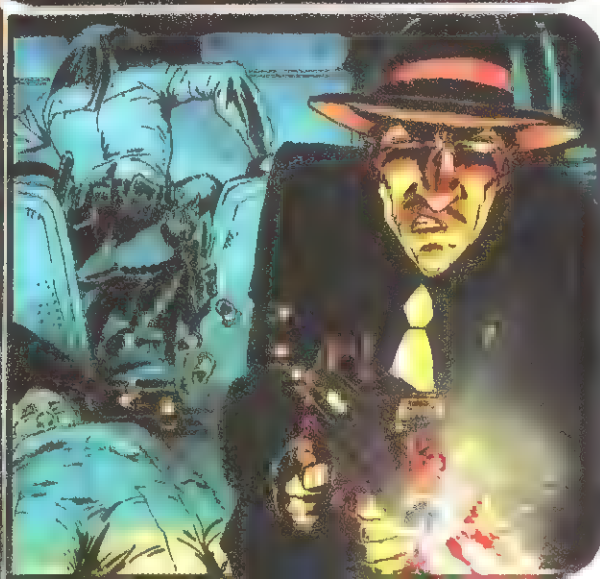
COULD BE A
TRICK! ONE OF
SARCOMA'S
MOB—



DON'T BE
DUMB! IT'S
A DAME!



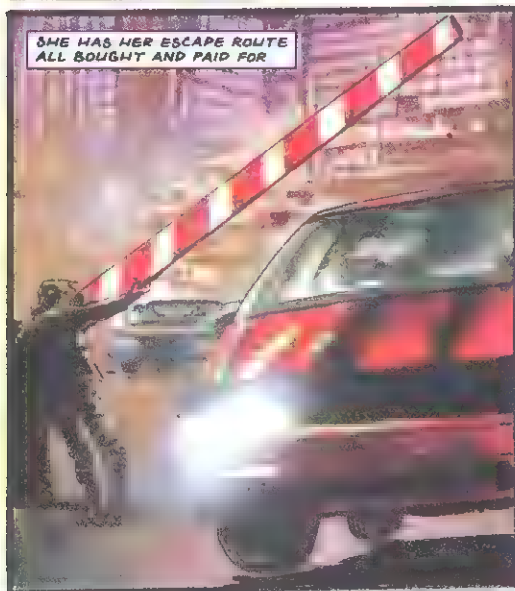
WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT,
OFFICER?



VELMA LIGHTS OUT LIKE A ROCKET.



SHE HAS HER ESCAPE ROUTE
ALL BOUGHT AND PAID FOR



THE
BRIDGE-!



HOLD
TIGHT,
SAL





RATSO'S BOYS ARE NOT SO LUCKY.

STOPPPPP!

SCREEEEEEEE

OH -
NICE ONE.

SPLOOSH

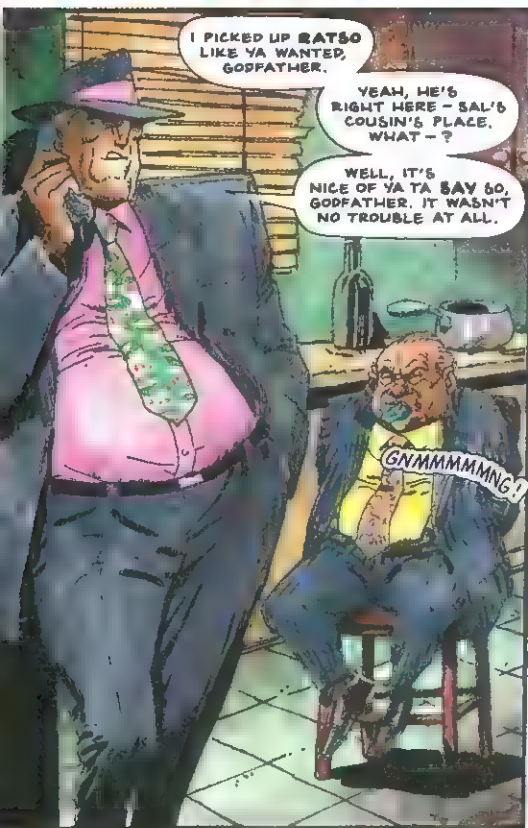
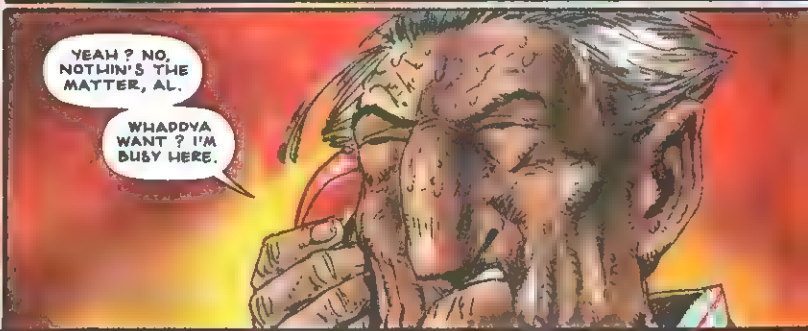
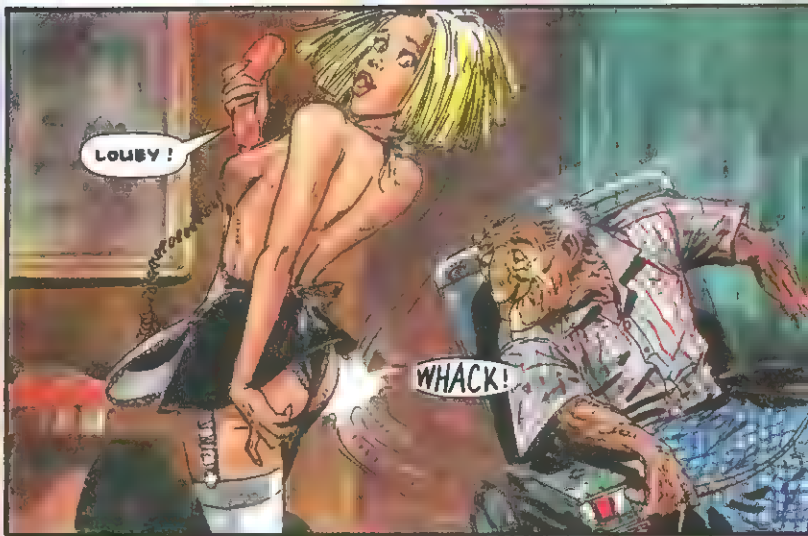
LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT
SIDE, GUYS.

THE BRIGHT
SIDE? YOU'RE CRAZY!
WE WRECK THE CAR -
WE LOSE RATSO-?

EXACTLY! IF
WE'D MANAGED TO
SAVE THE LITTLE RUNT
HE'D A' KILLED US
FOR THIS!

NEXT: POTTY TIME WITH RATSO!







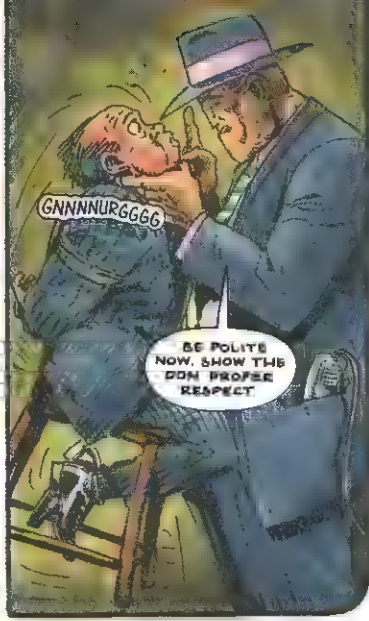
WHADDYA WANT ME TA DO WIT' THE LITTLE RUNT - PLUG HIM?

OH, OKAY.



HE WANTS TA SPEAK TA YA

YOU BIG FAT TUBBS BLUBBER, NOBODY CALLS ME A FREAKIN' RUNT!

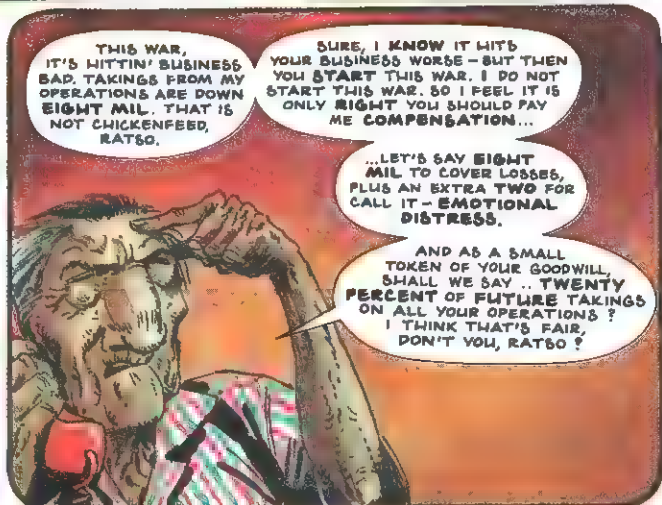


GNNNNURGGGG

BE POLITE NOW. SHOW THE DON PROPER RESPECT

DON LUIGI TELLS RATSO IT IS TIME THIS WAR GETS KNOCKED ON THE HEAD, AND TO THIS RATSO READILY AGREES. HE IS AFTER ALL IN NO POSITION TO REFUSE - AND FRANKLY, HE TOO IS WONDERING WHY DON LUIGI DOES NOT JUST PLUG HIM, IT BEING NOTORIOUSLY DIFFICULT TO CONDUCT A WAR FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CHITOWN RIVER.

BUT DON LUIGI SARCOMA IS NOT A MAN TO DO ANYTHING WITHOUT GOOD REASON...



THIS WAR, IT'S HITTING BUSINESS. BAD. TAKINGS FROM MY OPERATIONS ARE DOWN EIGHT MIL. THAT IS NOT CHICKENFEED, RATSO.

SURE, I KNOW IT WITH YOUR BUSINESS WORSE - BUT THEN YOU START THIS WAR. I DO NOT START THIS WAR. SO I FEEL IT IS ONLY RIGHT YOU SHOULD PAY ME COMPENSATION...

...LET'S SAY EIGHT MIL TO COVER LOSSES, PLUS AN EXTRA TWO FOR CALL IT - EMOTIONAL DISTRESS.

AND AS A SMALL TOKEN OF YOUR GOODWILL, SHALL WE SAY... TWENTY PERCENT OF FUTURE TAKINGS ON ALL YOUR OPERATIONS? I THINK THAT'S FAIR, DON'T YOU, RATSO?



YOU DRIED-OUT OLD SKINBAG, YOU GOTTA BE OUTA YOUR FREAKIN' MIND! I'LL PAY YA NOTHIN', YA HEAR? I'D RATHER DIE FIRST!

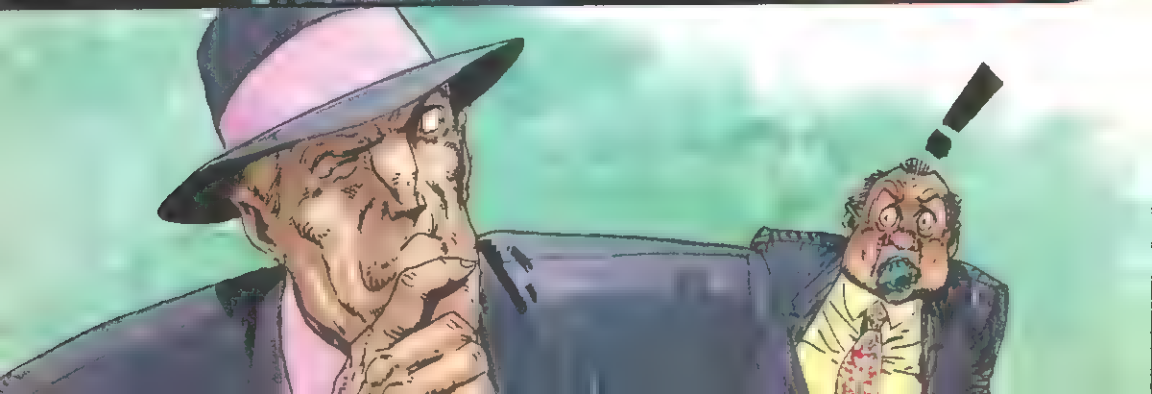
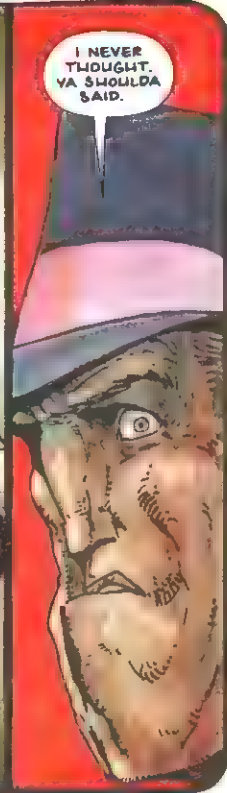
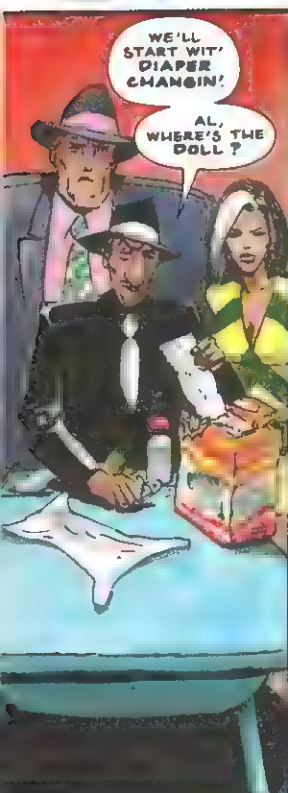
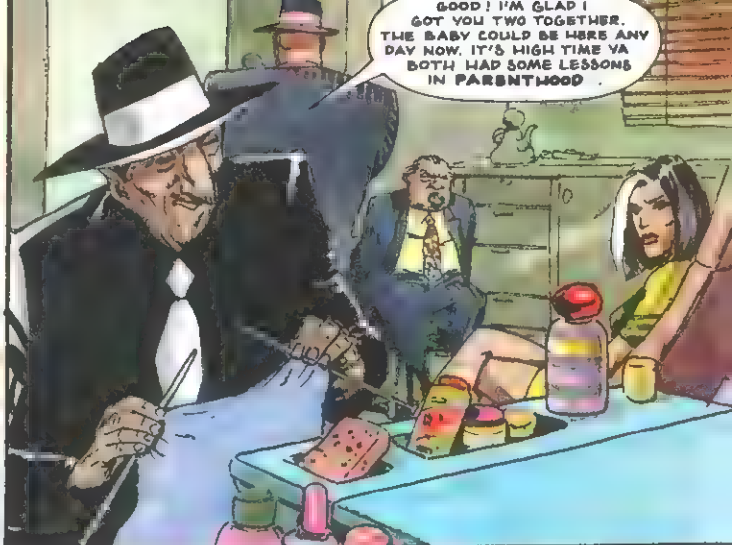
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!



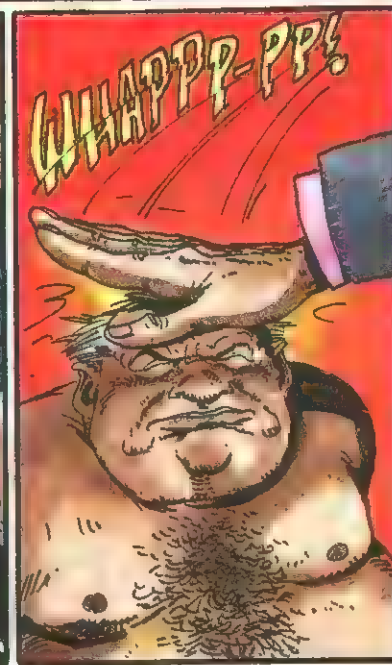
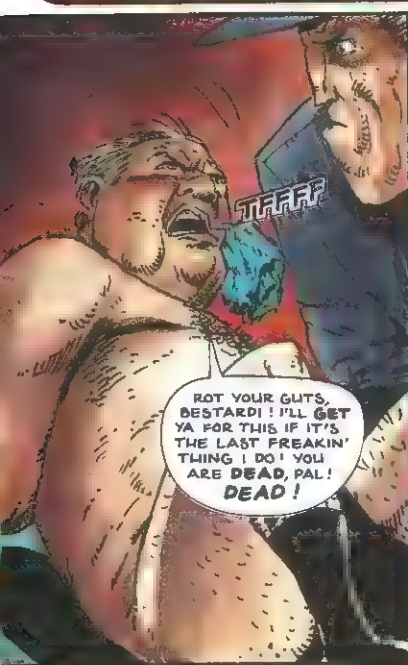
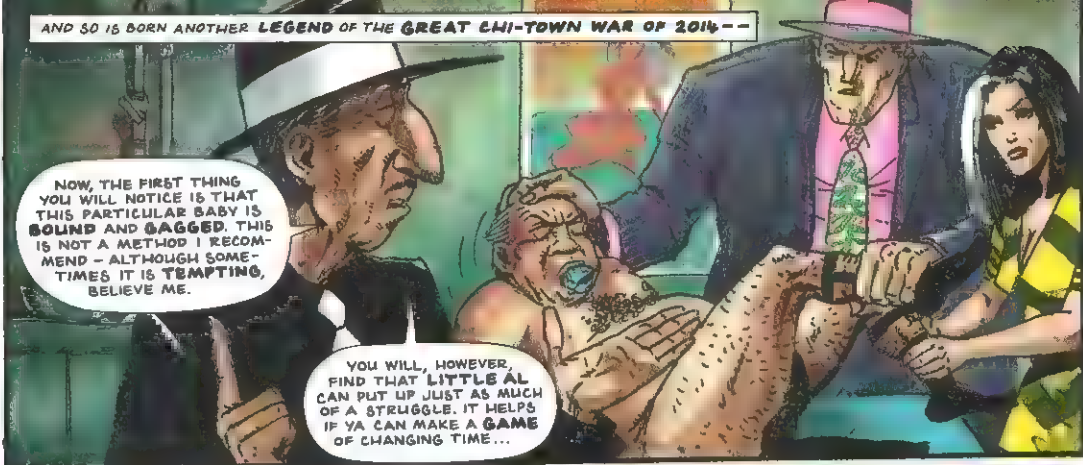
LEGGO HIS NECK, AL.

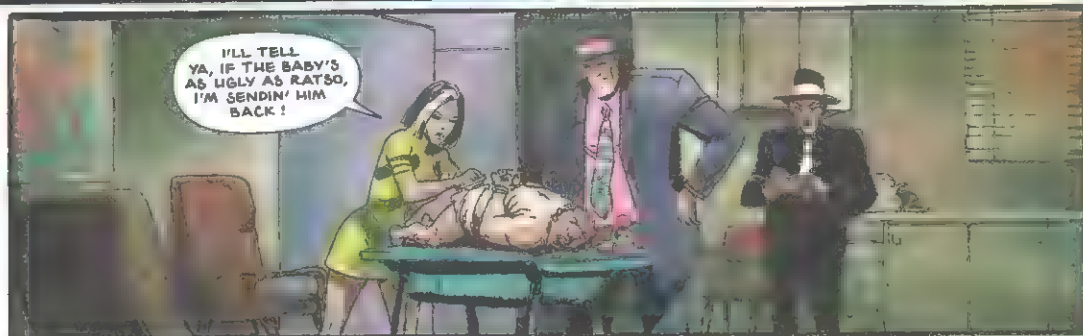
NO, AL, NOT YET. GIVE HIM A DAY TA THINK IT OVER. IF HE DON'T COME ROUND BY THEN, WE OFFER THE SAME DEAL TA HIS OTHER SKUPSO. WIT' ONE INTERESTING DIFFERENCE -

- HE DON'T GET RATSO BACK.







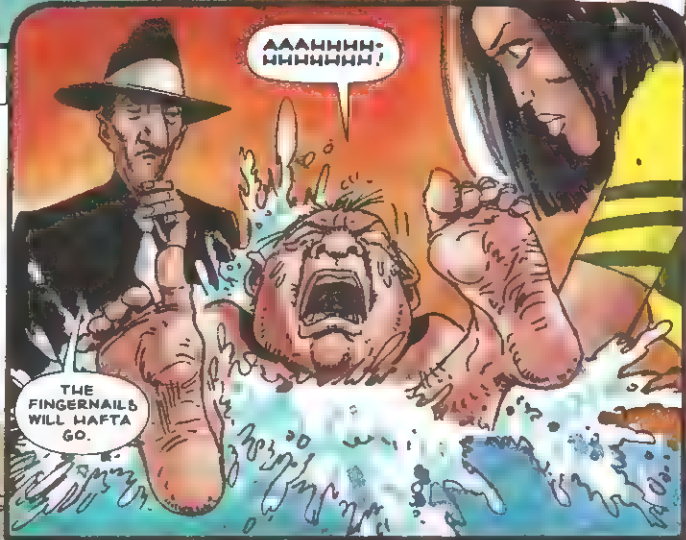


SITE ONE MORE
TEAT OFF, RATS-O, AN' THE
CHANGIN' SPIDER'S
GONNA BE PAYIN' YA
ANOTHER VISIT!



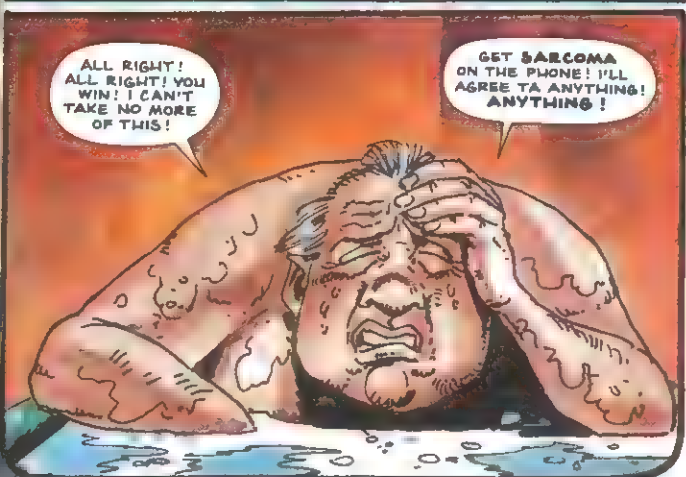
IT DOES NOT TAKE TOO LONG FOR
THIS CRUEL AND UNUSUAL TREATMENT
TO BRING UNEXPECTED RESULTS -

GET RIGHT
INTA EVERY LITTLE
NOOK AN' CRANNY,
VELMA...



AAAAHHHH-
NNNNNNNN!

THE
FINGERNAILS
WILL HAFTA
GO.

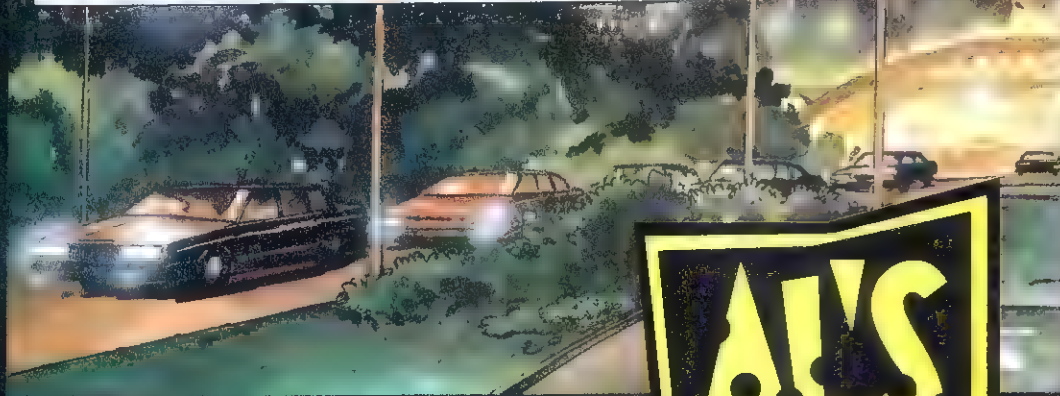


ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT! YOU
WIN! I CAN'T
TAKE NO MORE
OF THIS!

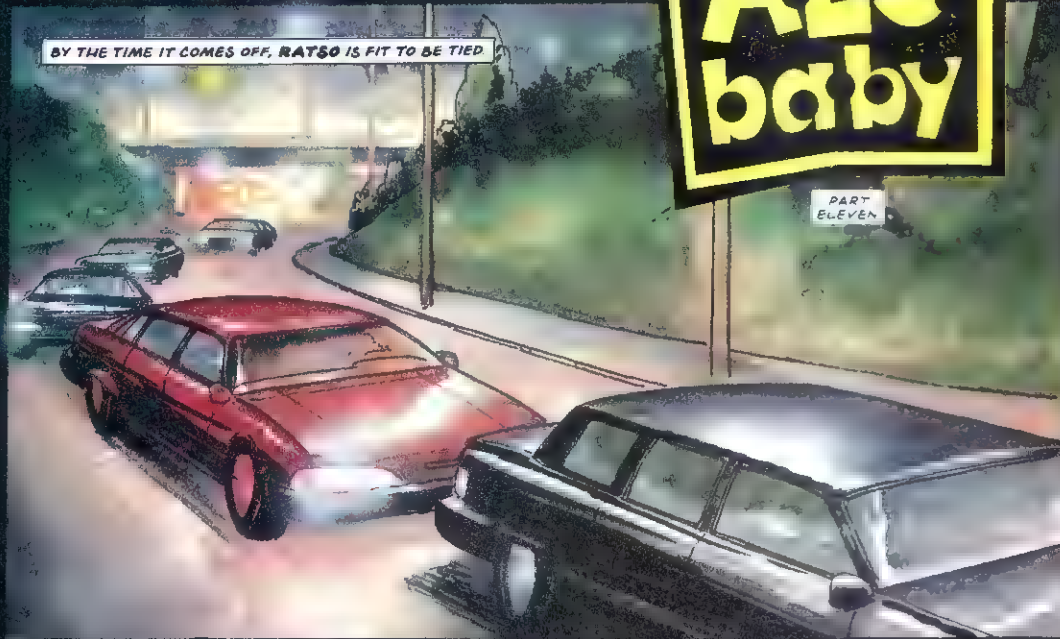
GET SARCOMA
ON THE PHONE! I'LL
AGREE TA ANYTHING!
ANYTHING!

NEXT: THE CONTRACTIONS START!

THE HANDOVER OF DON RATSO DOES NOT TAKE PLACE FOR SOME SEVERAL DAYS, OWING TO THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING TOGETHER THE TEN MILLION DUCKS RANSOM IN THESE STRAITENED DAYS, INDEED, THIS MAY EXPLAIN THE SPATE OF ARMED ROBBERIES AND BANK HEISTS THAT SUDDENLY HITS CHI-TOWN



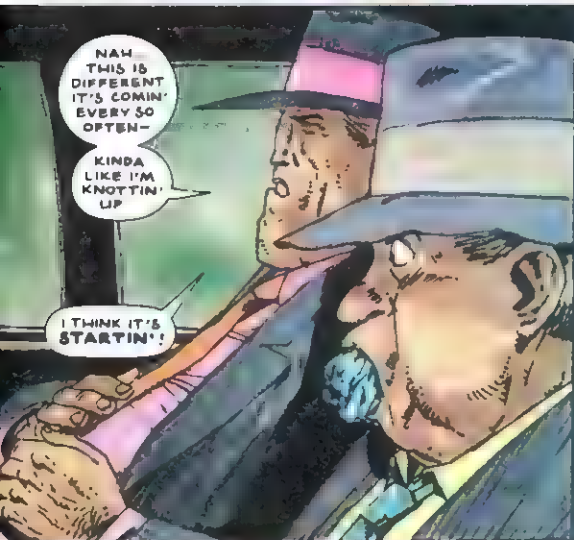
BY THE TIME IT COMES OFF, RATSO IS FIT TO BE TIED



PART
ELEVEN

WHICH IS JUST AS WELL, BECAUSE THAT
IS HOW HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME









GIMME
THAT
FREAKIN'
GUN!



I'LL
KILL HIM
I'LL FREAKIN'
KILL HIM!

IF ANYONE THINKS RATSO VERRUCA IS PREPARED TO
ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY, THEY DO NOT KNOW THEIR
VERRUCAS RATSO IS THE ALL-TIME SORE LOSER -



BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BRACKA BRACKA BRACKA
SPANG

GEDDOWN,
AL!

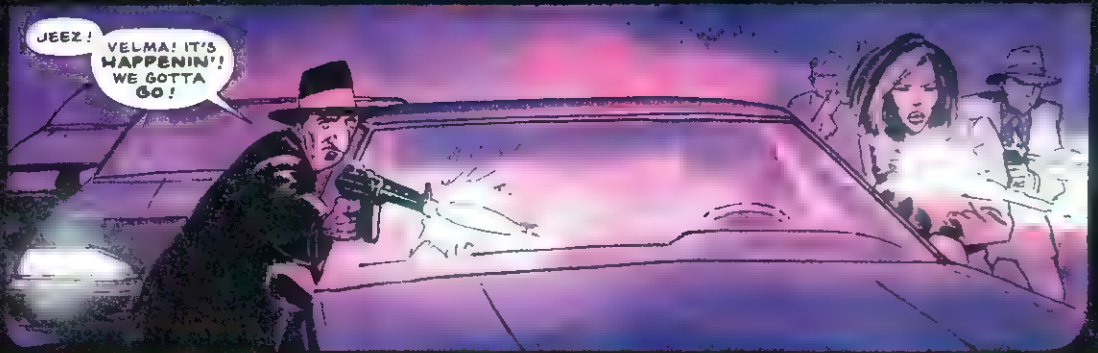


GET
INNA
CAR

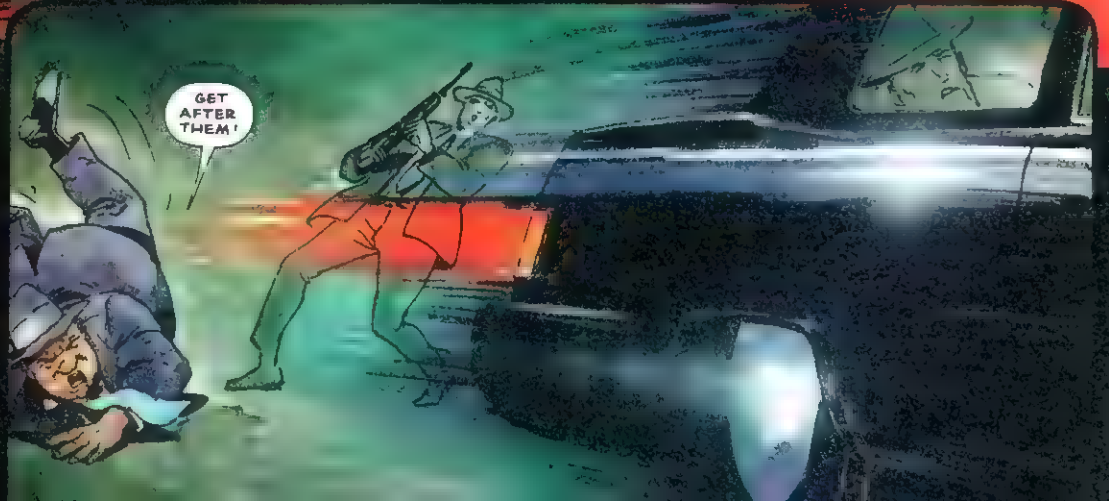
GET INNA CAR
NOTHIN'! I'M GONNA
PERFORATE THE
LITTLE RUNT-!

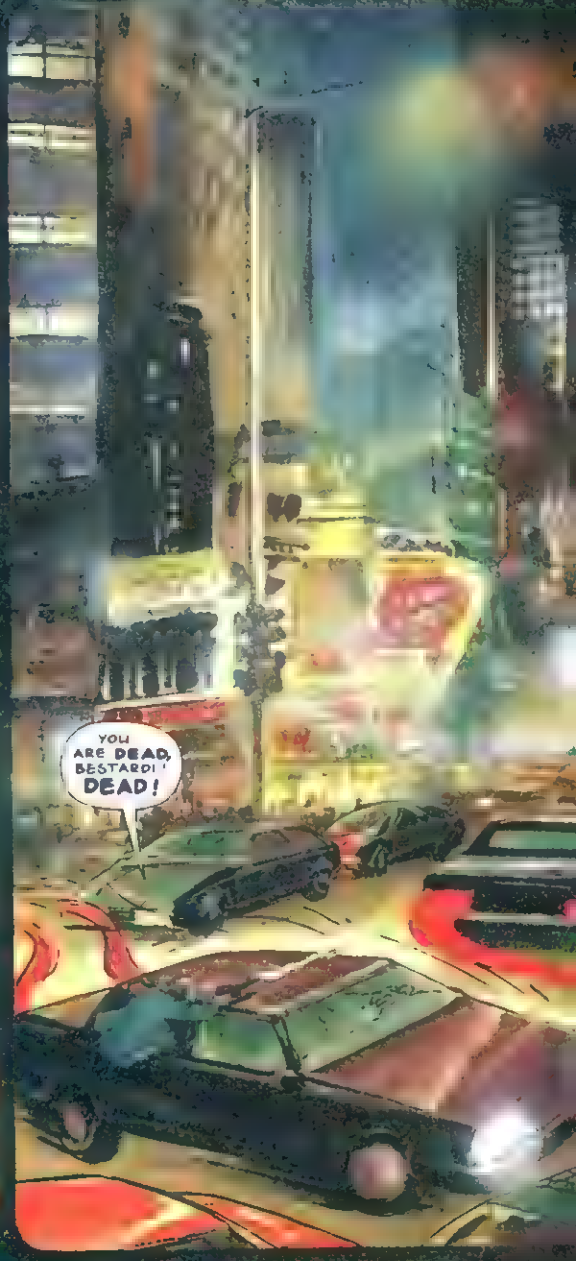
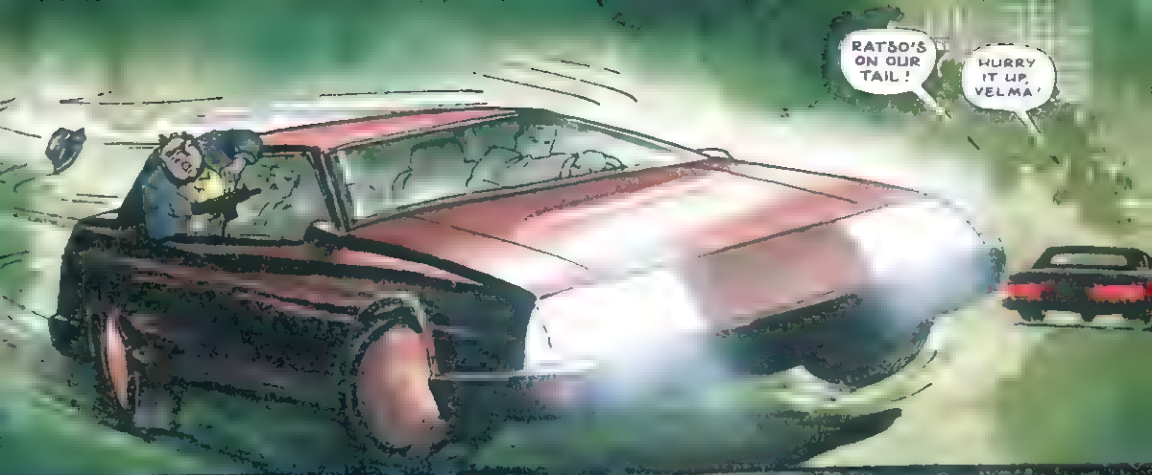


HUUUUH?



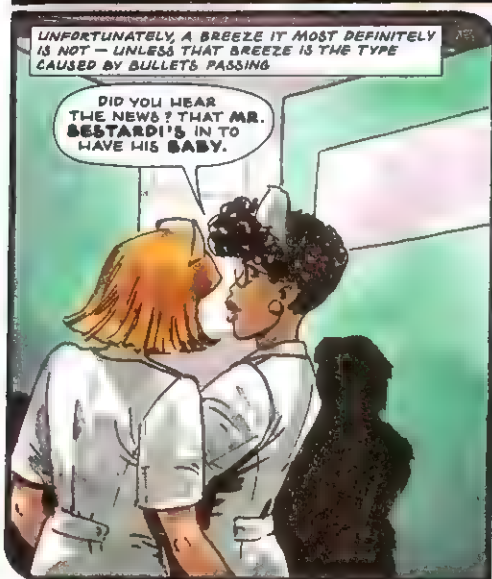
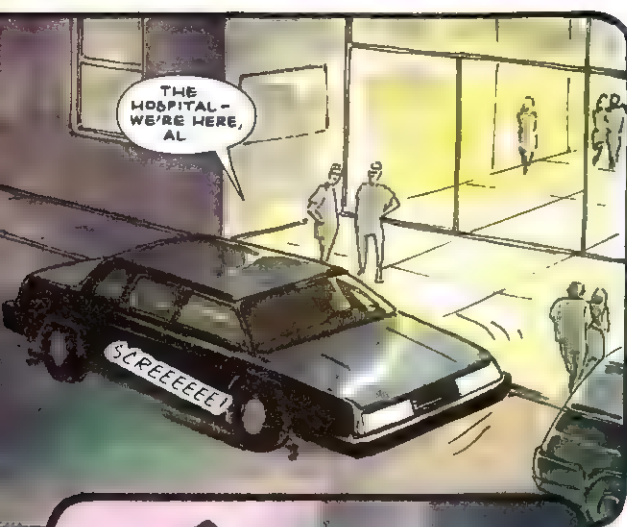
THE QUICKEST WAY OUT IS THROUGH YERRULA'S OUTFIT
AND VELMA DOES NOT STAND ON CEREMONY—





IT IS A WELL-DIRECTED BURST
FROM SAL THAT TAKES OUT
KATSO'S RUBBER





...AND REACHES THE EARS OF
A CERTAIN MUTT - CONFINED
THERE IN A VERY SICK - NOT TO
SAY DISGUSTING CONDITION.

BESTARDI!



MR.
McCLUSKEY!

WHERE
IS HE?

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JUDGE DREDD

T H E M E Z I N E

BABY BOOM!

THE RAPIDLY RISING
OF AL'S BABY!



FREE MEGA POSTER!

9 770960 181019

Your Star

12

12

AL'S baby

PART TWELVE

BIRTH WILL
BE BY MODIFIED
CAESAREAN
SECTION.

AN EPIDURAL
ANAESTHETIC WILL
ALLOW THE PATIENT
TO REMAIN AWAKE
DURING THE ENTIRE
OPERATION.

WHO THE
HELL SAID
ANYTHIN' ABOUT
AN AUDIENCE?

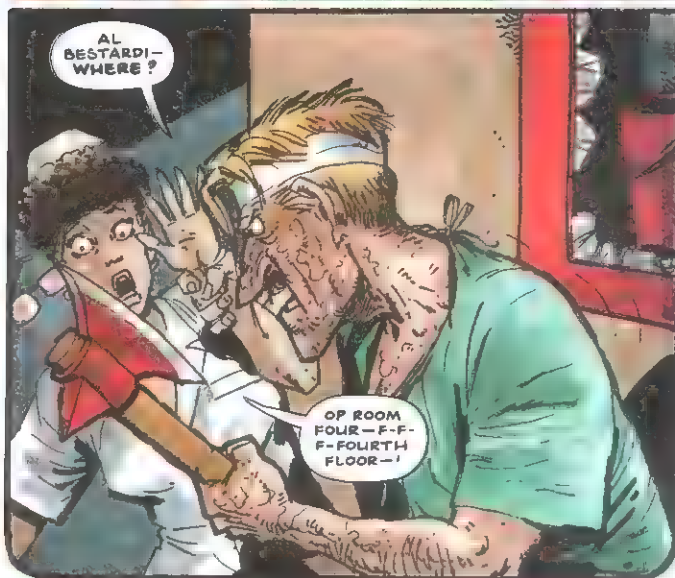
THEY'RE JUST
STUDENTS AND MEDICAL
STAFF - NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT.

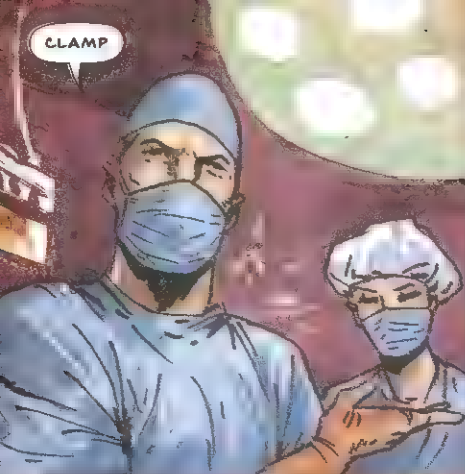
DAMN RIGHT
THEY'RE NOTHIN' TA
WORRY ABOUT, 'COS THEY
AIN'T GONNA BE HERE!
GET RIDDA THEM!

MR. BESTARDI,
THIS IS A MAJOR
MEDICAL
INNOVATION -

INNOVATION
NOTHIN' - NOBODY'S
TURNIN' ME INTA A CIRCUS
ACT! GET 'EM OUTA
HERE, I SAID!

I DON'T KNOW
IF YOU'RE AWARE
WHO YA GOT ON THAT
TABLE, UNLESS YA
WANNA SWITCH YOUR
PRACTICE TA THE
AFTERWORLD, DOC,
I'D DO JUST LIKE
YOU'RE TOLD

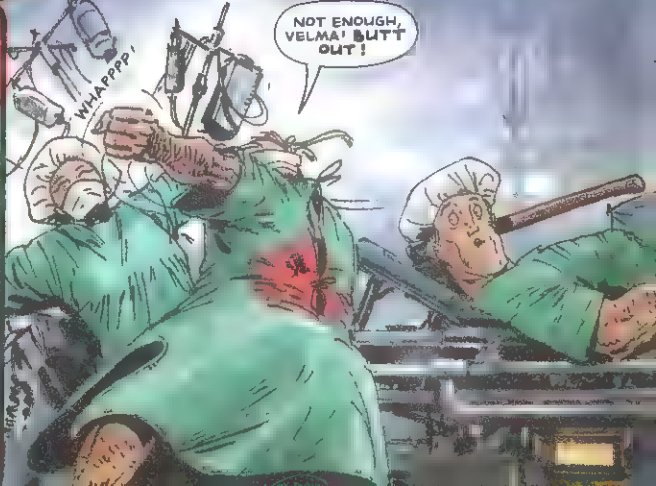
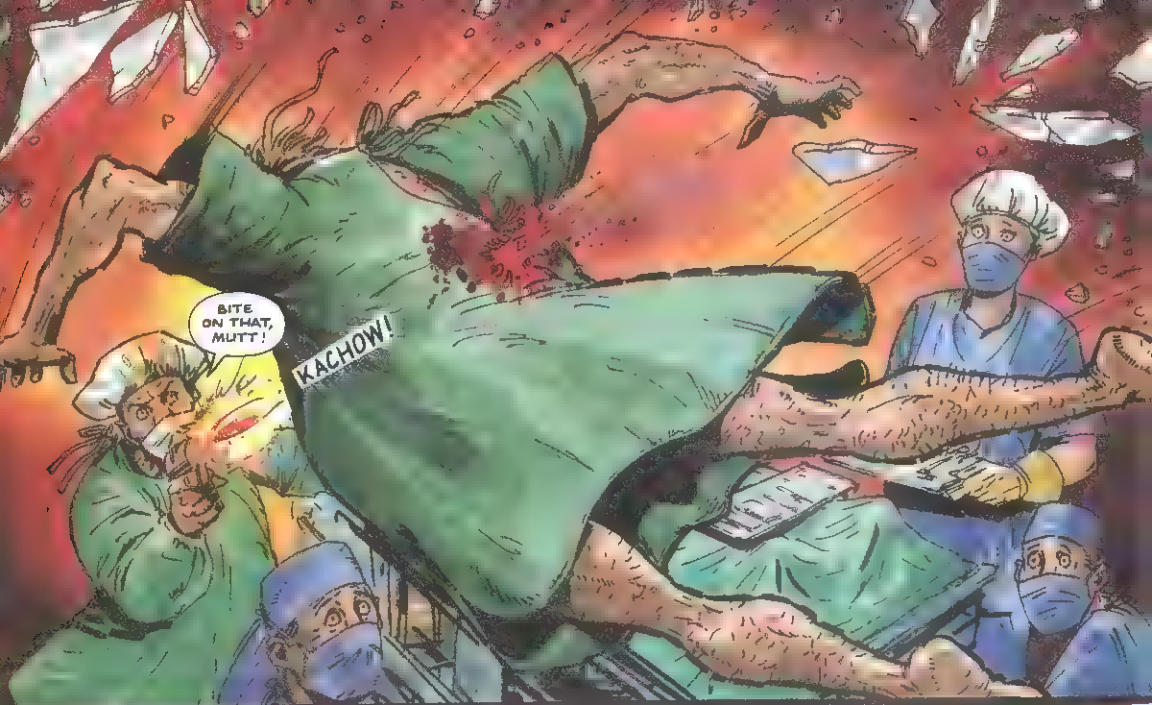


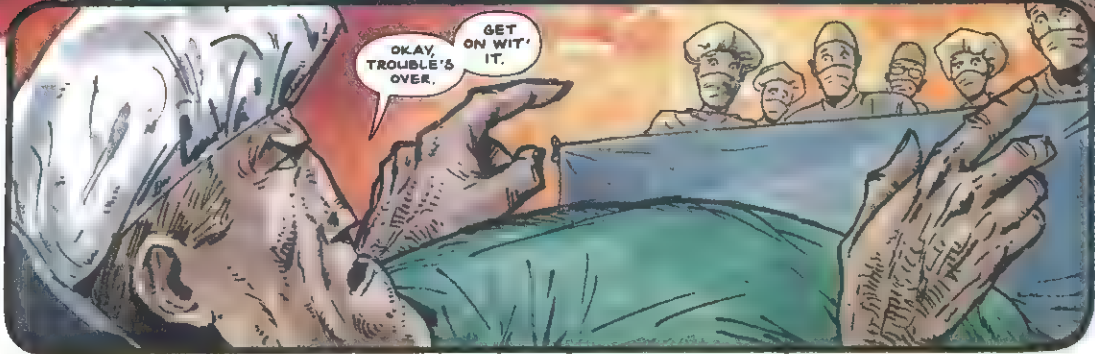
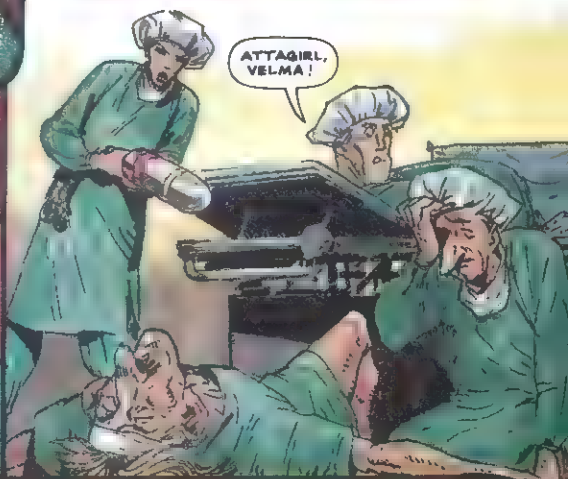
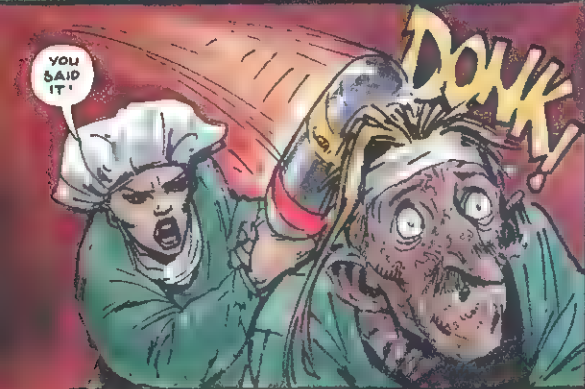
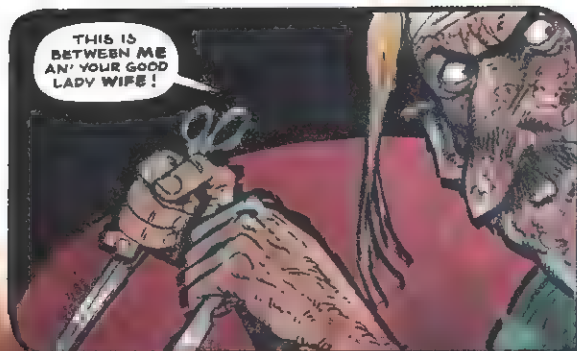






HERE
COMES YOUR
CAESAREAN!





AND SO IT COMES ABOUT THAT IN THESE SOMEWHAT
FARFICAL CIRCUMSTANCES LITTLE AL MAKES
HIS LONG-AWAITED APPEARANCE IN THE WORLD.

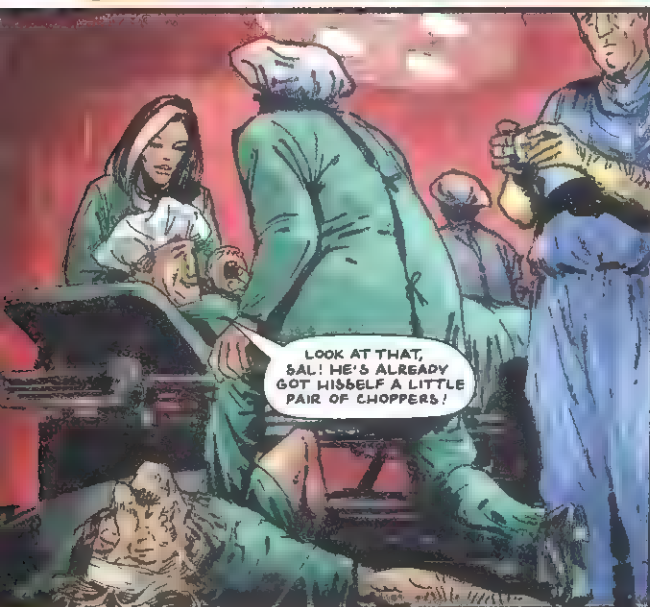


MIND YOU, IF LITTLE AL SHOULD COME OUT UNDER THE IMPRESSION HE HAS ALREADY LIVED A YEAR OR TWO, THAT IS QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE. IT HAS BEEN AN EVENTFUL TIME.

AIN'T HE A BEAUTY, VELMA!

WINNERFUL, AL! I'M REAL PROUD YA!

TAKE US A SNAP, DOC.



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!"



Don Luigi Sarcoma

PROUDLY ANNOUNCES

At Chi-Town General Hospital
at 3:15 A.M., 25th Oct, 2014.

To his daughter Velma and
his dear son-in-law Al

A SON AL JUNIOR

Dad and baby both doing fine.

HE LOOKS
JUST LIKE YOU,
LOUEY!

CAN I HOLD
HIM, LOUEY?
CAN I?

SHADOAP!
I'M HOLDIN'
HIM!

YA SURPRISE
ME, AL. YA HANDLE
THINGS GOOD. MAYBE I
WAS A LITTLE TOO
HARSH WIT' YA.

YOU
WERE A
'KATSBAG.

ALL RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT, SO I WENT A
LITTLE OVER THE SCORE.
YA GOTTA ADMIT, IT
WAS UNUSUAL!

STILL, YA
DONE GOOD,
AL.

FOR ALL THE **BEAST** THINGS COULD NOT WORK OUT BETTER.
NOT ONLY DOES HE PRODUCE DON LUIGI'S DESIRED GRAND-
CHILD, BUT HE IS ALSO INSTRUMENTAL IN FINALLY SOLVING
THE PROBLEM OF DON RATSO VERRUCA...

HEEHY!
LOOK AT HIM!
A SARCOMA
THROUGH AN'
THROUGH!

YOU'RE GONNA
BE A BIG MAN ONE DAY,
LITTLE AL! THAT'S RIGHT!
YOUR GRANFADDA SAYS
SO, AN' WHAT HE SAYS
GOES, SEE?

AN' IT'S
ALL THANKS TA
YOUR DADDY!

RATSO SHOWS
EVERY SIGN OF BACKIN'
OUT OF OUR DEAL - SO I
MAKE HIM AN OFFER HE
CAN'T REFUSE. I SHOW
HIM THESE LITTLE
SNAPS OF YOURS...

SO AL, AS THEY SAY,
IS IN **SOLID**.

BIG SMILES,
EVERYONE!

I TELL HIM IF HE
DON'T TEE THE LINE I
SEND 'EM TO THE CHI-TOWN
BUGLE. RATSO WILL LOOK A
TREAT SPLASHED ALL OVER
THE FRONT PAGE IN A
BABY'S DIAPER.

RATSO
COMBS ROUND
REAL FAST.



THERE! WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT STORY, ENLIGHTEN?

YES, MWAHAW!

I TOLD MY MOM ABOUT IT, TEACH. SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT. SHE SAID IT WAS AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL LANDMARK—

SEE!

—THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY THEY'D FOUND A GOOD USE FOR A MAN!

JOHNNY!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A FAT LIP!

BUT THAT'S NOT IT, IS IT, TEACH? I MEAN, LITTLE AL'S JUST BEEN BORN. HE MUSTA HAD A REAL EXCITING LIFE, HAVIN' A DAD LIKE AL THE BEAST.

HE DID, INDEED

IN FACT, IF THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO HIS BIRTH WERE WHIF-AROUND, THEY WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

BUT THAT IS QUITE ANOTHER STORY

THE END.

GLASNOST GOES CRAZY!

**Soviet judges...savage street gangs...Old
age terrorists...And the Holy corpse of
Elvis Presley!**

GET READY FOR



Begins next issue in

JUDGE DREDD
THE MEGAZINE

£1.50 No. 8 May 1991
MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRODUCTION



JUDGE DREDD

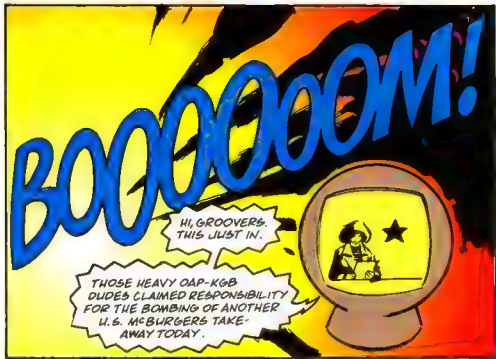
T H E M E G A Z I N E

YOU'RE
NEXT,
COMRADE!



INTRODUCING:
RED & RAZORS

Half-maniac, half-cop,
ALL JUDGE!



OUR BOMBING
CAMPAIGN WILL CONTINUE
UNTIL THIS COUNTRY IS
PURE AGAIN, FREE FROM
AMERICAN JUNK
CULTURE.

MARXISM WILL
NEVER DIE...UNLIKE
THOSE WHO STAND
IN OUR WAY!



LEVI'S

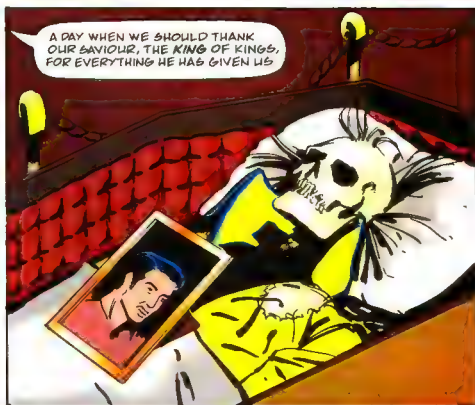
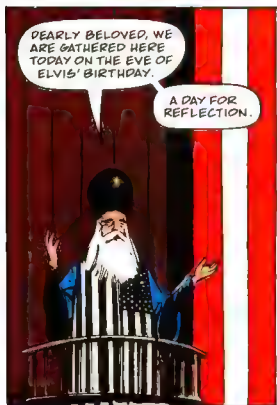


АЖЫ

Reebok

RED HAZARDS





THESE PUNKS ARE CALLED THE PSYCHO SURGEONS

THEY'RE MANIAC DOCTORS WHO GOT BORED
WITH SAVING PATIENTS AND STARTED TO GET
A BUZZ OUT OF LOSING THEM.



AFTER A LIST OF MALPRACTICE SUITS
AS LONG AS YOUR ARM, THEY QUIT
THEIR JOBS.

NOW THEY DRIVE
AROUND SOV BLOCK TWO IN AN OLD
AMBULANCE LOOKING FOR NEW CLIENTS



I HOPE THIS GUY'S MEDICAL
INSURANCE IS PAID UP

OH SWEET
ELVIS...NO.



NOWHERE ELSE TO
RUN, DADDIO.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL
HAVE OUR LITTLE
EXAMINATION
AFTER ALL.



LASER
SCALPEL!

LASER
SCALPEL..

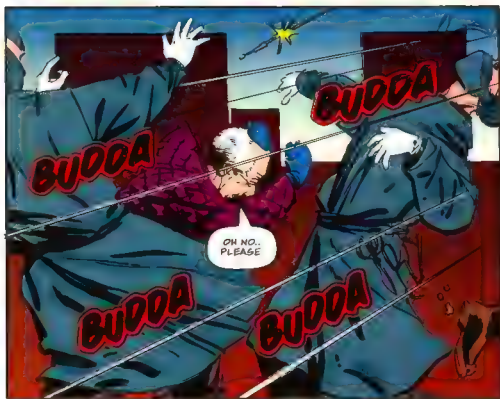


NOW
THEN...

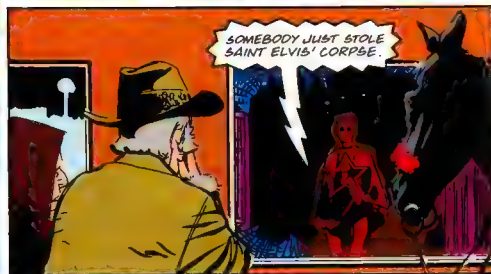
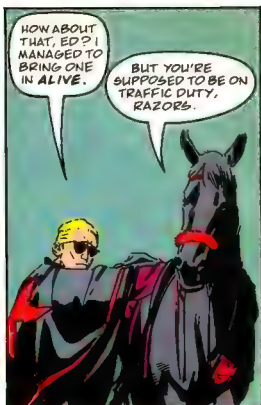
LET'S HAVE A
LITTLE LOOK
INSIDE, SHALL
WE?

STAND BACK
FROM THE
OLD MAN!









NEXT: RED HAWAII!



IF YOU LIKED DEATH ROW, KIDS,
THEN YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS.

YOU GET TO SEE
BRAINS AN' BLOOD
AN' EVERYTHIN'.



SEE, THIS
IS WHERE WE
MAKE THE
JUDGES

WHO CARES?



PRETTY
NEAT,
HUH?

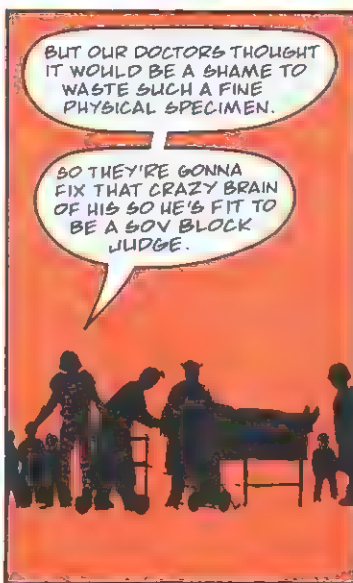
RED HAZARDS

PART TWO.



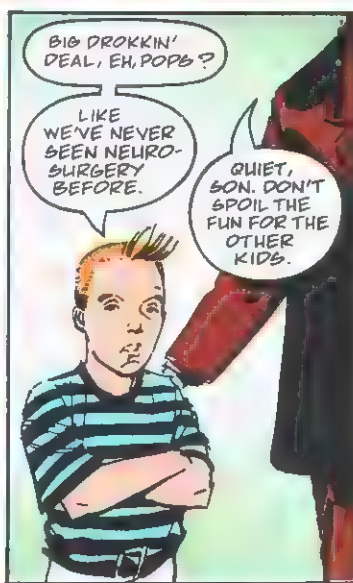
YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN THIS BIG
FELLA WHININ' IN HIS CELL BACK
ON DEATH ROW.

WE WERE GONNA
FRY THIS SUCKER
FOR ROBBERY,
ARSON AND EIGHT
COUNTS OF
MURDER.



BUT OUR DOCTORS THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO
WASTE SUCH A FINE
PHYSICAL SPECIMEN.

SO THEY'RE GONNA
FIX THAT CRAZY BRAIN
OF HIS SO HE'S FIT TO
BE A SOV BLOCK
JUDGE.



BIG DROKKIN'
DEAL, EH, POPS?

LIKE
WE'VE NEVER
SEEN NEURO-
SURGERY
BEFORE.

QUIET,
SON. DON'T
SPOIL THE
FUN FOR THE
OTHER
KIDS.



STARSKY & HUTCH'S NITE CLUB,
ON THE SEEDIER SIDE OF TOWN..

OH ELVIS,
I THINK HE
BROKE MY
NOSE.

THINK YOURSELF
LUCKY, PAL.

THE LAST DISCO
WE VISITED, HE
CRIPPLED THE
DOORMAN.

HOLY COW! A
TALKING HORSE!

ACTUALLY, I
PREFER THE TERM
"GENETICALLY
ENHANCED"

THE STARSKY & HUTCH NITE CLUB IS
WHERE "THE BROTHERHOOD OF
HUGGY BEAR" HANG OUT.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING INTERESTING
ON THE STREET, THESE GUYS
KNOW ABOUT IT

I'VE BEEN TO
THREE CLUBS
ALREADY
TONIGHT, BOYS
YOU MAY HAVE
HEARD THE
SCREAMS.

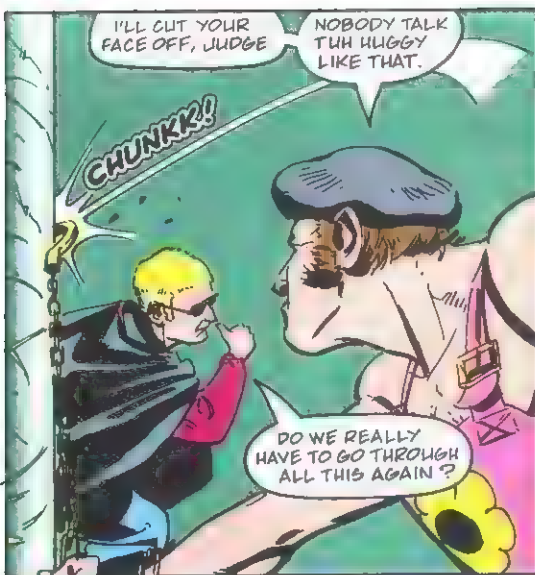
SO SPARE YOURSELF
SOME GRIEF, HUH?

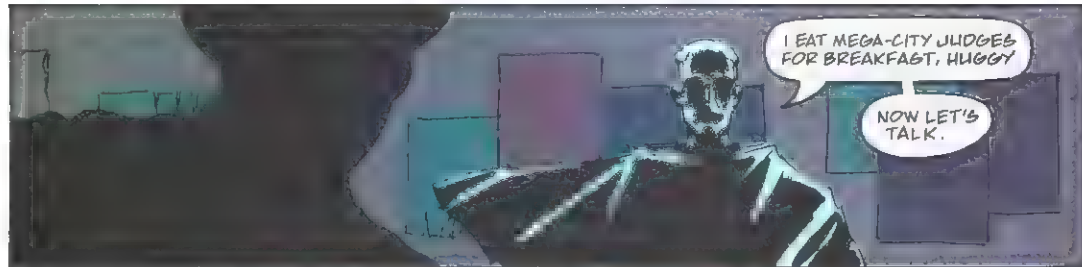
JUST TELL ME WHO STOLE
ELVIS PRESLEY'S CORPSE
THIS AFTERNOON.

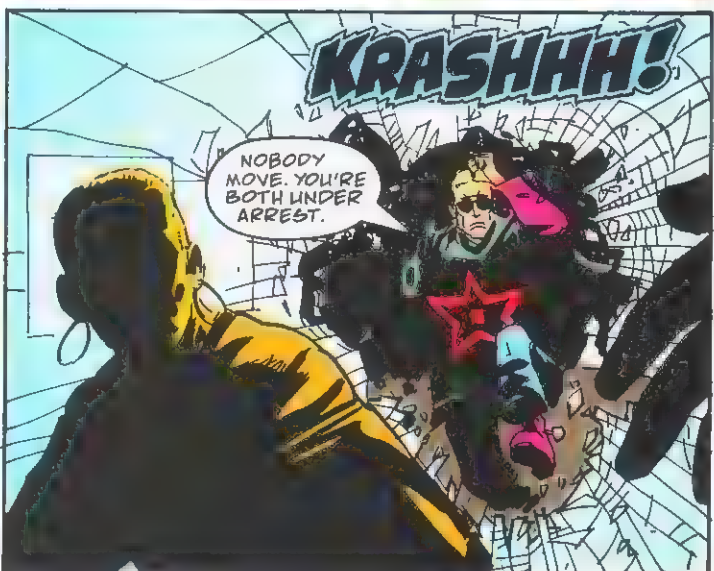
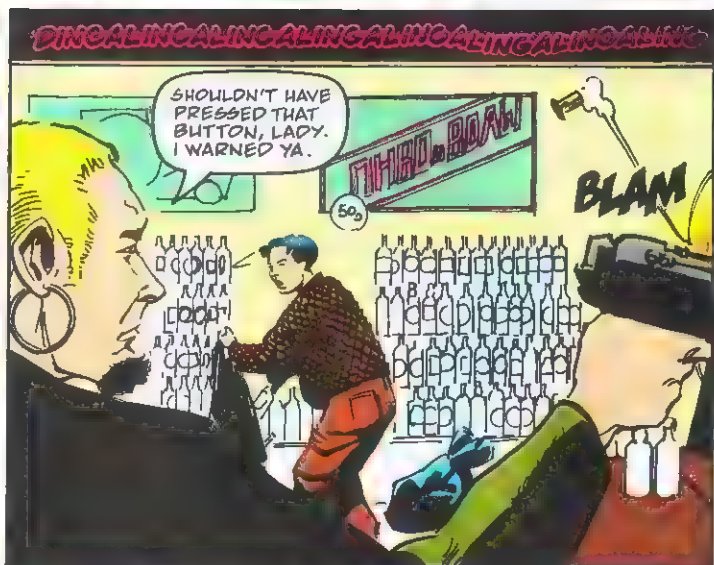
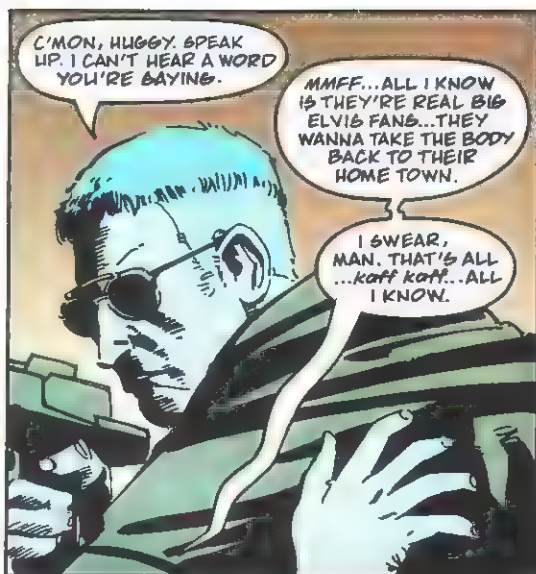
YOUR OL' PAL HUGGY WOULDN'T
LIE TO YOU, RAZORS. NO WAY,
MAN.

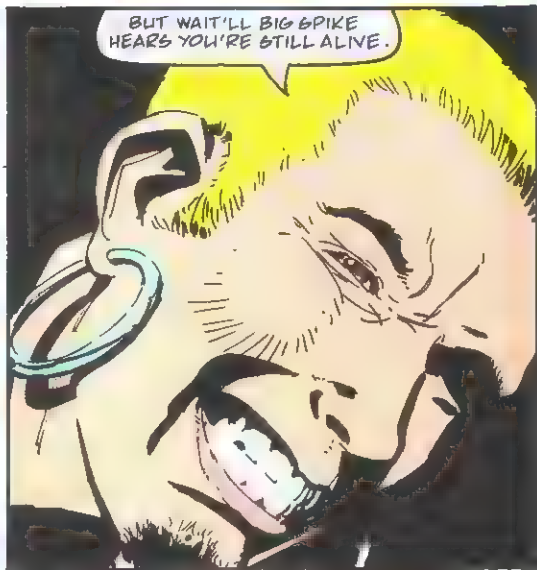
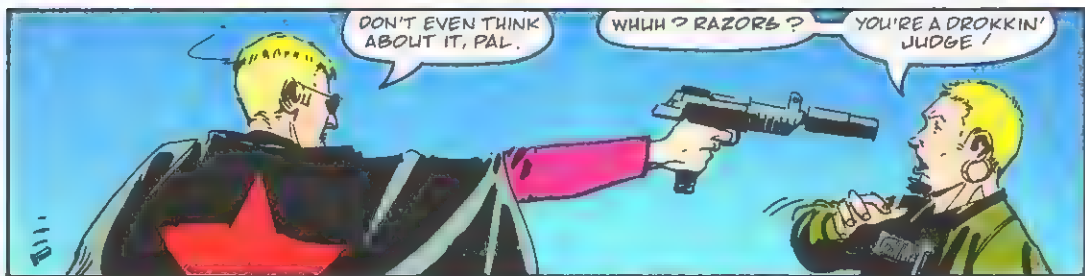
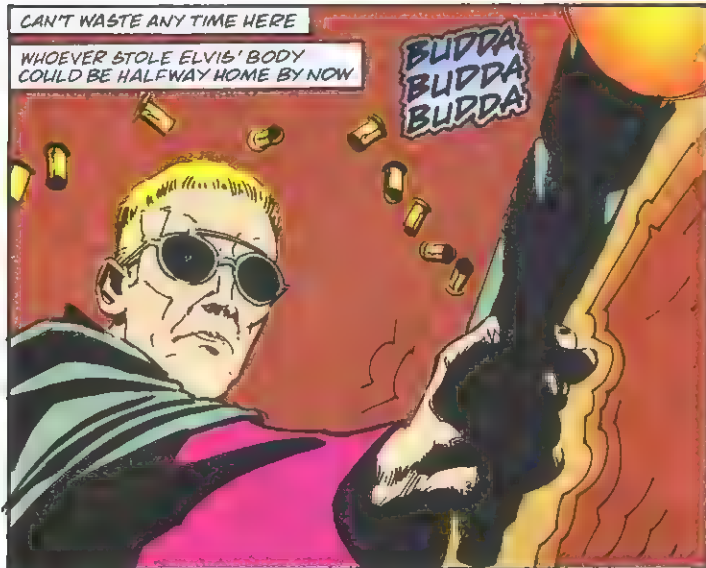
WE DON'T KNOW
NUTHIN' 'BOUT
NO CORPSE, DO
WE, BOYS?

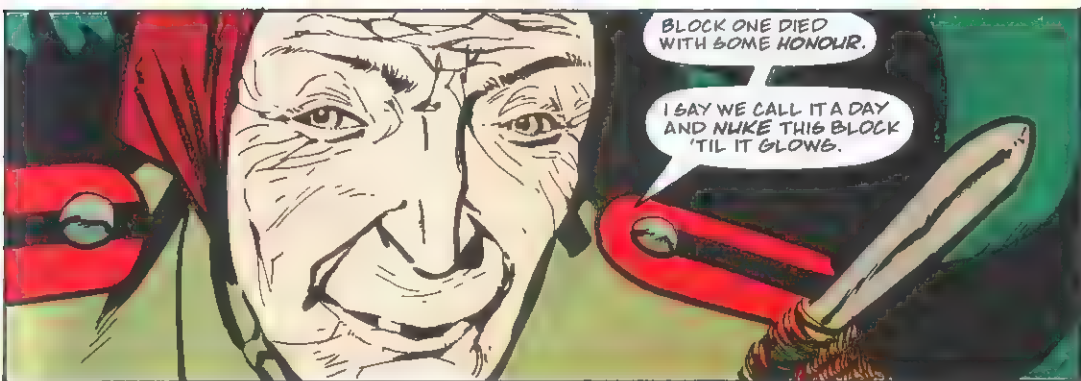
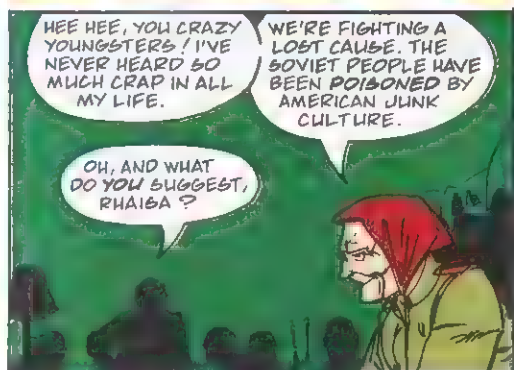
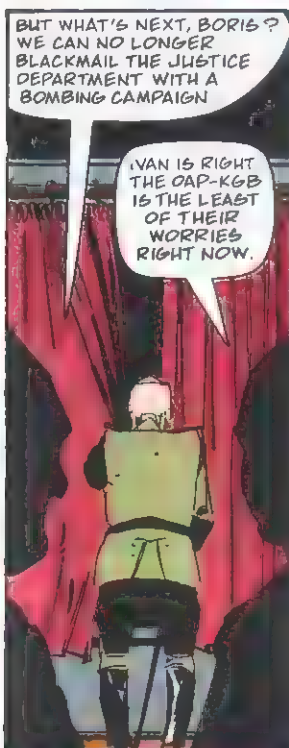
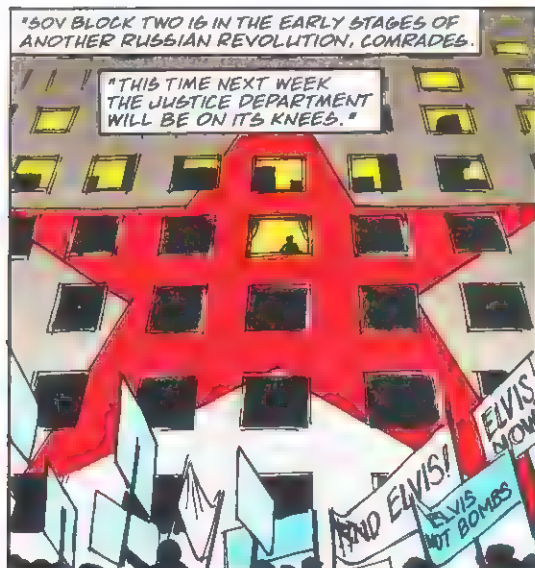
WE'LL SOON FIND
OUT, HUGGY.





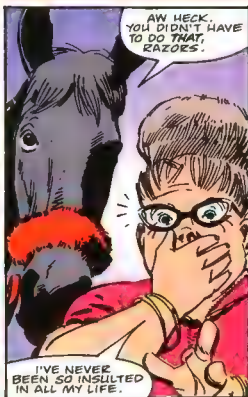
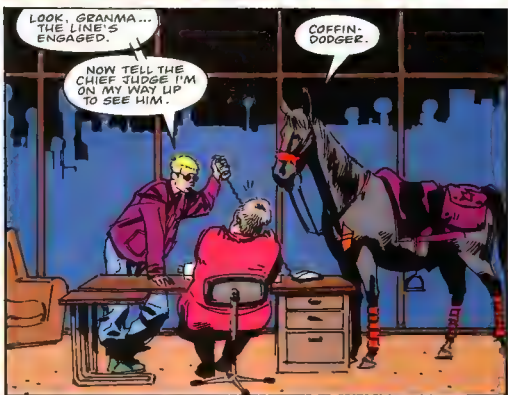












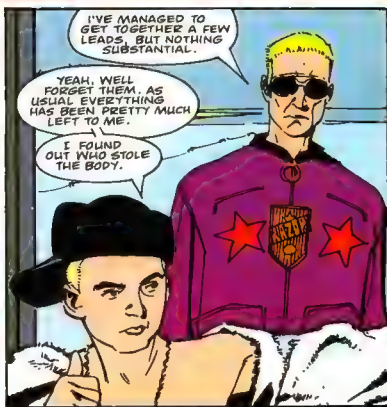
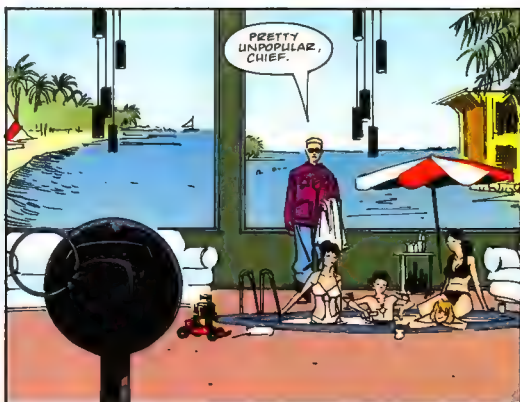
HI, GROOVERS. THIS IS CHER
MOLDOV WITH THE LUNCH-
TIME NEWS.

THERE HAS BEEN AN OUTBREAK
OF ATTACKS BY THE INFAMOUS
"RED DETH" GANG IN THE
PAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

THEIR LEADER, SPIKE, TOLD THE
CITY THAT THIS REIGN OF TERROR
WILL CONTINUE UNTIL THE JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT HANDS OVER JUDGE
"RAZORS." A FORMER MEMBER
OF THE GANG.

"RED DETHS DON'T BECOME JUDGES,
MAN. IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT.

SPIKE GETS HIS HANDS ON THAT
TRAITOR AND HE'S GONNA RIP
HIM APART!"



CHIEF JUDGE RICKY'S
THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

IF YOU THINK THAT'S
IMPRESSIVE THEN I GUESS
I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT
HE BOUGHT SOV BLOCK TWO
WHEN HE WAS NINE.

JEEZ, I DON'T
KNOW WHY I BOTHER
TO HAVE YOU GUYS
AROUND.

WE GOT A FAX
FROM MEGA-CITY ONE
LATE LAST NIGHT.

IT SEEMS THAT FOUR
ECCENTRIC ELVIS FANS LEFT
THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A
VISA AND HEADED EAST.

DID YOU GET
MUG-SHOTS SENT
THROUGH?

YEP. FILES AS
THICK AS A PHONE
BOOK ON EACH
OF THEM.

THEY'RE ALL ARDENT
CAMPAIGNERS TO HAVE
ELVIS' BODY SENT BACK
TO AMERICA WHERE THEY
THINK HE BELONGS.

MY GUESS
IS THAT THEY'RE
HEADING BACK
WEST RIGHT
NOW.

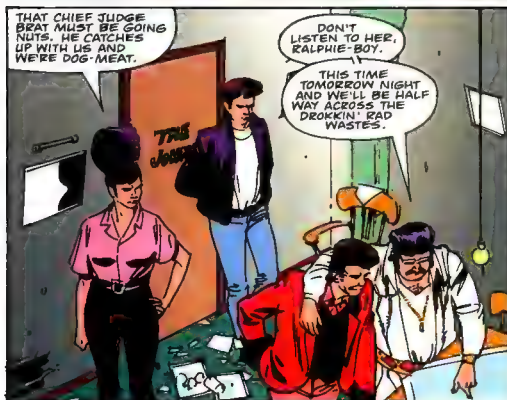
WELL THEY'RE GONNA
HAVE TO CROSS SOME
UNFRIENDLY TERRITORY
TO GET BACK HOME.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
MILES FROM HERE THEY'RE
GONNA BE IN THE RAD-WASTES
WHERE SOV-BLOCK ONE
USED TO BE.

EXACTLY.
RAZORS.

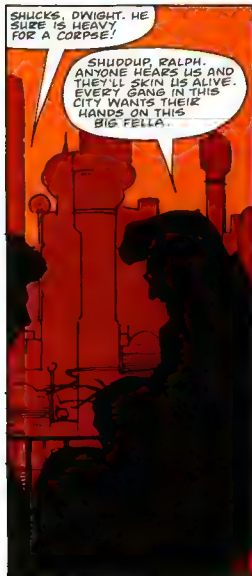
AND I GATHER
JUDGES AREN'T
TOO POPULAR IN
MUTIE-LAND.

JUST THINK OF
THAT AS AN INCENTIVE
TO CATCH THEM BEFORE
THEY REACH THE
BORDER.



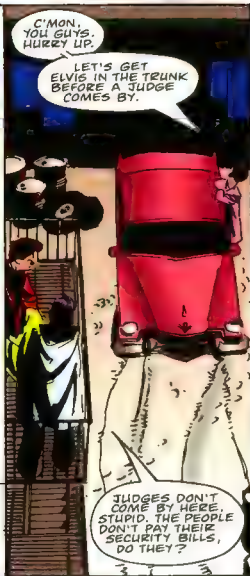


NGHH. DAMN
RUSKIE WINDOWS.
WE'LL BE LUCKY TO
GET THE BODY
THROUGH HERE,
BOYS.



SHUCKS, DWIGHT. HE
SUEE IS HEAVY
FOR A CORPSE!

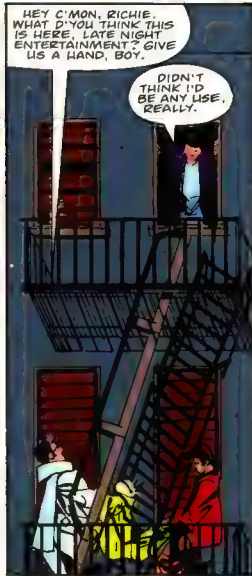
SHUDDUP, RALPH.
ANYONE HEARS US AND
THEY'LL SKIN US ALIVE.
EVERY GANG IN THIS
CITY WANTS THEIR
HANDS ON THIS
BIG FELLA.



C'MON,
YOU GUYS.
HURRY UP.

LET'S GET
ELVIO IN THE TRUNK
BEFORE A JUDGE
COMES BY.

JUDGES DON'T
COME BY HERE.
STUPID. THE PEOPLE
DON'T PAY THEIR
SECURITY BILLS,
DO THEY?



HEY C'MON, RICHIE.
WHAT D'YOU THINK THIS
IS HERE, LATE NIGHT
ENTERTAINMENT? GIVE
US A HAND, BOY.

DIDN'T
THINK I'D
BE ANY USE,
REALLY.



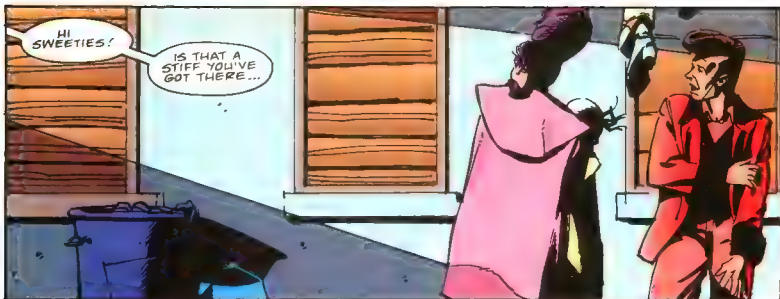
LEAVE THE
KID ALONE,
DWIGHT. HE'S
JUST KINDA...
DEEP.

CAREFUL,
RONNIE. HE'S
HEAVIER THAN
HE LOOKS.



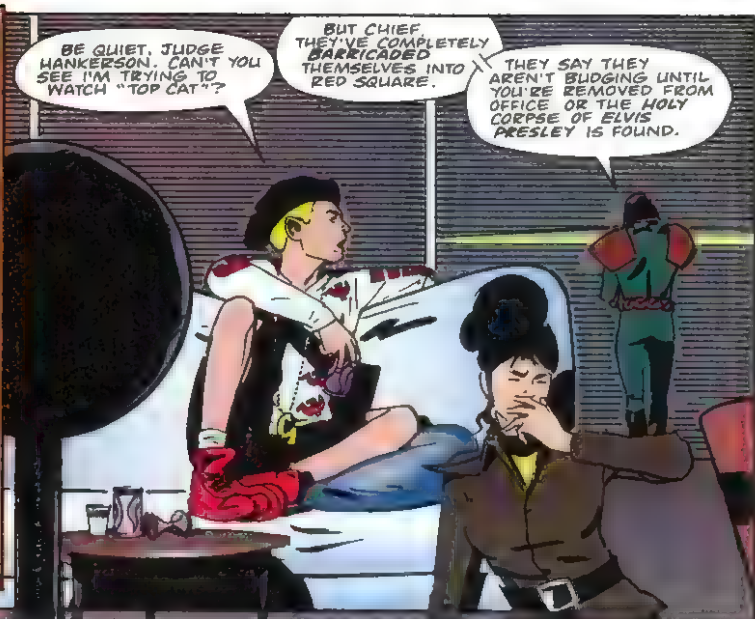
I FIND THAT
PRETTY HARD
TO BELIEVE,
RALPH.

**BRRR
MMMM!**





I REALLY
THINK YOU SHOULD
TRY TALKING TO
THE PEOPLE, CHIEF.
JUDGE.
THESE
PROTESTS ARE
BEGINNING TO
GET OUT OF
HAND.



BE QUIET, JUDGE
HANKERSON. CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M TRYING TO
WATCH "TOP CAT"?

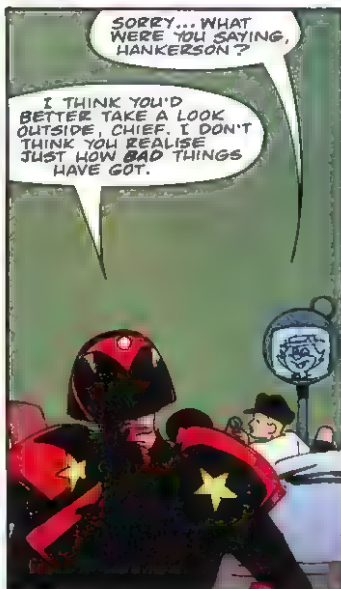
BUT CHIEF
THEY'VE COMPLETELY
BARRICADED
THEMSELVES INTO
RED SQUARE.

THEY SAY THEY
AREN'T BUDGING UNTIL
YOU'RE REMOVED FROM
OFFICE OR THE HOLY
CORPSE OF ELVIS
PRESLEY IS FOUND.



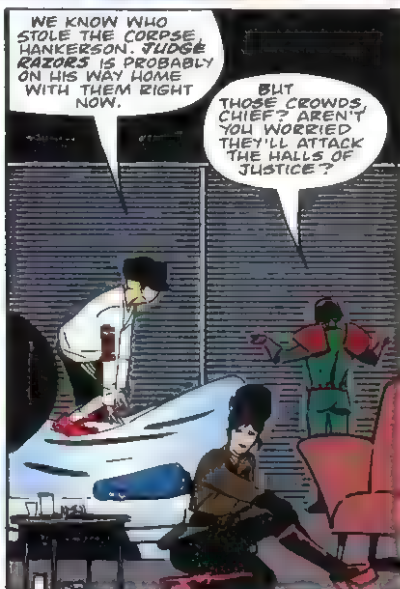
AW JEEZ. LOOK...IT'S
THAT EPISODE WHERE
BENNY GETS MISTAKEN
FOR A FAMOUS VIOLIN
PLAYER. / /

HEH...
I LOVE THIS ONE.
I'VE SEEN IT
MAYBE A DOZEN
TIMES.



SORRY... WHAT
WERE YOU SAYING,
HANKERSON?

I THINK YOU'D
BETTER TAKE A LOOK
OUTSIDE, CHIEF. I DON'T
THINK YOU REALISE
JUST HOW BAD THINGS
HAVE GOT.



WE KNOW WHO
STOLE THE CORPSE
HANKERSON. JUDGE
RAZORS IS PROBABLY
ON HIS WAY HOME
WITH THEM RIGHT
NOW.

BUT
THOSE CROWDS,
CHIEF? AREN'T
YOU WORRIED
THEY'LL ATTACK
THE HALLS OF
JUSTICE?



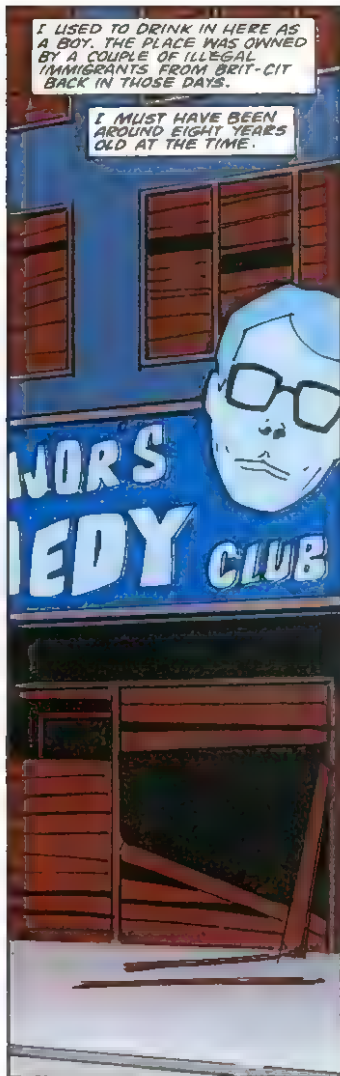
BELIEVE ME,
HANKERSON...

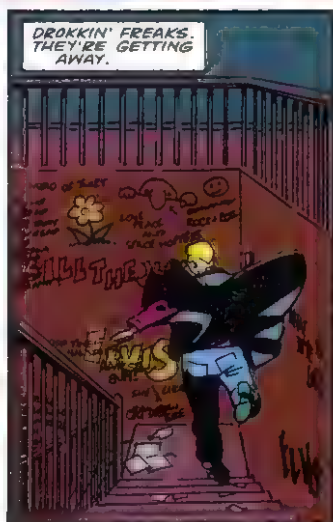
THIS TIME
TOMORROW NIGHT
EVERYONE WILL
BE BACK HOME
WATCHING T.V.

RED HAZARDS

PART FOUR









C'MON ED, GET A MOVE ON. SHIFT THAT FAT BUTT OF YOURS.

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, RAZORS.



WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, PAL? THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

I'M NOT BLUDGING UNTIL YOU APOLOGISE FOR SPEAKING TO ME LIKE THAT.



WE'VE GOT HALF AN HOUR TO MEET THE CABBIE AT THE BORDER.

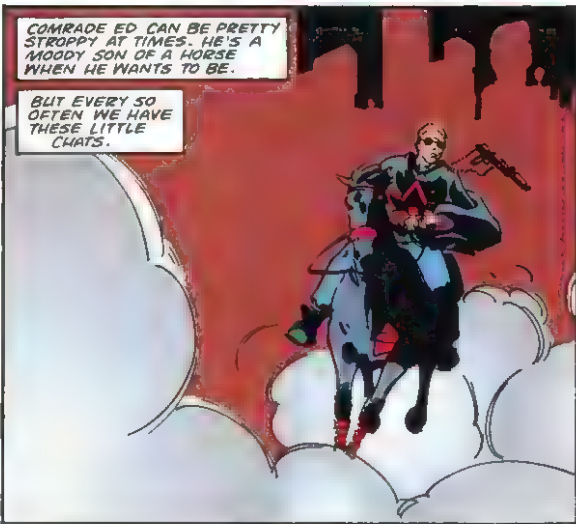
HEY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WEITING, RICHIE?



IT'S...UM... A SORT OF POEM. I JUST FEEL... I DUNNO... REALLY CLOSE TO ELVIS RIGHT NOW, Y'KNOW?

THIS IS ALL GONNA END IN TEARS.

AW JEEZ... WHAT'S THAT BEHIND US?



COMRADE ED CAN BE PRETTY STROPPY AT TIMES. HE'S A MOODY SON OF A HORSE WHEN HE WANTS TO BE.

BUT EVERY SO OFTEN WE HAVE THESE LITTLE CHATS.

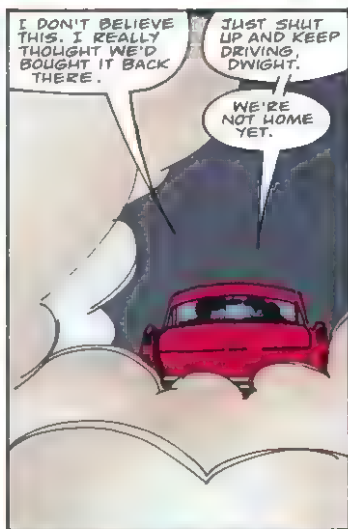
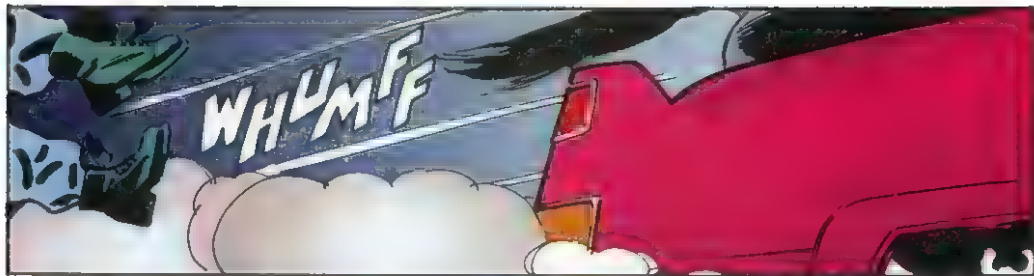


THIS TIME I EXPLAINED TO HIM WHERE GLUE COMES FROM.



PULL OVER, WISEGUYS.

THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE.





NUCLEAR WEAPONS? GIVE ME A BREAK, MAN.

HOW COULD SOMEONE LIKE YOUR OLD PAL HUGGY BEAR LAY HIS HANDS ON NUCLEAR WEAPONS, HUH?



THOSE SUCKERS HAVE BEEN RED HOT SINCE BLOCK ONE GOT LEVELLED.

FORGET NUKES, MAN. WHY DON'CHA TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE PERSONAL? LIKE THESE F'INSTANCE.

AN' THIS BEING MY JANUARY SALE WEEK, TOO?



OH YES. LOOK AT THEM, NATASHA... AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL?

EASY, BORIS. CALM DOWN.

WE WERE TOLD YOU COULD SUPPLY US WITH ANYTHING WE ASKED FOR, MISTER BEAR. EITHER WE GET A NUCLEAR BOMB OR WE TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.



TELL YOU WHAT, LADY. I CAME BY TWO THOUSAND GARDEN GNOMES A WHILE BACK, BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE MARKET FOR THEM.

IF YOU TAKE THEM OFF MY HANDS THEN I'LL THROW THIS IN FOR NEXT TO NOTHING...



...ONE TRIAL-SIZE ATOMIC BOMB.

NO PREVIOUS OWNERS.

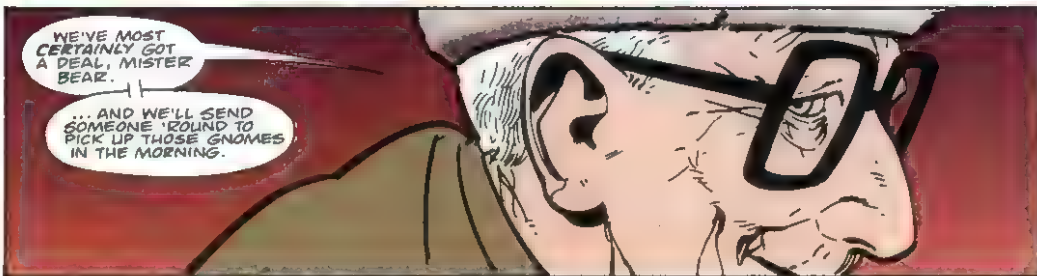
SWEET STALIN!



NO MORE MESSING AROUND WITH TERRORIST ATTACKS, EH, NATASHA?

IF THEY WON'T HAND THE CITY BACK TO US THEN WE'LL NUKE THE PLACE.

HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN? HAVE WE GOT A DEAL HERE OR WHAT?



WE'VE MOST CERTAINLY GOT A DEAL, MISTER BEAR.

... AND WE'LL SEND SOMEONE 'ROUND TO PICK UP THOSE GNOMES IN THE MORNING.



UCH...WHAT'S THAT SMELL? IT'S LIKE BACON OR SOMETHING.

THAT MEANS WE'RE ALMOST IN SOV BLOCK ONE, RONNIE.

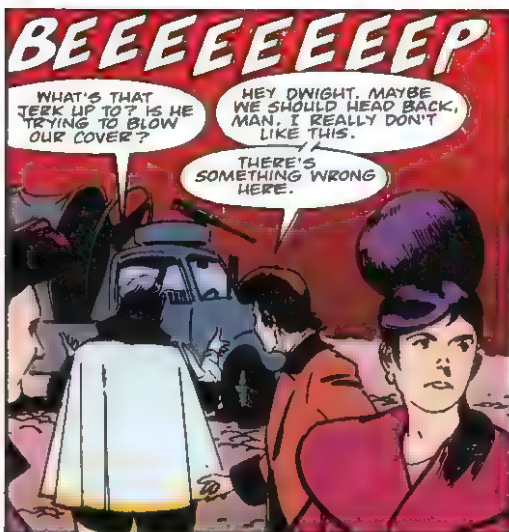


SEE, THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE SMELL LIKE WHEN THEY'RE BURNING.



THIS IS HORRIBLE. IT'S SO SILENT, LIKE ONE GREAT BIG GRAVE.

HEY LOOK, AIN'T THAT OUR CAB UP AHEAD?



WHAT'S THAT JERK UP TO? IS HE TRYING TO BLOW OUR COVER?

HEY DWIGHT, MAYBE WE SHOULD HEAD BACK, MAN, I REALLY DON'T LIKE THIS.

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE.



HEY, CABBIE, ARE YOU IN THERE?

HAVE YOU FALLEN ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL OR SOMETHIN', BUDDY?



NEXT: RED MOON!



I STILL SAY YOU WERE A LITTLE HARD ON THOSE POOR KIDS, RAZORS.

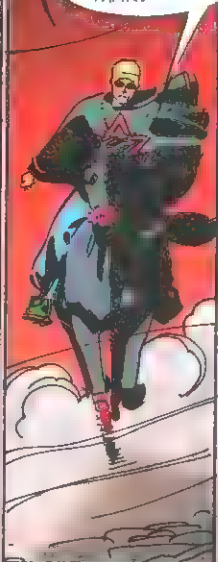
ARE YOU CRAZY? I HAD THE ELVIS GANG IN THE SIGHTS OF MY GUN BEFORE THOSE LITTLE DORKS DAMN NEAR BROKE MY NECK.

BESIDES ALL I DID WAS GIVE THEM A SPANKING.

YEAH, WITH YOUR DROKKIN' NIGHT-STICK, MAN!

HOLY—!

GRUD IN GRACELAND, WHAT THE DROK IS THAT?

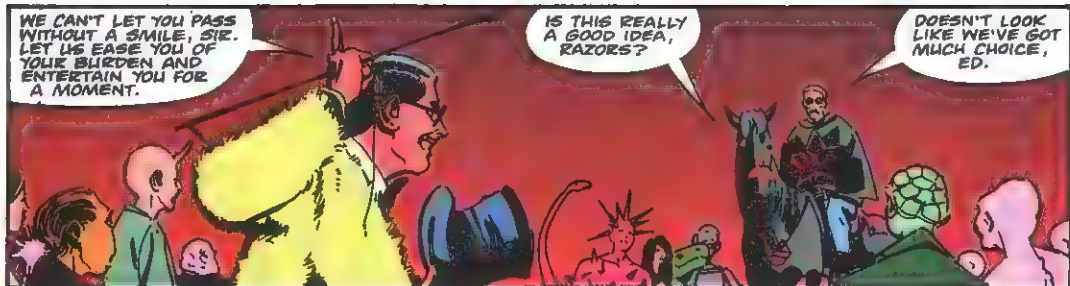


GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN AND WELCOME ...

... TO THE CIRCUS OF DELIGHTS.

RED & RAZORS

PART FIVE



WE CAN'T LET YOU PASS WITHOUT A SMILE, SIR. LET US EASE YOU OF YOUR BURDEN AND ENTERTAIN YOU FOR A MOMENT.

IS THIS REALLY A GOOD IDEA, RAZORS?

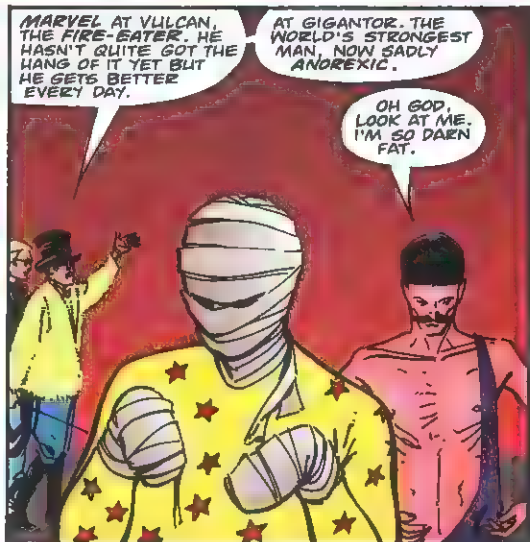
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE'VE GOT MUCH CHOICE, ED.



YOU'RE OUR FIRST AUDIENCE IN MONTHS, YOU KNOW. IT'S SO VERY RARE TO FIND ANYONE ALIVE IN THE RAD-WASTES THESE DAYS.

WHAT IS THIS? SOME KIND OF SHOW?

OH YES. IT'S THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH...



MARVEL AT VULCAN, THE FIRE-EATER. HE HASN'T QUITE GOT THE HANG OF IT YET BUT HE GETS BETTER EVERY DAY.

AT GIGANTOR, THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN, NOW SADLY ANDREXIC.

OH GOD, LOOK AT ME. I'M SO DAEN FAT.



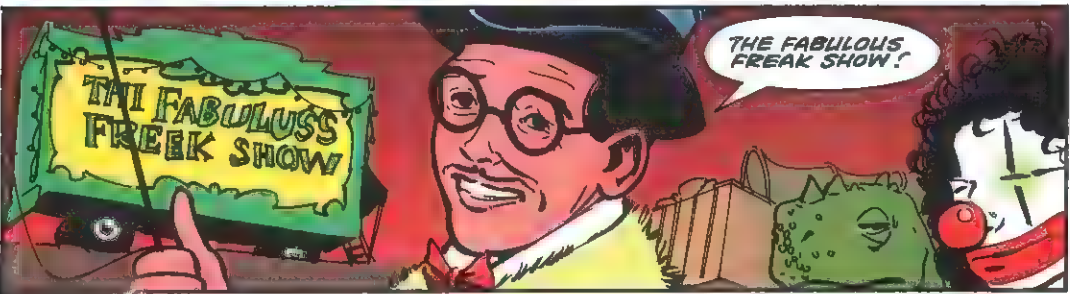
THRILL TO CONGO KEVIN, ADVENTURER FROM BRASILIA AND HIS BABY DINOSAUR ACT.

GASP AS HE CLIMBS INSIDE THE GAPING MOUTH OF THE DIPILOKAS AND PERFORMS A HEAD STAND.

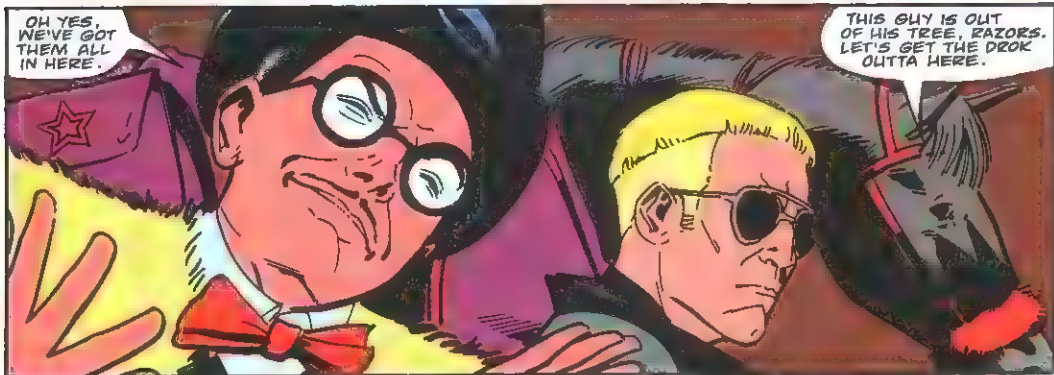
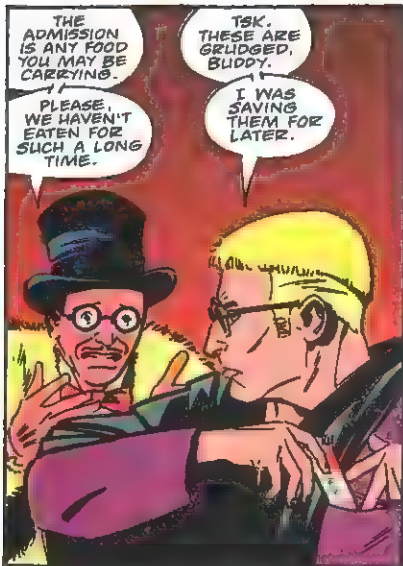


WE'RE IN A HURRY, BUDDY. LET US THROUGH AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

BUT YOU CAN'T GO, MY DEAR CHAP. NOT JUST YET. NOT BEFORE YOU SEE OUR STAR ATTRACTION...



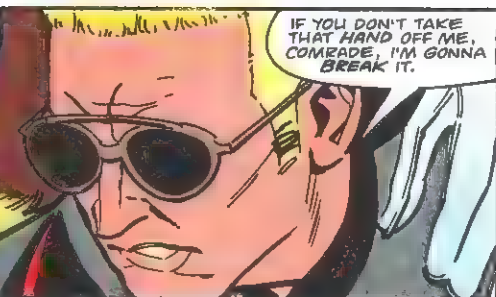
THE FABULOUS FREAK SHOW!



THIS BRINGS ME TO
OUR FAVOURITE ACT.
THE ONE PEOPLE WANT
TO SEE AGAIN AND
AGAIN.



IF YOU DON'T TAKE
THAT HAND OFF ME,
COMRADE, I'M GONNA
BREAK IT.

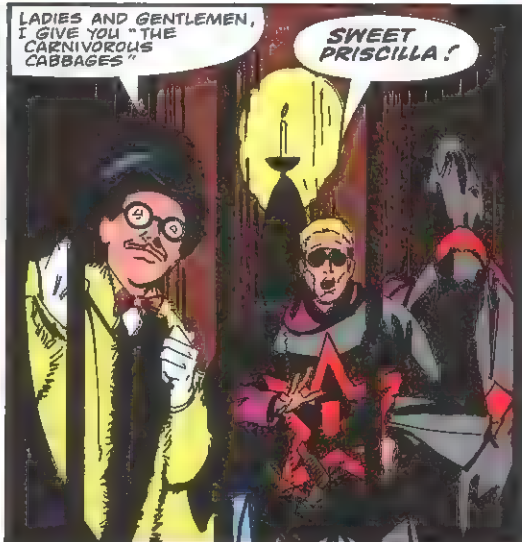


MY PERSONAL
FAVOURITE IS THE
POST-NUCLEAR FAMILY.
THAT LITTLE ZERO POINT
FOUR OF A CHILD IS
SO DARN CUTE.



BUT WHO AM
I TO ARGUE WITH
THE PAYING
PUBLIC.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
I GIVE YOU "THE
CARNIVOROUS
CABBAGES"

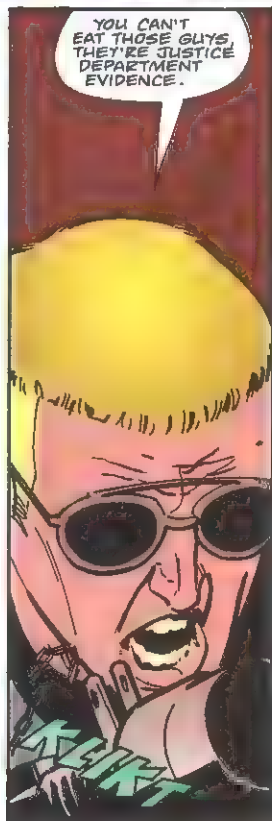


SWEET
PRISCILLA!



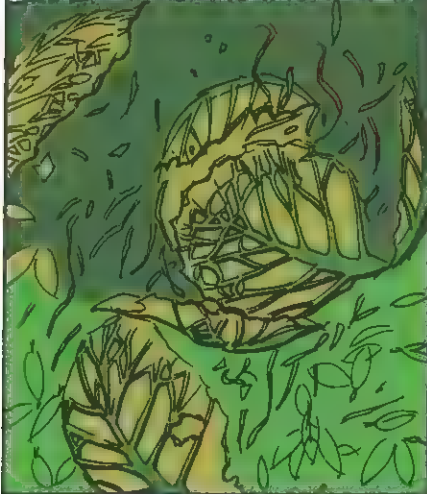
BURP!

YOU CAN'T
EAT THOSE GUYS
THEY'RE JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
EVIDENCE.



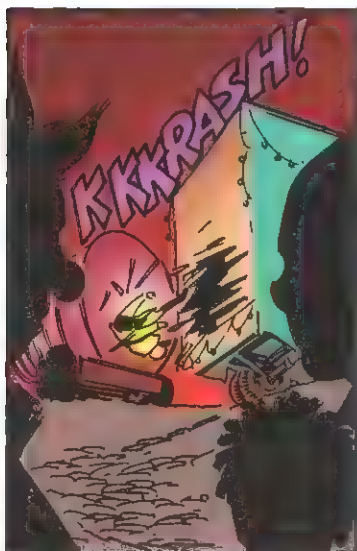
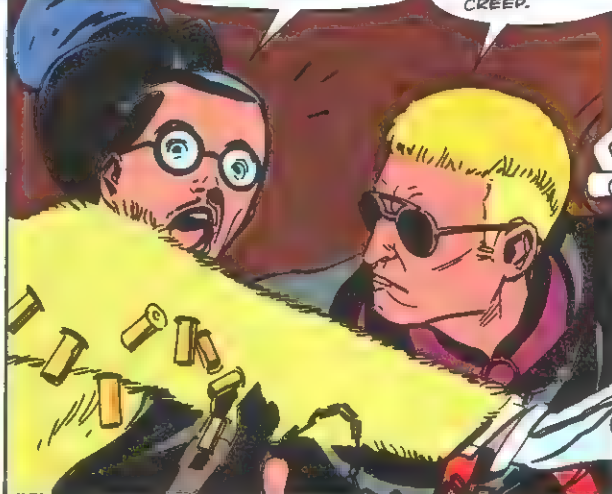
KLIKT

BRAKKABRAKKA. BRAKA



NO. DON'T KILL THEM.
THE CABBAGES ARE OUR
MOST POPULAR ACT.

TOUCHING A
SOV BLOCK JUDGE
IS AN OFFENCE,
CREEP.



THOSE STIFFS
BELONGED TO A GANG
I'VE BEEN TRACKING
FOR NEARLY THREE
DAYS.

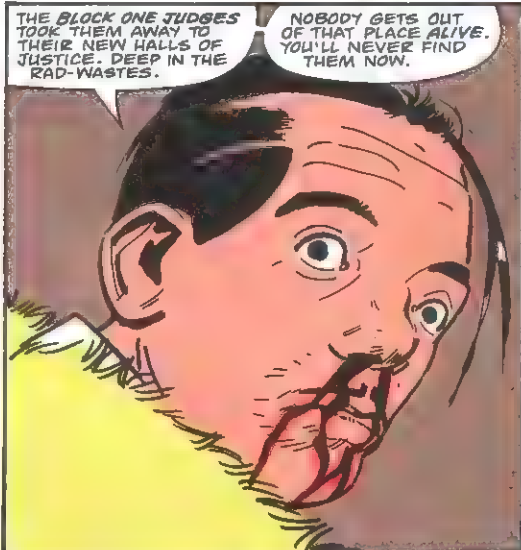
WHAT DID
YOU DO WITH
THE OTHERS?

I NEVER
TOUCHED THEM.
I SWEAR.



THE BLOCK ONE JUDGES
TOOK THEM AWAY TO
THEIR NEW HALLS OF
JUSTICE. DEEP IN THE
RAD-WASTES.

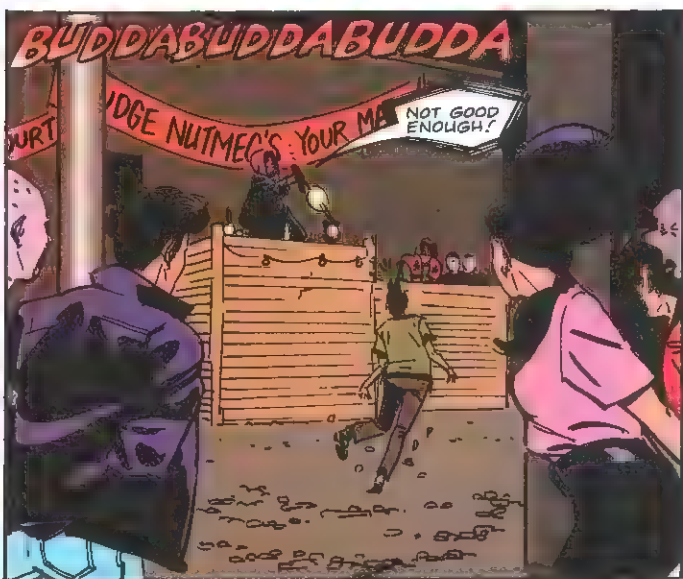
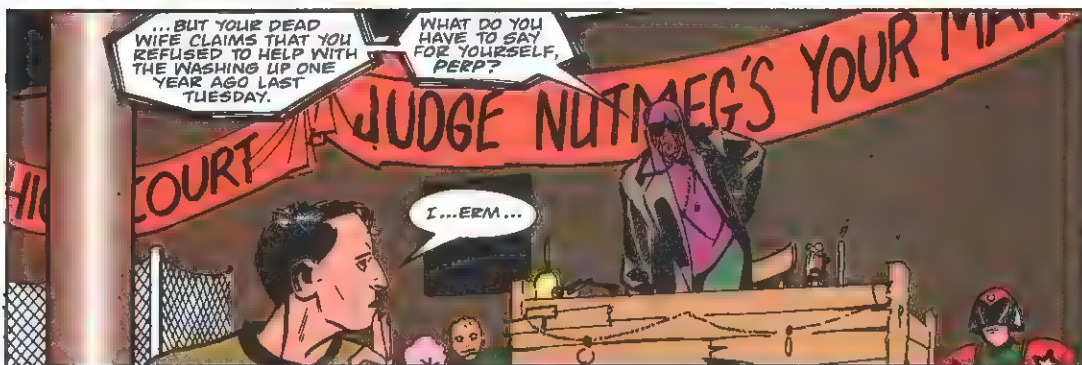
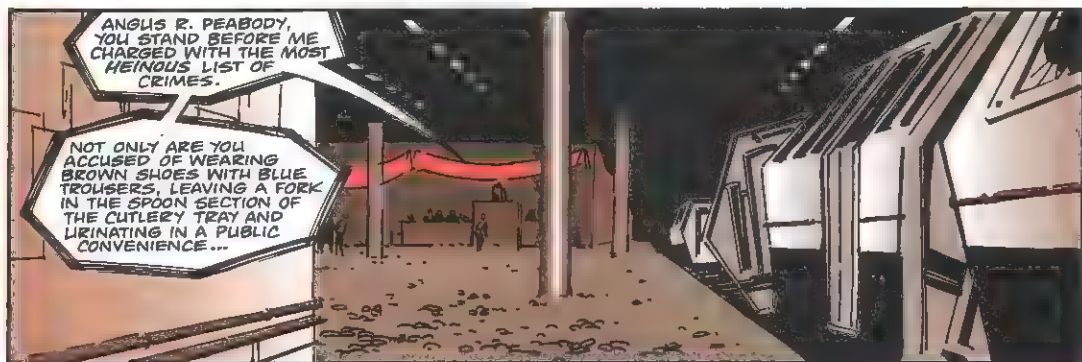
NOBODY GETS OUT
OF THAT PLACE ALIVE.
YOU'LL NEVER FIND
THEM NOW.



MAYBE
SO.

GOOD THING
I'VE GOT YOU TO
SHOW ME THE
WAY, HUH?





GET YOUR
HANDS OFFA
ME, YOU
FREAK!

WELL, WELL,
WELL. LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE
GOT SOME
OUT-OF-
TOWNERS
HERE.

WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO, PERPS? TAKE THE CORPSE BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE?

WE WERE JUST
TAKING IT BACK
TO AMERICA WHERE
IT BELONGS.

EASY,
RONNIE, WE'RE
IN ENOUGH
TROUBLE.

YOU THREE PERPS ARE
SENTENCED TO A SLOW AND
PAINFUL DEATH. 11

ELVIS' CORPSE HAS BEEN
CONFISCATED BY THE SOV
BLOCK ONE JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT TO BE USED
WHICHEVER WAY WE
PLEASE.

"WHICH REMINDS ME,
ELVIS SOUP WILL BE
SERVED AT HALF
PAST FIVE."

AT FIVE FORTY TWO
EVERYTHING MELTED
AWAY.

EAST-MEG ONE ROASTED
IN A NUCLEAR FIRE AND
THE APOCALYPSE WAR
ENDED.



PEOPLE MELTED INTO SHADOWS,
BURNED AGAINST WALLS. THEIR
SKIN UNRAVELLED INTO NOTHING
AND THEIR EYES RAN DOWN
THEIR FACES.

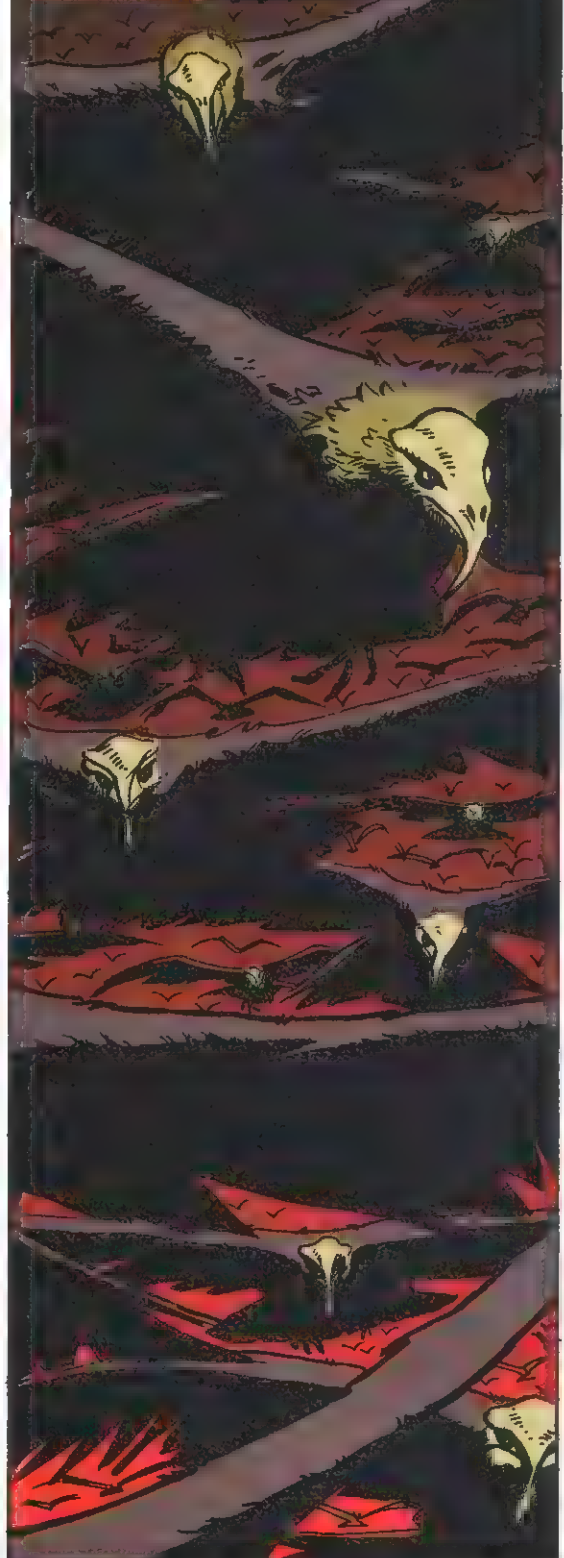
THE SKY BURNED BLACK,
THEN GREEN, RAINING
PETROL FOR MONTHS.



THOSE WHO SURVIVED ATE
THEIR PETS, SCOURING
THE LANDSCAPE FOR
FOOD AND SHELTER.

MONSTERS GREW OUT OF THE
SAND, BLACK AS NIGHT.
NO ONE EVER LAUGHED.

NO BIRDS SANG.



DECADES LATER EAST-MEG TWO
RENAMED ITSELF SOV BLOCK
TWO FOR MARKETING REASONS —
ARMAGEDDON IS BAD FOR THE
TOURIST TRADE.

THE RUINS OF EAST-MEG ONE WERE
RENAMED SOV BLOCK ONE AND
SEALED OFF. OFFICIALLY ABANDONED.

BUT THE JUDGES
THERE LIVED ON.



UNFORTUNATELY

RED & HAZARDS

PART SIX

DIDNT EET
HIS GREENS

DIDNT HELP
WITH THE
WASHING-UP

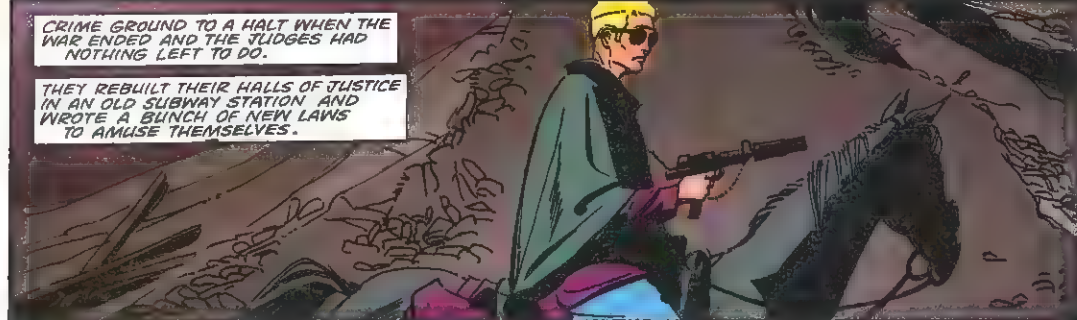
THE HALLS OF JUSTICE
CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER,
ED. WE'LL HAVE ELVIS' BODY
BACK IN NO TIME.

SOMETHING
TELLS ME WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT TRACK,
RAZORS.

HAD A
FUNNY WALK

CRIME GROUND TO A HALT WHEN THE WAR ENDED AND THE JUDGES HAD NOTHING LEFT TO DO.

THEY REBUILT THEIR HALLS OF JUSTICE IN AN OLD SUBWAY STATION AND WROTE A BUNCH OF NEW LAWS TO AMUSE THEMSELVES.



THE POISONED AIR IS SAID TO HAVE MESSED UP THEIR MINDS. THEY CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG ANYMORE.

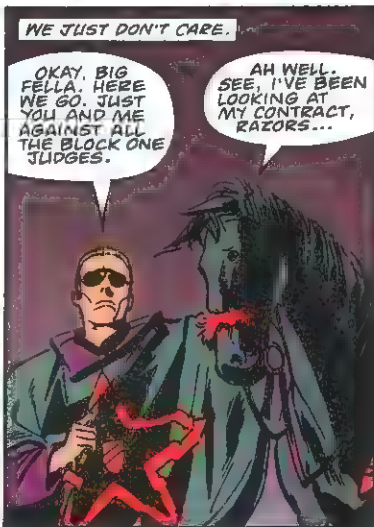
NOT LIKE US. AT LEAST WE KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.



WE JUST DON'T CARE.

OKAY, BIG FELLA. HERE WE GO. JUST YOU AND ME AGAINST ALL THE BLOCK ONE JUDGES.

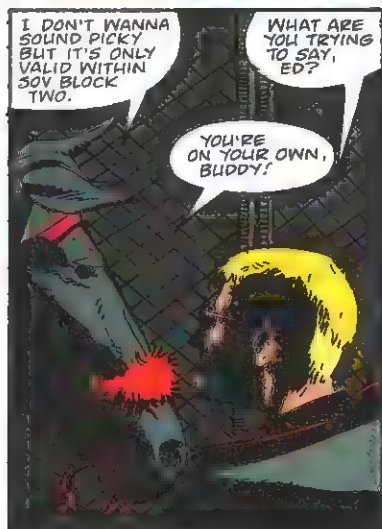
AH WELL. SEE, I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT MY CONTRACT, RAZORS...



I DON'T WANNA SOUND PICKY BUT IT'S ONLY VALID WITHIN SOV BLOCK TWO.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, ED?

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BUDDY!



THANKS A LOT, PAL.

ONE DAY YOU'LL LEARN THAT YOU GOTTA MAKE SOME SACRIFICES FOR THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.



DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT SACRIFICES, RAZORS.

DO YOU REALISE I'M MISSING "JOANNIE AND CHACHI" FOR THIS?



WALTON'S MOUNTAIN, ON
THE BORDER OF SOV
BLOCKS ONE AND TWO.

\$

Walton's Mountain

THANKS FOR
COMING AT SUCH
SHORT NOTICE,
GANG.

I REALLY
COULD USE
YOUR HELP
AGAIN.

WE HEARD
ELVIS' CORPSE
WAS STOLEN,
CHIEF.

IT WAS ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE YOU HAD
TO CALL US.



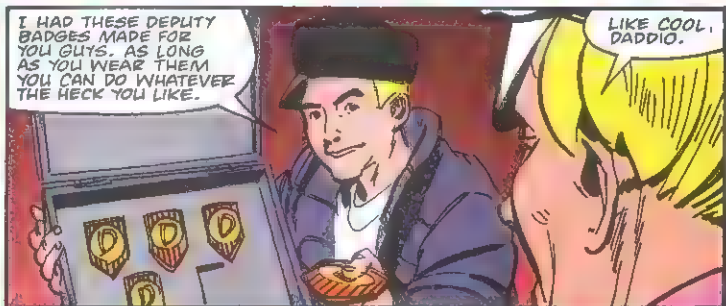
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
ASTROLOGER RECKONS
THE CORPSE IS SOMEWHERE
IN SOV BLOCK ONE.

I SENT MY BEST
MAN IN THREE DAYS
AGO BUT I HAVEN'T
HEARD ANYTHING
SINCE.



YOU DID
THE RIGHT THING
TO CALL US,
CHIEF.

WE'LL WRAP
THIS MESS UP
BEFORE THINGS
GET OUT OF
HAND.



I HAD THESE DEPUTY
BADGES MADE FOR
YOU GUYS. AS LONG
AS YOU WEAR THEM
YOU CAN DO WHATEVER
THE HECK YOU LIKE.

LIKE COOL,
DADDIO.



HEY, CHIEF.
I'M NOT SCARED OR
NUTHIN' BUT WHAT
D'YOU THINK HAPPENED
TO THE LAST GUY YOU
SENT IN, HUH?



GRUD
KNOWS.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN
DINOSAURS, CANNIBALS
OR EVEN MUTIE JUDGES
THAT GOT HIM.



MUTIE
JUDGES??

GULP !!!



GET INTO
THE MYSTERY
MACHINE,
CATS.

WE GOT
SOME SERIOUS
BUTT TO
KICK.

ONE LOOK AT THE ELVIS GANG AND I KNEW THEY'D NEVER MAKE IT ACROSS THE RAD-WASTES.

I COULDN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THEM BUT I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T LOST THE HOLY CORPSE OF ELVIS.

SOV BLOCK TWO IS TEARING ITSELF APART AT THE SEAMS OVER THOSE BONES. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THEM...

HECK, I DON'T WANNA EVEN THINK ABOUT THAT.

JUST KEEP MY MIND ON STAYING ALIVE AND GETTING THOSE JERKS OUT OF HERE.

AWW NO...

SO MUCH FOR THE ELVIS GANG.

I GUESS I CAN FORGET ABOUT THAT CHRISTMAS BONUS.

THOSE GUYS STILL HAD
A LITTLE COLOUR IN
THEIR CHEEKS. I RECKON
THEY'VE ONLY BEEN DEAD
A FEW HOURS.



DID ED SAY THAT WE
WERE MISSING "JOANNIE
AND CHACCI"?

DARN. I FORGOT TO
SET THE VIDEO.



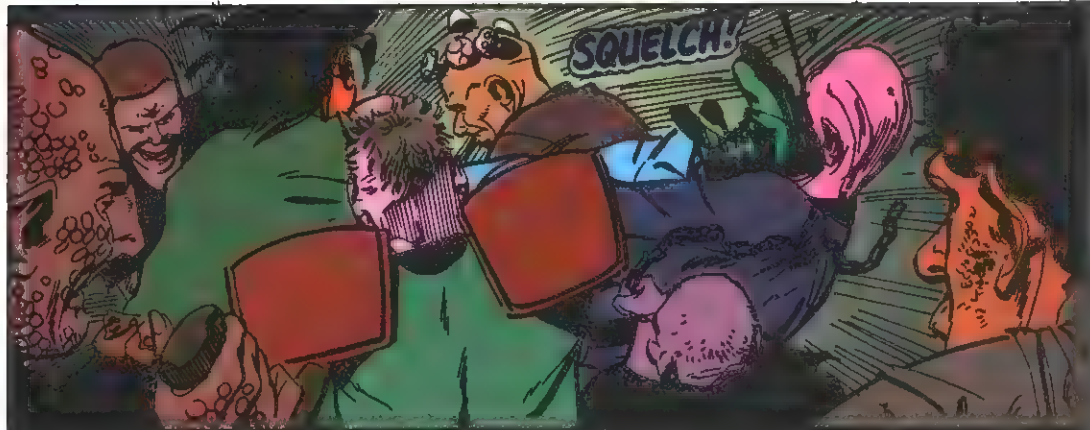
RRRAAARGGH!

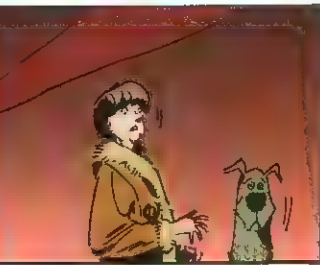
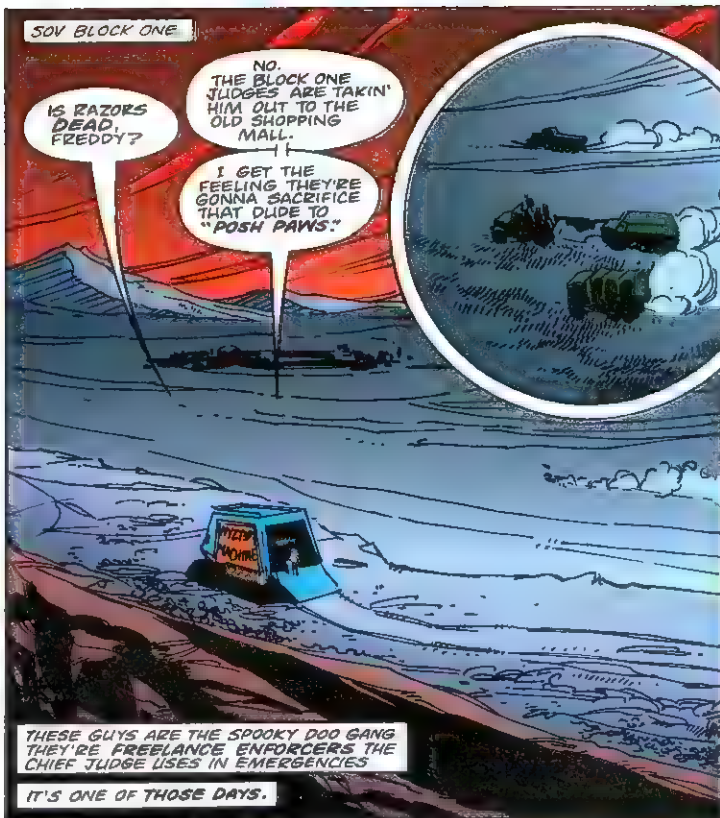


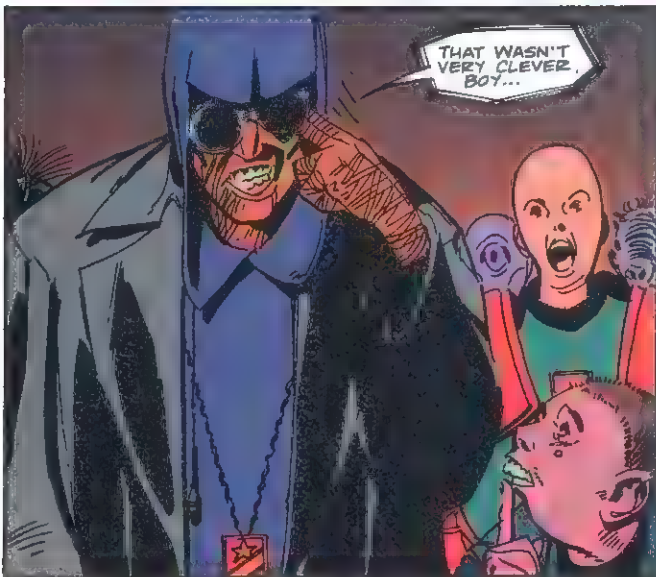
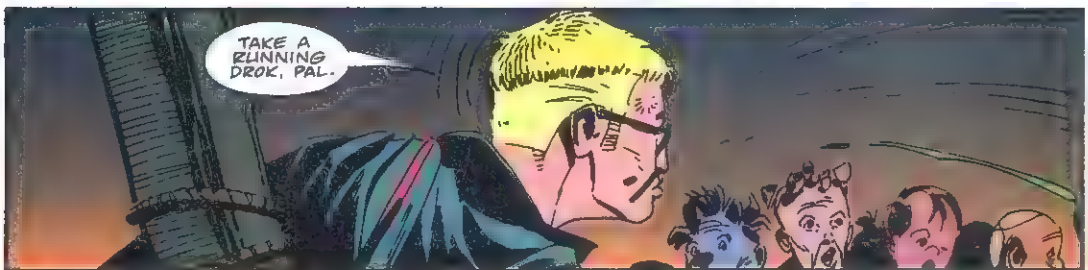
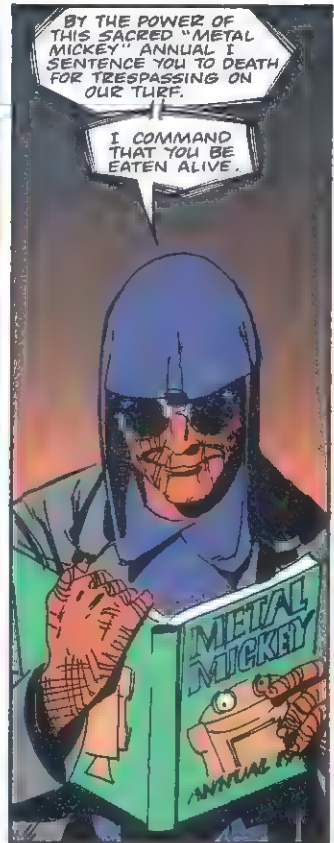
YOU GUYS
ARE ALL UNDER
ARREST.

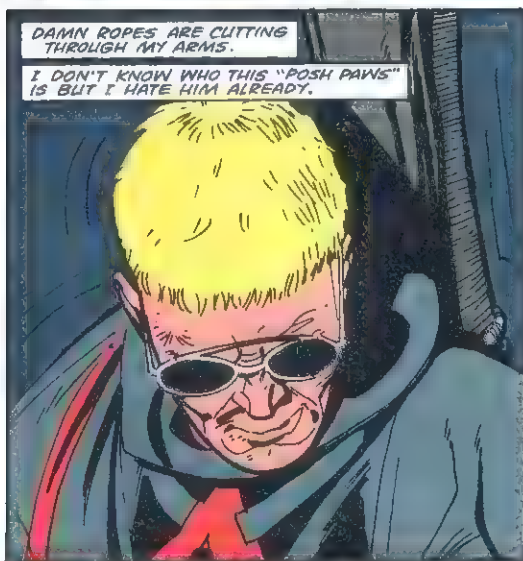
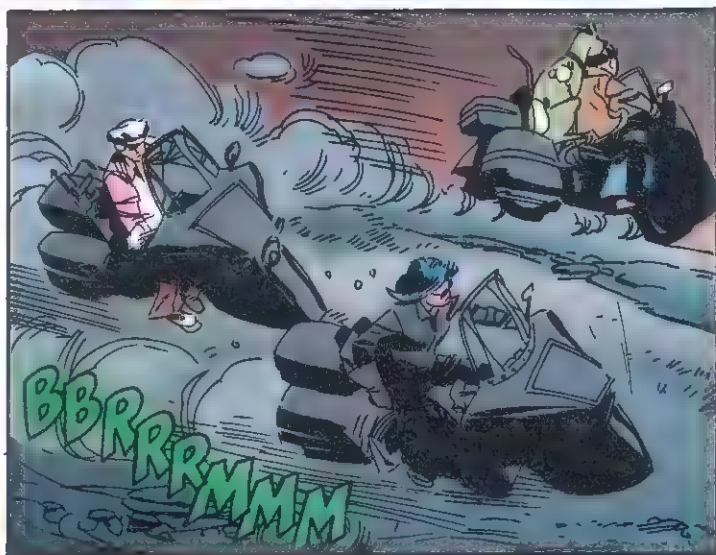
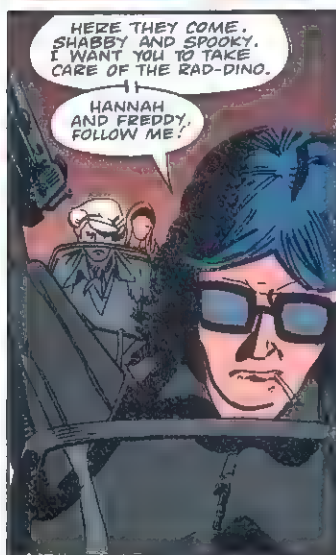
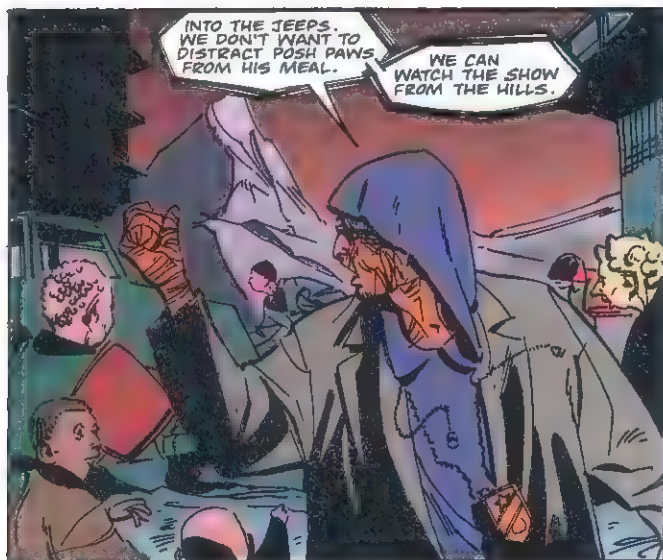
NOW AM I
GONNA HAVE TO
GET ROUGH?

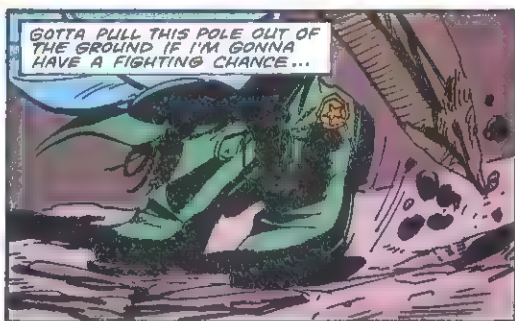
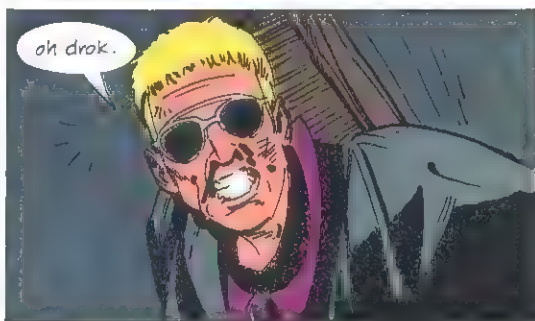


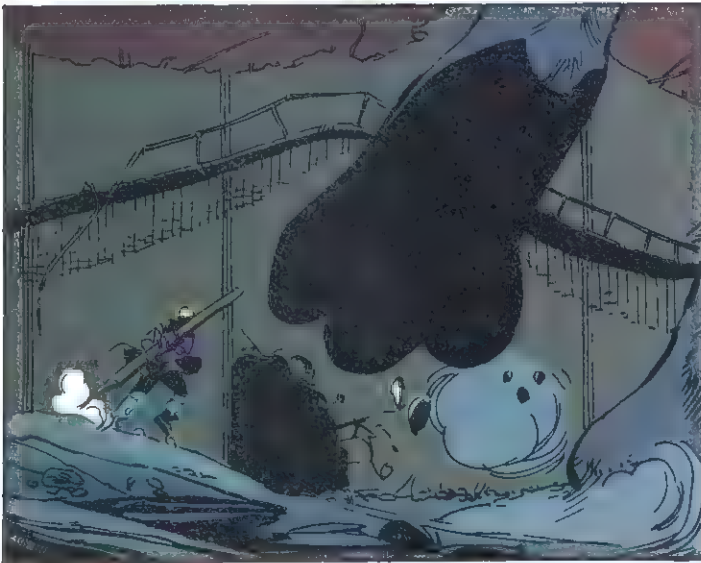
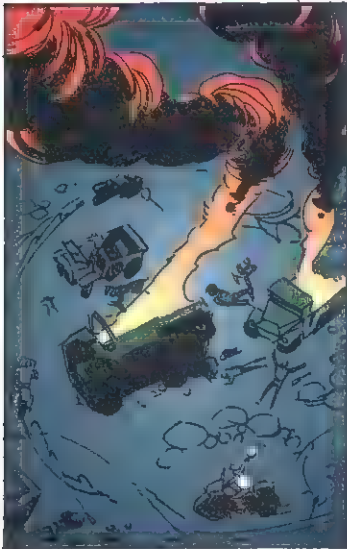
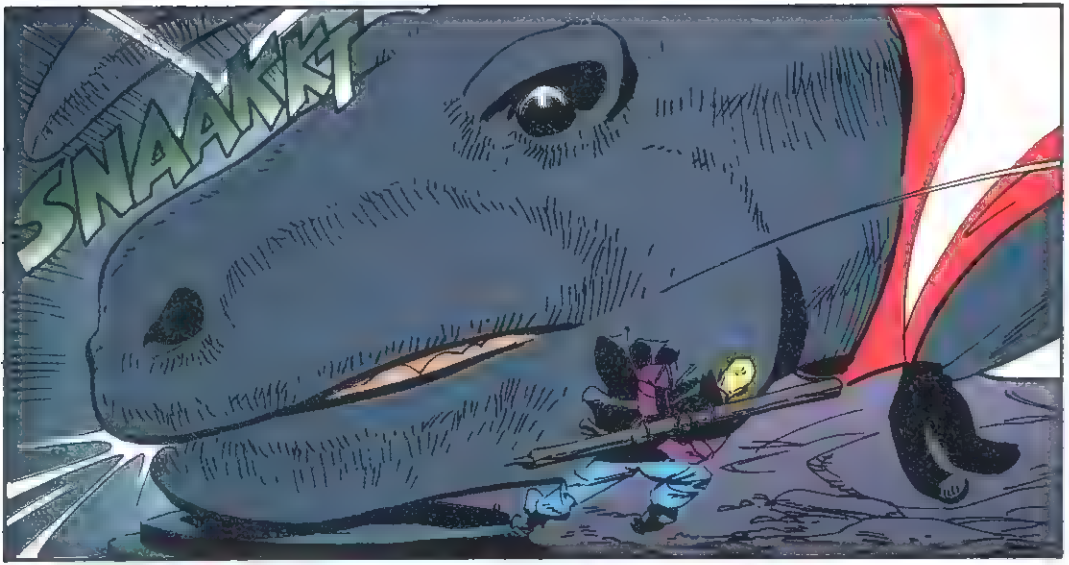


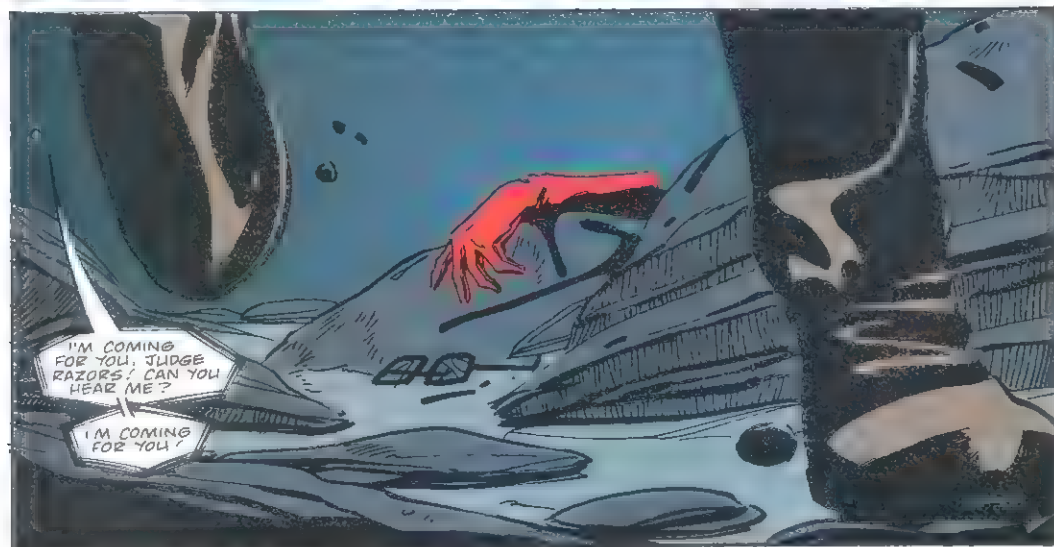
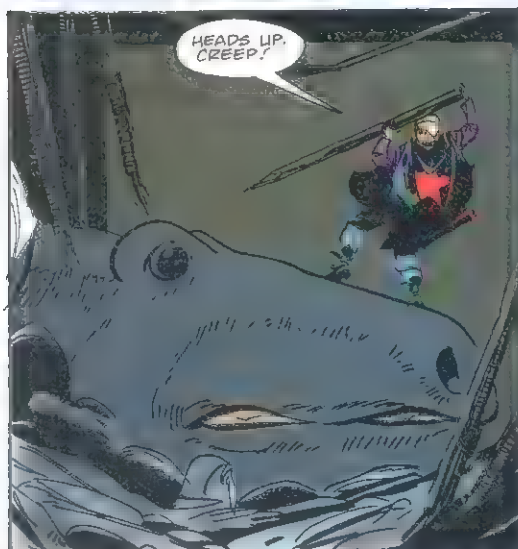
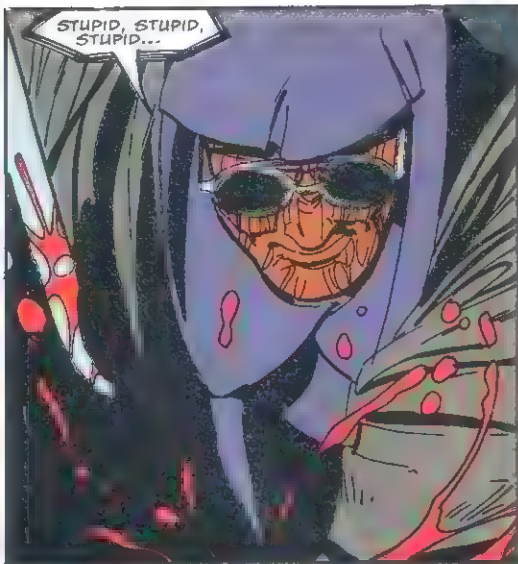












MEANWHILE, IN STATELY
SOV BLOCK TWO:

HOW CAN I GUY
WHO HASN'T REACHED
PUBERTY BE SO
SEXY, HUH, CHIEF
JUDGE RICKY?

I DUNNO
BABY, BUT I
ADMIRE YOUR
GOOD TASTE.

ONCE WE GET
THIS ELVIS BUSINESS
SORTED OUT THEN I
THINK WE DESERVE
A VACATION.

GRUD,
I THINK
I'M GONNA
PUKE.

HOW DOES A
ROMANTIC WEEK
IN EURO-CIT
SOUND?

GAAK.

— I'M
CHOKING...

— S'TEAR
GAS.

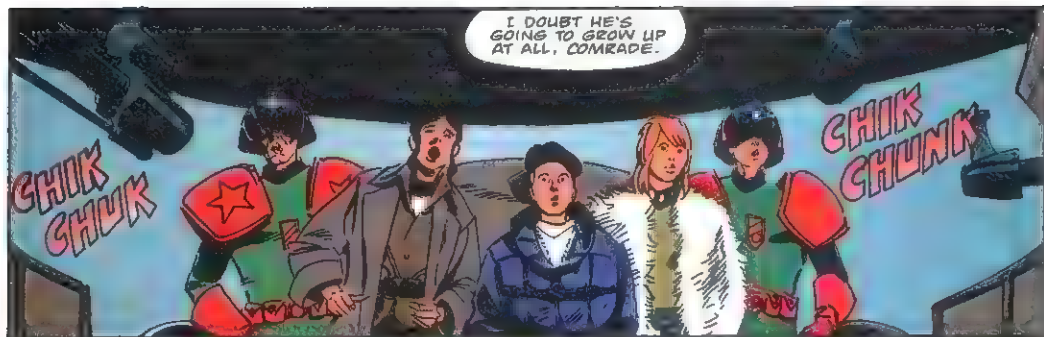
THIS IS TOO
EASY, COMRADE
IVAN.

HURRY UP! I
CAN HEAR THE BOY'S
STRAT-BAT LANDING
ON THE ROOF.

BRACKKA
BRACKKA

I'LL HAVE
THE MAID PREPARE
SUPPER FOR YOU,
CHIEF JUDGE.

IT'S BEEN A
LONG DAY AND YOU
WON'T GROW UP BIG
AND STRONG IF YOU
DON'T GO TO BED
EARLY.



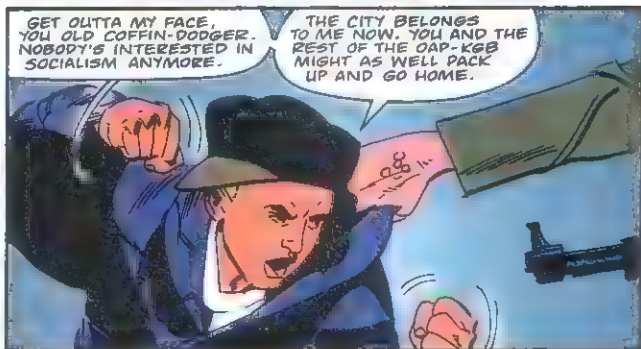
I DOUBT HE'S
GOING TO GROW UP
AT ALL, COMRADE.

CHIK
CHUK

CHIK
CHUK



UP AGAINST THE
WALL, TRAITORS. WE'RE
TAKING CONTROL OF THE
CITY IN THE MEMORY OF
COMRADE STALIN.



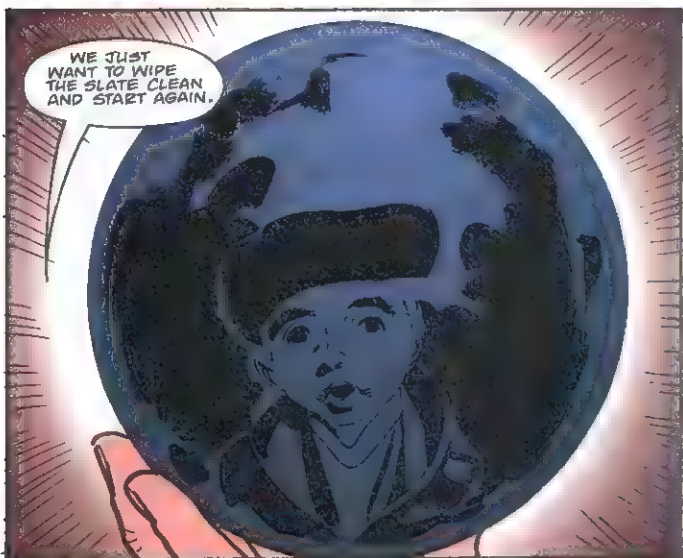
GET OUTTA MY FACE,
YOU OLD COFFIN-DODGER.
NOBODY'S INTERESTED IN
SOCIALISM ANYMORE.

THE CITY BELONGS
TO ME NOW. YOU AND THE
REST OF THE OAP-KGB
MIGHT AS WELL PACK
UP AND GO HOME.



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, MY
LITTLE FRIEND. WE
DON'T WANT TO TAKE
OVER THE CITY
ANYMORE.

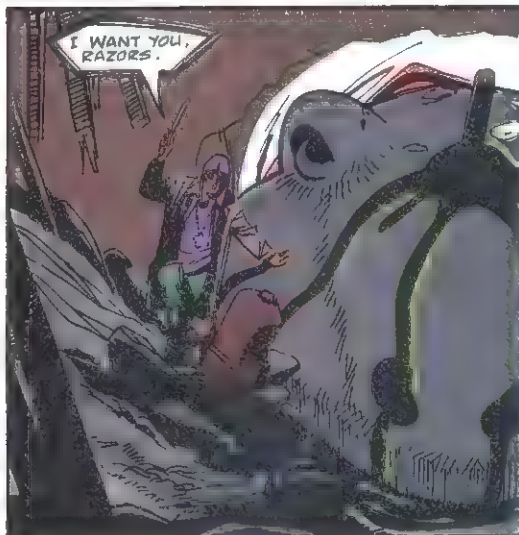
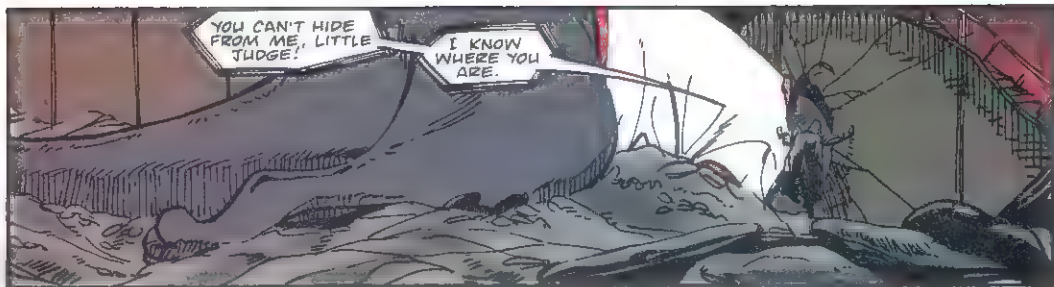
WE REALISE
NOW THAT WE WERE
FIGHTING A LOST
CAUSE.

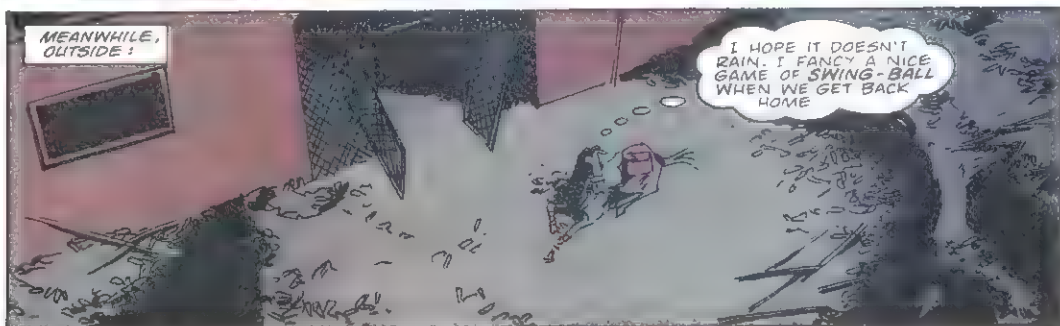
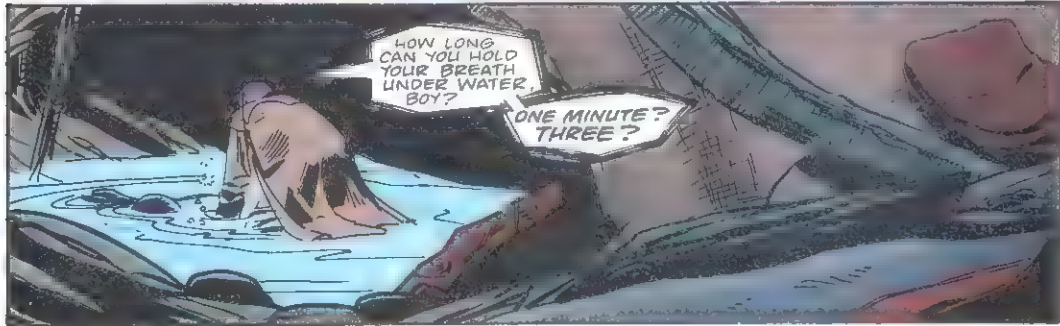
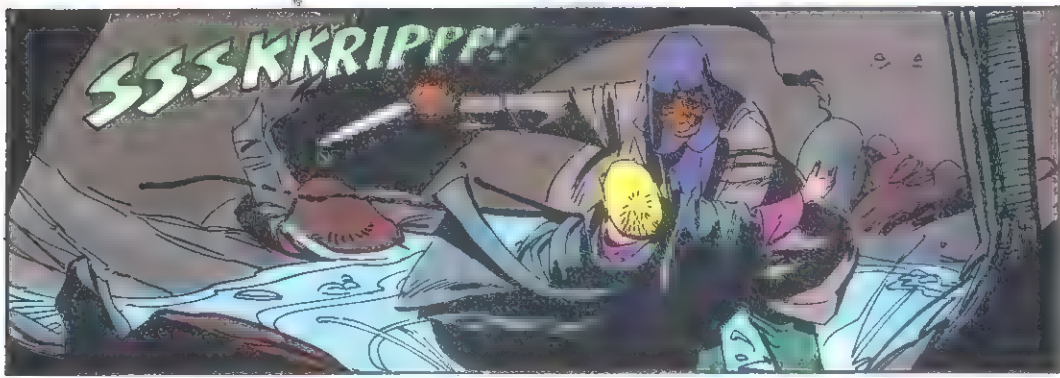


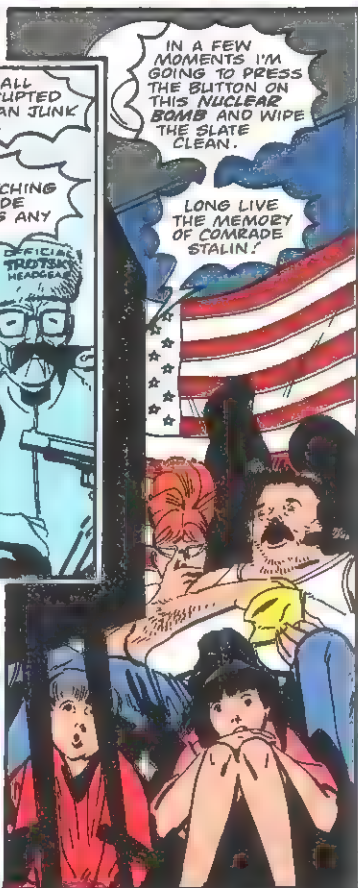
WE JUST
WANT TO WIPE
THE SLATE CLEAN
AND START AGAIN.

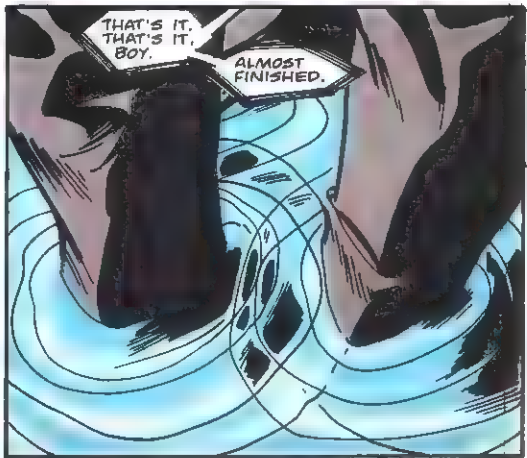
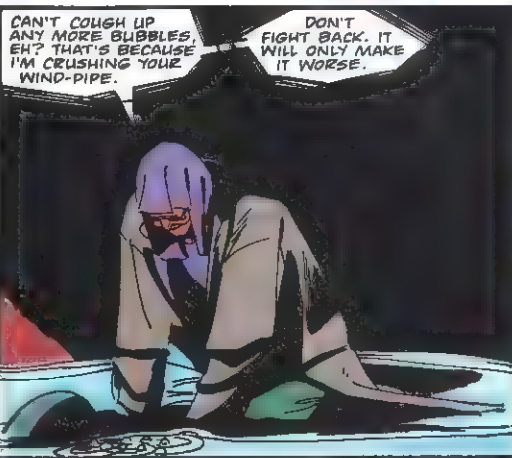
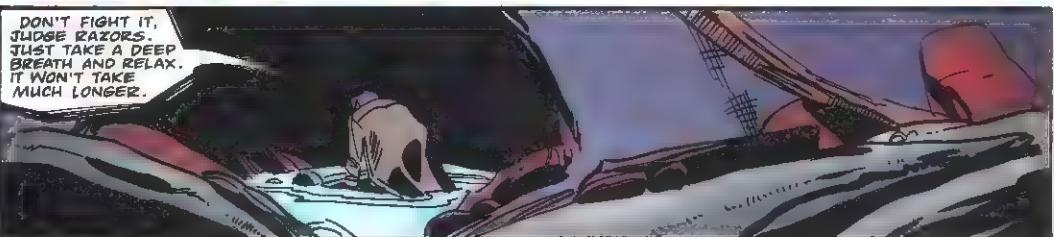
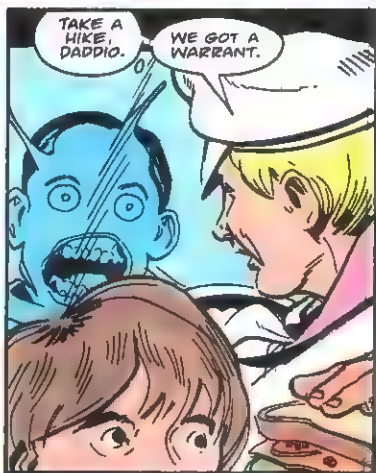
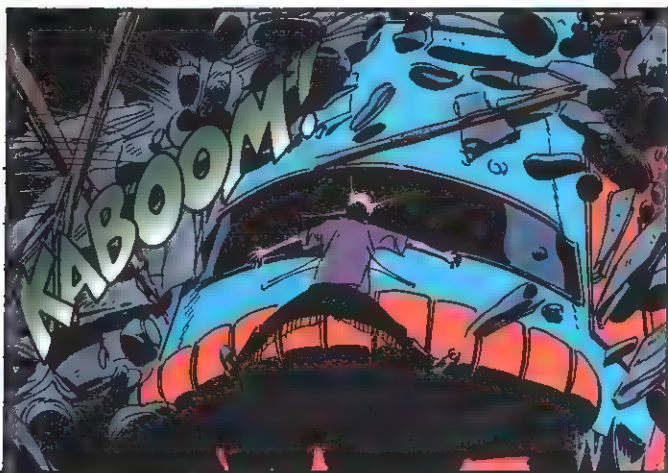
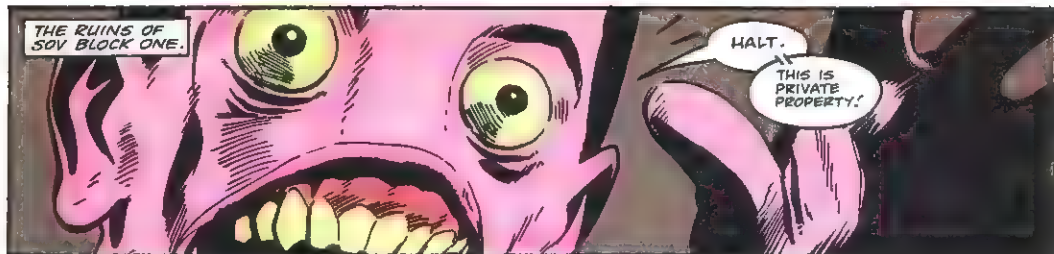


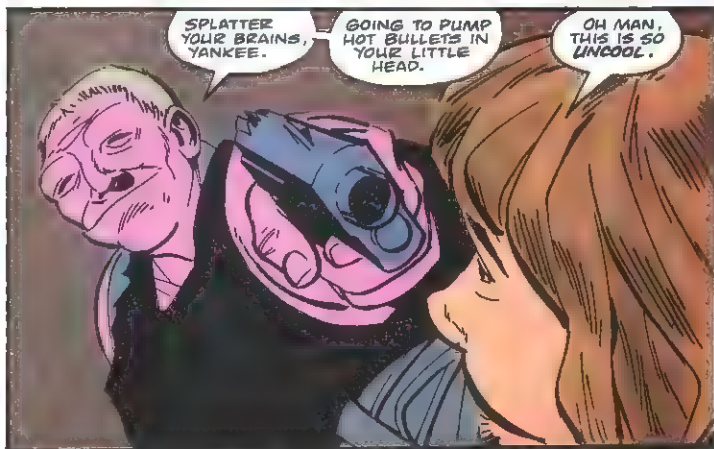
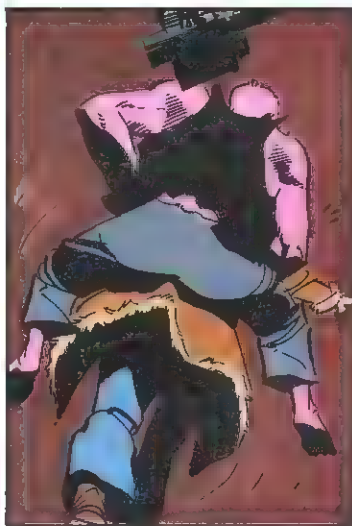
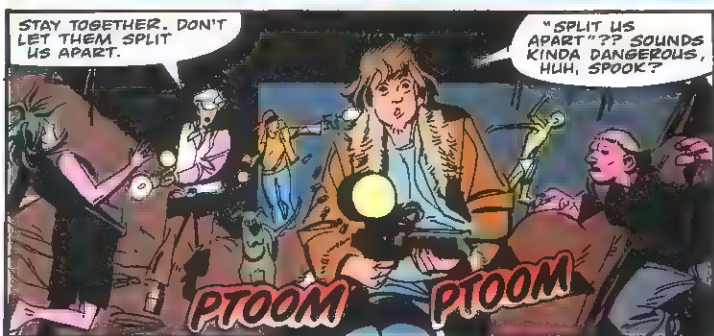
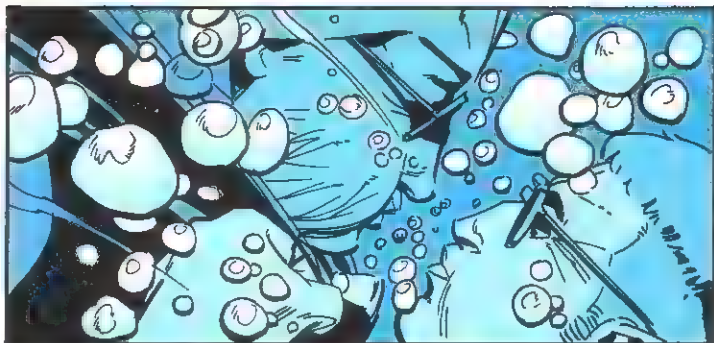
TSK. I
HATE STAIRS.

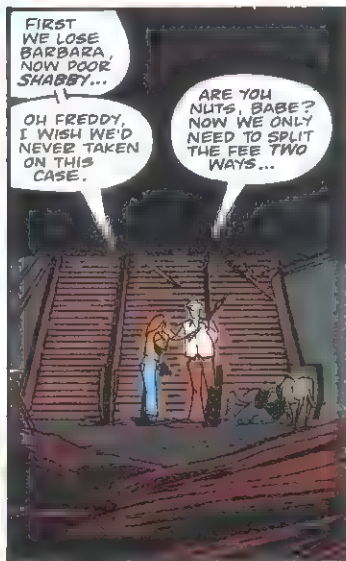
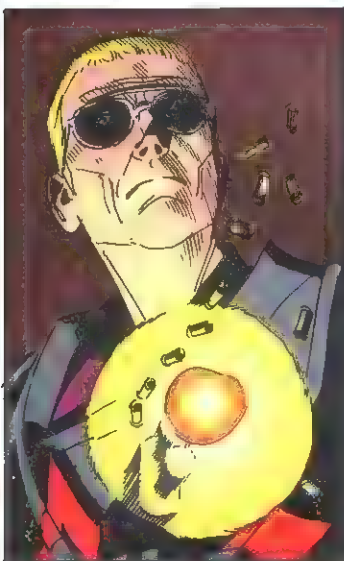
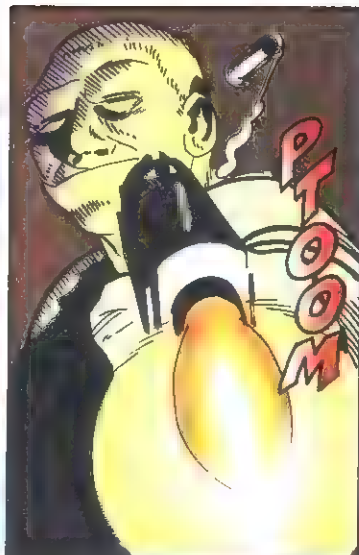
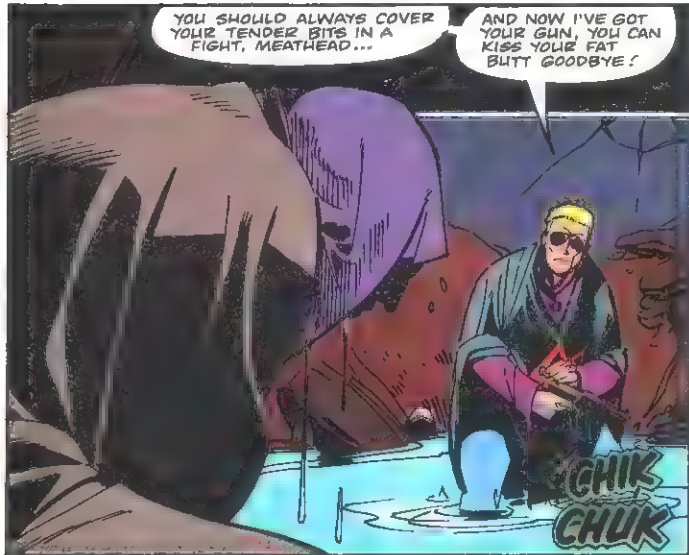


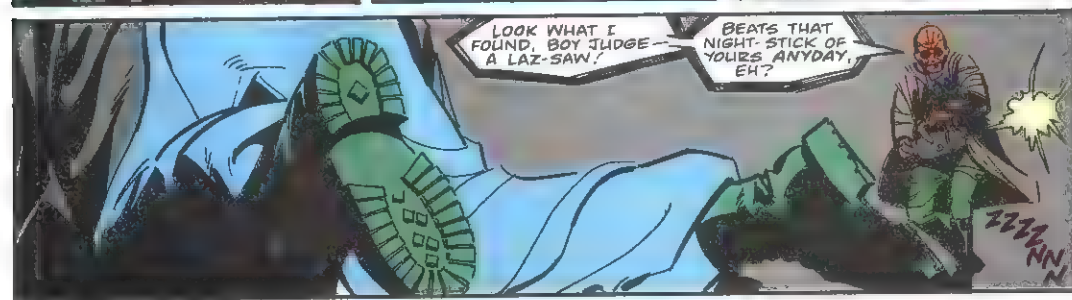
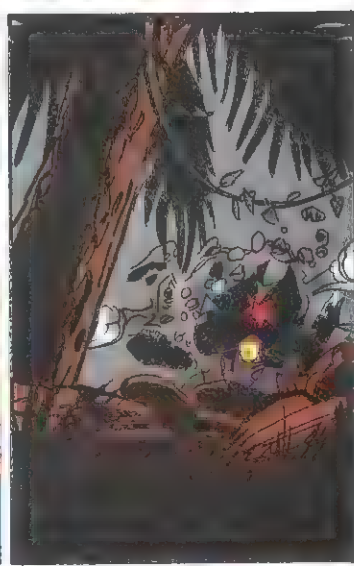












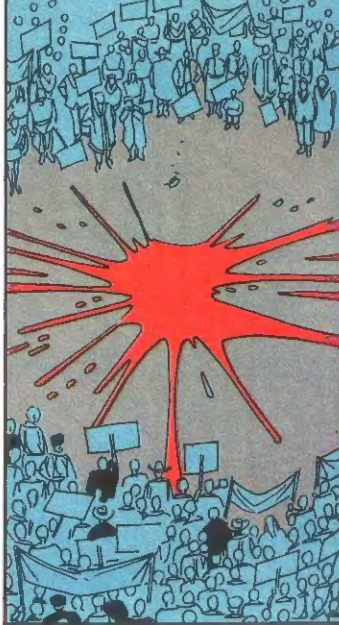






"ELVIS DIDN'T DIE TO
SAVE OUR SOULS,
COMRADES.

"CHIEF JUDGE RICKY
TOLD YOU THAT
BECAUSE HE WANTED
YOUR MONEY."



ELVIS DIED
BECAUSE HE WAS
TOO FAT.

PASS ME
THE NUKE,
KHAISA.

A REAL JUDGE
WOULD...HAVE *fun*—
FINISHED THE
JOB.

WHAT...YOU GOING TO
DO NOW, EH? GET...ME
FIXED UP AND THROW
ME...IN JAIL?

IS THAT...PROCEDURE
IN *SUN-SOV* BLOCK...
TWO THESE DAYS?

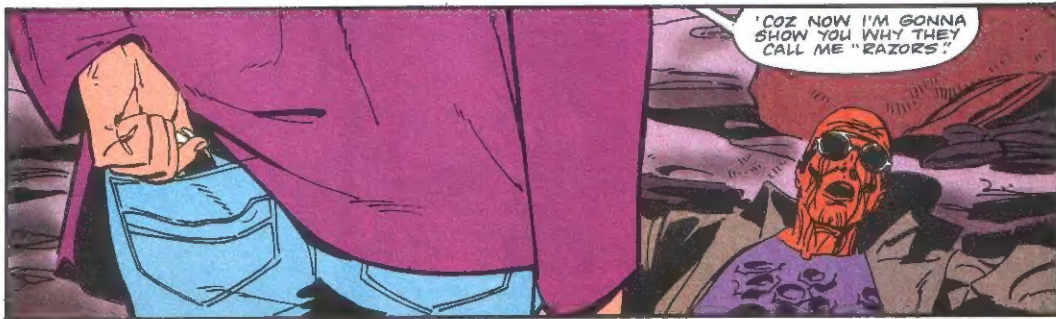


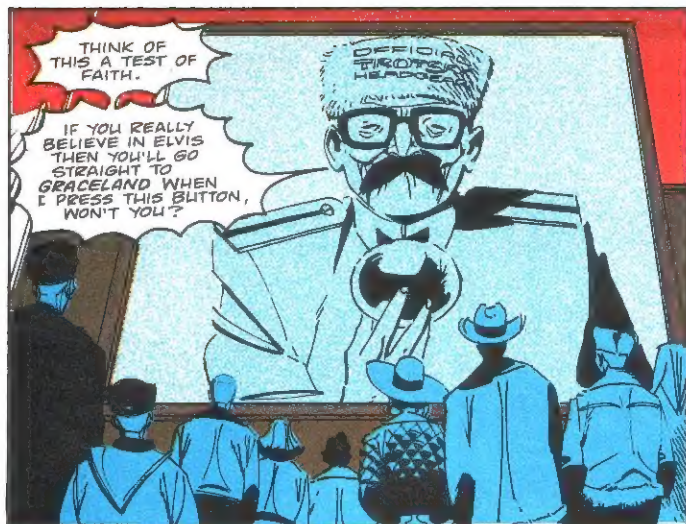
NOPE. YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE 'COZ
I WANTED YOU
THAT WAY.

funf. I
WANTED TO MAKE
THIS LAST A LITTLE
LONGER, SEE.



'COZ NOW I'M GONNA
SHOW YOU WHY THEY
CALL ME "RAZORS"



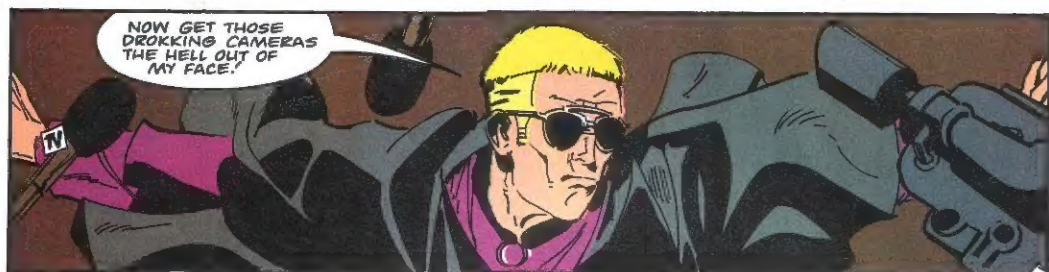
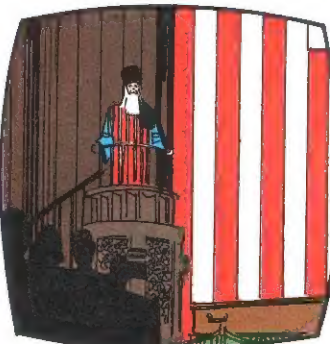


HI, THIS IS CHER MOLOTOV
WITH THE EVENING NEWS.

SOV BLOCK TWO BREATHED
A SIGH OF RELIEF TODAY AS
ELVIS' SACRED CORPSE
WAS RECOVERED.

THE JUDGE RESPONSIBLE
FOR RETURNING IT WAS
THANKED AT A SPECIAL
MASS THIS AFTERNOON
WHERE HE SPOKE BRIEFLY
WITH REPORTERS.

"I'M NOT A GREAT FIGHTER,
RIGHT? I'M NOT FANCY OR
NUTHIN', BUT IF I GET A
GUY DOWN, HE'S FINISHED!"



IN OTHER NEWS, THE CITY
ALMOST PERISHED LAST
NIGHT WHEN THE OAP-KGB
MURDERED THE CHIEF
JUDGE AND TRIED TO
EXPLODE A POCKET
NUCLEAR WEAPON.

THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUDGE
RICKY HAS CREATED A
VACANCY AT THE TOP OF THE
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AND
WE'RE TOLD A GENERAL
ELECTION WILL BE HELD SOON.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE
IT CLEAR THAT I AM IN NO
WAY THINKING OF STANDING
FOR THE POSITION OF
CHIEF JUDGE.

YOU HEARD IT,
FELLAS. STRAIGHT
FROM THE HORSE'S
MOUTH.





SURE
I DO.

IT'S JUST
THAT I PREFER
TO BE NASTY.

END.

RED RAZORS WILL RETURN!